

PHOTOPLAY

LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY
SCREEN
MAGAZINE

red with

MIRROR

10¢

AUGUST

"UNITED WE STAND"



PHOTOGRAPH
BY PAUL HESSE

IN THE SERVICE



BURGESS
MEREDITH



WAYNE
MORRIS



JAMES
STEWART



WILLIAM
HOLDEN



GENE
RAYMOND



ROBERT
CUMMINGS



JEFFREY
LYNN



RONALD
REAGAN



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.



TYRONE
POWER



TIM
HOLT

NO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
NOW CLARK GABLE IS CONQUERING LONELINESS



Keep the Blitz from Your Baby!

Poor little China baby, scared of war so close and dreadful. What's to prevent that happening here, in your town, to YOUR baby?

Men can't prevent it—even big tough soldiers—unless they have tanks, planes, ships, guns... more of them, bigger ones, better ones, than any in the hands of the enemy.

And the supplies and machines for successful war cost *money*. Will you help?

How to buy a share in VICTORY...

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, you're going to *lend* some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for \$18.75. It is worth \$25.00

when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare \$18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—

remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste

and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

The theatre is now the junction of the
Crossroads to Pleasure and Duty.

For, with bonds and stamps on sale in
all lobbies, you can buy your two tick-
ets—one to Joy, one to Victory.

The word "crossroads" throws us into
a paragraph or two about Jack Conway.
"Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's
latest film.

It
stars
WILLIAM
POWELL



and
HEDY
LAMARR
no less.



But more about them anon.

Meanwhile
back to
JACK
CONWAY



Possessing the charm of a music-box
and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh,
our hero Conway has worked side by
side with this leonine columnist for
many years.

He has been an M-G-M standby, hav-
ing directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom
Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva
Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most
different. But it is the same in one sense.
It is a hit.

William Powell gives a dramatic per-
formance that provides a complete
change of pace from his equally brilliant
comedy-ness. It is something to see.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see,
too. We don't know about you, but
Hedy gets us. And if she doesn't get
you, there are a lot more like us than
like you.

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire
Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret
Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard
Emmett Rogers wrote the original
story; Guy Trosper, the screen play.
Edwin Knopf produced.

An incident to the
drama is a song by
Howard Dietz and
Arthur Schwartz, en-
titled "Till You Re-
turn". It's hum but
not drum.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE
MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
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Editor

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EDMUND DAVENPORT, Art Director

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DOES THIS MAN BEAR THE MARK
OF MURDER?

WHY IS HE KNOWN AS
"THE MAN WHO
LIVED TWICE?"



WILLIAM
POWELL
in his first
dramatic role
in years



HEDY
LAMARR

fascinating beauty who
fights the shadows that
haunt their love!

CROSSROADS

"where women wait to seal your fate"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
CLAIRE TREVOR • BASIL RATHBONE • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Screen Play by Guy Trosper
Original Story by John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by EDWIN KNOPF
Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Til You Return"





The Victory Caravan showed up Miss Colbert (rehearsing here with Frank McHugh and writer Matt Brooks) for what she really was

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

The way Brenda Marshall saw husband Bill Holden off to camp is something for the books



BY RUTH WATERBURY

TO BE or not to be a dependent . . . that is the Hollywood question . . . Consider, for instance, the pain of this . . . there is a lad in our town and he was wondrous wise . . . as he began climbing the fame ladder, he decided he could go further as a bachelor . . . so he shrugged off the wife of his bosom, together with his child . . . and went on alone . . .

Everything was dandy . . . he had a good friend, also an actor, who had admired his wife and child . . . in fact, the friend admired them so much that after the divorce finals were staged, he married the wife . . . there were no bruised feelings anywhere . . . the first husband kept on climbing and the second husband went along on an even professional keel until that subject of the war and dependents was brought up . . .

Then came the draft and the pay-off . . . the first gent has gone to war because his board ruled him very 1A . . . the second hasn't . . . he's 3A because of his dependents—the wife and child his erstwhile pal discarded . . .

There is also the hob that the Axis is raising with the "ex" dependents . . . it's that Axis that made Washington consider limiting top salaries to a skinny old \$25,000 a year after Federal and State taxes are paid . . . barely enough to keep a good Hollywood yacht on . . . and what is an actor with three or four alimony wives or a

girl with too many ex-husbands to do then, poor things. . . .

I know one Hollywood gentleman, for example, whose taxes on his estate alone . . . not his government or state income tax, you understand, but merely his real estate tax on his simple Beverly Hills shack . . . run to a tidy \$18,000 a year . . . you know, merely twenty-eight rooms and twenty-six baths but they call it home. . . well, what's a star to do then when he's also got relatives by the score. . . .

The pain of decision enters here, too . . . relatives are not something like candy that you can give up if you only have sufficient will power . . . there is, for instance, the sad, sad plight of the star who is now living dramatically with his fourth wife . . . it's the wife who is dramatic . . . so much so, in fact, that when the actor married her and was asked if she had been a working girl when he wed her, and if so, at what, he said, very simply, "Love". . . .

This actor isn't too happy even with wife number four but since his alimony to the three wives preceding eats up much more than \$25,000 yearly—he'll just have to stick, and possibly starve. . . .

I don't mean to infer that this crazy village which is my favorite spot on earth is all like this in wartime . . . there are lots of good, sensible economies going around and genuine, deeply sincere patriotic sacrifices be-

ing made . . . but the things I've told you above are for the laughs . . . and the things I'll tell you now have some laughs in them, too, though some of them are touching things. . . .

FOR that, to me, is one of the deep delights of Hollywood . . . no matter how serious the subject, Hollywood will always try to take it with amusement . . . take it that way since actors and actresses are really the best sports on earth. . . .

The day Brenda Marshall suddenly got word that Bill Holden was leaving his induction center and entraining for some distant camp was one of those very serious, yet a laugh-with-a-tear-in-it things. . . .

Brenda was working at the studio when she suddenly got the word that Bill was entraining . . . she rushed off the set like a mad thing and hurled herself through the heavy traffic that clutters all roads between Burbank and Los Angeles . . . but these days, everyone in Hollywood drives at the pace of a half-dead snail and Brenda kept getting entangled with drivers going in pairs, so that there was no passing them, at a sturdy twenty miles an hour . . . finally, frantically, she made the station, only to discover it an absolute sea of men in uniform. . . .

"There I'd always thought Bill the most distinctive-looking man in the world," wails Brenda. "There I'd always boasted (Continued on page 94)

**"TAKE A
LETTER.
DARLING"**

says
ROSALIND RUSSELL

**"IT'S NIGHT
WORK...
AND I'VE
GOT IT!"**

says
FRED MacMURRAY

**ROSALIND (Boss)
RUSSELL (Hired) FRED (Secretary)
MacMURRAY**

**"TAKE
A LETTER.
Darling"**

A Paramount Picture with
MACDONALD CAREY · ROBERT BENCHLEY · CONSTANCE MOORE

**"HOW THAT
MACMURRAY
PUTS HIS
HEART INTO
HIS WORK!"**

A MITCHELL
LEISEN
PRODUCTION

CECIL KELLAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The dog-gone cute picture all Hollywood's talking about: Jack Benny and his bewhiskered friend give a simultaneous yawn to beautiful Ann Sheridan

TIDBIT DEPARTMENT: Young Ray MacDonald, one of the best golfers in Hollywood (to say nothing of his hoofing) is engaged to cute little Betty Asher of the M-G-M publicity department. . . .

George Sanders' announcement that he built his new house in a poor neighborhood in order to save taxes brought the whole neighborhood down on his head in a lump. Georgie is almost afraid to poke his nose out his new door these days. . . .

Bette Davis, who is padded and made homely as well as fat for her role in "Now Voyager," makes one

statement to all visiting soldiers. "Please promise to come back and see me when I grow better looking in this picture. Don't, please, carry about a mental picture of me like this."

Everyone cheerfully agrees to return. . . .

Paramount Studios firmly state that if Madeleine Carroll is married to Stirling Hayden they know nothing of it. There the matter rests as far as they're concerned.

Good-bye, Darling: On a shady avenue in Beverly Hills, directly across from each other, lived a man,

an actor named Herbert Marshall, and a little girl, his child by a former marriage.

Each evening at a certain hour they met, the father and little girl, for a quiet stroll together. This hour, cherished by the little girl, became the dearest thing to her heart.

And then one evening the man had to tell his daughter he was moving away. A new baby was coming and a bigger house was needed; their evening walks would necessarily be interrupted but he would try to resume them as soon as he could.

And so they (*Continued on page 8*)

GARY COOPER ^{AS} "SERGEANT YORK"

*As Long as there
are Men Like
Him there Will
Always be a Free
America!*

*A Story for Mothers
A Story for Sweethearts
A Story for the U. S. A.*

WARNER BROS. SUPREME SUCCESS
with **WALTER BRENNAN**
JOAN LESLIE
A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N
GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES
Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandler
and Howard Koch & John Huston • Music by Max Steiner
Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

BUY BONDS! ☆ BUY STAMPS! ☆ AT YOUR THEATRE!

Returned by Demand after One Whole Year of Acclaim!

It's a
BIG PICTURE

COLORFUL—



The glory of America's most reckless era sweeps powerfully across the screen!



ROMANTIC—

With John Wayne and Binnie Barnes perfectly matched in a tempestuous drama of love and conflict!



EXCITING—

Thrills pile upon thrills in this most action-packed of frontier sagas!



JOHN WAYNE

BINNIE BARNES

ALBERT DEKKER

IN OLD CALIFORNIA

with
Helen Parrish
Patsy Kelly
Edgar Kennedy
Dick Purcell

There's
no such thing
as too many
War Bonds or
Stamps — keep
on buying and
keep 'em
flying!

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Two gals chin; two guys listen in: Linda Darnell, Ann Southern, Cesar Romero, Dick Derr at the Ice Capades

Michele Morgan, grinning to make a rare picture at the same event, freezes Bob Taplinger—for fun

(Continued from page 6)
kissed each other good-by one evening under an elm tree and the little girl walked slowly into her house and across the street the man slowly walked into his.

Cal's Alphabet News — A: Ann Harding, the beautiful, returns to the screen in the picture "Watch On The Rhine," which is good news.

B: Bambi, the little deer of Walt Disney's beautiful screen poem, is Hollywood's biggest rave since Dopey the dwarf.

C: Claudette Colbert, who was the hit of the Victory Caravan, commutes between California and Florida where her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, is stationed.

D: Donna Reed announces her real heart is Jack Nau, the boy she left behind, now a flying cadet for Uncle Sam.

E: Errol Flynn back from Johns Hopkins Hospital after a physical checkup.

F: Frances Langford sent her mother to keep her husband Jon Hall from being lonesome while she toured the camps with Bob Hope. Jon and his mother-in-law hit it off like two old pals.

G: George Holmes is the newest

heartbeat among Hollywood subdebs—and debs, we might add.

H: Harriet Hilliard, who is so good as Red Skelton's radio partner, joins him in an M-G-M movie.

I: Irene Dunne whooping it up with the cowboys at Las Vegas, Nevada, where her dentist husband is backing a project for building defense workers' homes.

J: Jane Withers' soda fountain bar will remain open to service boys while Janie is making a personal appearance in the East.

K: Kay Francis announces the rumors linking her name with John Payne's are ridiculous and John denies them only with his eyes—when looking at Sheila Ryan.

L: Lana Turner, who had her M-G-M bosses walking the floor over her recent New York jaunt, has been placed on a strictly stay-at-home regime or else, by her studio.

M: Mary Martin claims she's happier in her new little cottage than she ever was in her swanky Brentwood home. Mary believes it's back to the simple life for everyone from now on.

N: Norma Shearer's friends are wondering at her reported engagement to her ski teacher, Martin Arrougé, who is so much younger.

O: Orson Welles, who set South

PITYROSPORUM OVALE, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" regarded by many authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

ITCHY SCALP?



UGLY SCALES?



TELL-TALE FLAKES?



It may be Infectious Dandruff!

START TODAY WITH THE TESTED LISTERINE TREATMENT THAT HAS HELPED SO MANY

TELL-TALE flakes, itching scalp and inflammation—these "ugly customers" may be a warning that you have the infectious type of dandruff, the type in which germs are active on your scalp!

They may be a danger signal that millions of germs are at work on your scalp . . . including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus" recognized by many foremost authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't delay. Every day you wait, your condition may get worse, and before long you may have a stubborn infection.

*Use Medical Treatment**

Your common sense tells you that for a case of infection, in which germs are active, it's wise to use an antiseptic which quickly attacks large numbers of germs. So, for infectious dandruff, use Listerine

Antiseptic and massage.

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of *Pityrosporum ovale* and other germs associated with infectious dandruff.

Those ugly, embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels fresher, healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

And here's impressive scientific evidence of Listerine's effectiveness in combating dandruff symptoms: Under the exacting, severe conditions of a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms, within a month.

In addition to that, countless men and women all over America report joyously

that this grand, simple treatment has brought them welcome relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms.

Start tonight with the easy, delightful home treatment—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It has helped *so many* others, it may help *you*. Buy the large, economy-size bottle today and save money.

***THE TREATMENT**

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle

DON'T DENY YOURSELF all the good things of life. Keep on using the new **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**



SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot*! Furthermore, you can wear Tampax undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the Tampax!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Listening to Mocambo music—Ann Miller and Edmond O'Brien. Below: Talking in Mocambo tune: Vic Mature and Carole Landis



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

America on its ear during his recent movie production, will be back in town unengaged and minus his former heart, Dolores Del Rio, according to his pals.

P: Paul Lukas returns to Hollywood for his stage role in the movie version of "Watch On The Rhine," which pleases his many fans.

Q: Questions as to the status of Bob Stack and Errol Flynn draft ratings are embarrassing the studios into a "no publicity" campaign on the boys.

R: Robert Taylor is using all his powers of persuasion to get into the Air Corps.

S: Sonja Henie and husband Dan Topping have been having her former beau, Ty Power, in to dinner while Annabella is away—proving the breach between Sonja and Ty has finally healed.

T: Tim Holt, Jack's handsome lad, signed with the Air Corps and discovered his first assignment was to make six Western films for morale purposes. And after he'd graduated into A's, too.

U: Una Merkel and her Southern accent keep the soldiers at the U.S.O. centers from down south from being too homesick.

V: Veronica Lake has Hollywood placing bets as to whether she'll skip her career and leave moviedom flat in order to join husband John Detlie, who's stationed at Seattle.

W: William Holden has requested his wife and friends to address his mail to Private W. F. Beedle Jr. The Army doesn't know him by his screen name.

X: Marks the spot on which Monty Woolley fell when he discovered he'd been exposed to mumps. Monty is afraid his beard will hide the symptoms.

Y: Yuma, the elopement spot for Hollywoodites, has a pastor whose cards read "Quiet weddings—free dressing rooms and showers."

Z: Zorina, who's in the running for the *Maria* role in "For Whom The Bell Tolls," is causing a bell to toll mournfully in a certain Hollywood heart.

Romance Lane: Leif Erickson, who is in Reno divorcing Frances Farmer, has met and fallen for pretty Margaret Hayes, who was Jeffrey Lynn's true love before he left for the Army

Freeman Gosden (Amos of the radio) and Gail Patrick are seeing

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin line up to look over the buffet line at the Beverly Hills Hotel

each other in quiet, cozy corners these days. . . .

Charlie Ruggles is all dimples (Charlie's are strictly masculine and very fetching) since his marriage to Marian La Barba, former wife of boxing champion Fidel La Barba. . . .

Friends were delighted but somewhat amazed to hear of the marriage in London of little Ruth Howard, daughter of Leslie Howard, to Captain Dale Harris. Ruth seemed only a youngster when the Howards left for London, but these teen-agers do grow up, don't they?

Anne Shirley has become quite the sought-after young lady since her divorce from John Payne. Anne's recent and most ardent suitor is Arthur Hornblow Jr., divorced husband of Myrna Loy.

Private Affair: Bill Holden finally arrived at camp and was assigned his bunk. Imagine his mingled surprise and chagrin, however, when he beheld Brenda Marshall's picture on the wall over the bunk of his neighbor.

"That's a pretty girl," he said to his neighbor.

"Yeah, my favorite movie star," the private said. "I'm going to look her up when I get leave. Gee, she's sure

This *GLAMOUR GIRL*
meets a penniless *LUG*

...and in no time at all
she's cutting a *RUG!*



JOAN CRAWFORD & MELVYN DOUGLAS

THEY ALL KISSED
the Bride

with ROLAND YOUNG · BILLIE BURKE · ALLEN JENKINS

Screen play by F. J. WOLFFSON from a story by Gail Koss and Andrea T. Tait

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · Produced by EDWARD KAYTHAN

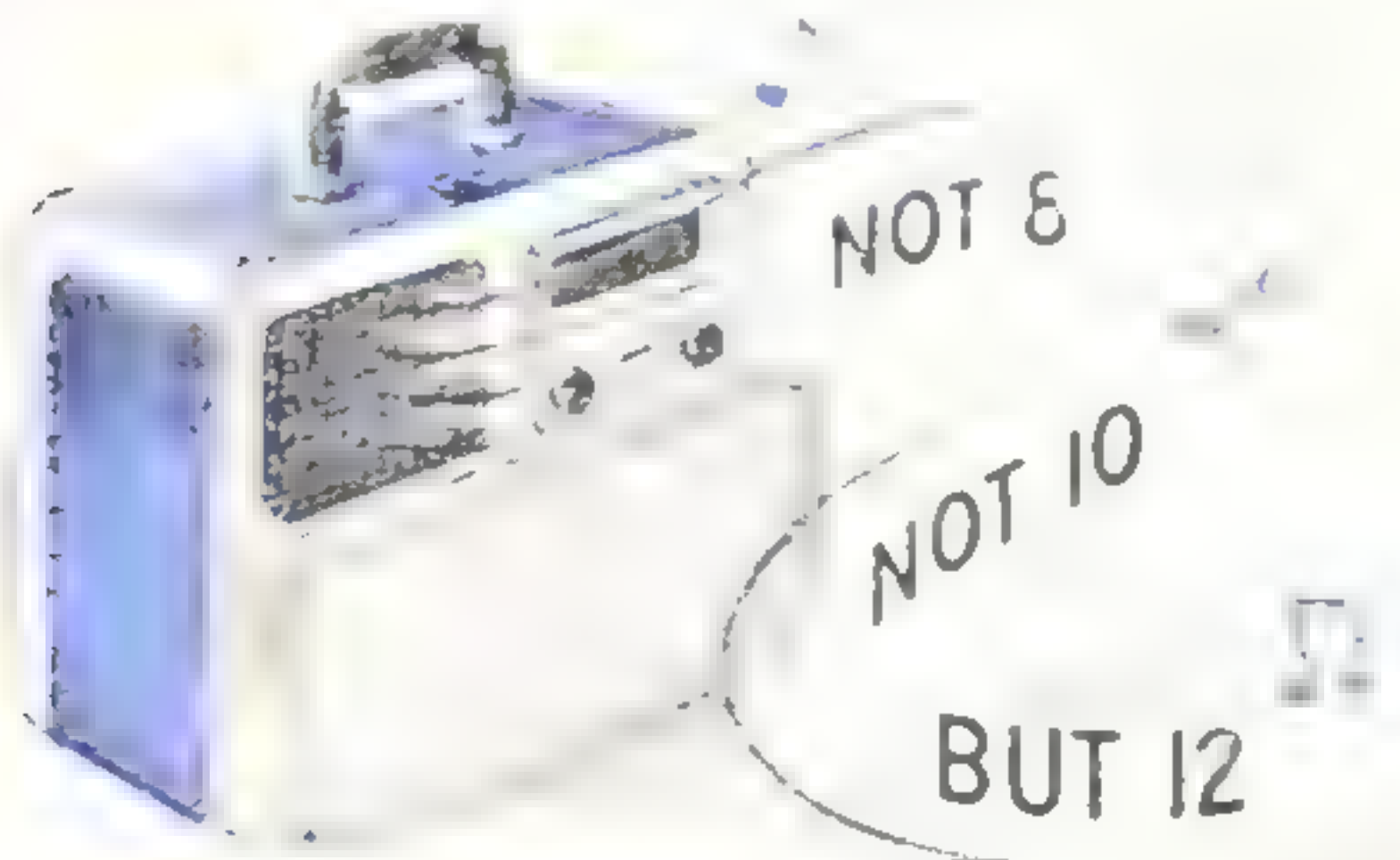
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Buy U. S. War
Bonds or Stamps
Today at Your
Local Theater!

Which Tampon Can You Trust?



FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON—merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts, bathing suit, slacks or play suit any day you wish! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection... no pins, pad or belt... no chafing, no disposal problem.



FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8... not 10... but 12 for 20¢. When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion... for none is needed! Fibs are quilted... easy to insert without artificial means. The quilting provides added comfort, and safety, too. Yet Fibs cost less!

FIBS[★]—the Kotex[★] Tampon



NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT
12 FOR 20¢

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Wot a picture—and pardon any lapses! Rosalind Russell jitters with a Canadian Navy sailor at the party...

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

... given by Basil and wife Ouida Rathbone for the Navy at the Beverly Hills Hotel



beautiful. Wish I could meet her sometime."

"Maybe you can," Bill said, omitting the fact that particular star was his wife. "Maybe someday we'll both meet her," Bill said, and added under his breath, "soon and again."

The Unsolved Puzzle: A fan writes in to say she agrees Van Heflin is the grandest young actor on the screen but—and here's where the puzzle comes in—how did his natural kinky hair suddenly straighten out into those gorgeous waves?

"Does the studio have some secret formula," she demands, "or did love do it?"

Frankly, we've mulled this one over ourselves, for Van's hair was most kinky last time we saw him. But, surely, his falling in love with and marrying cute Frances Neal wouldn't straighten it out. The studio? Oh, they assume that wide-eyed look of innocence when asked and pretend they don't know what we mean. If we ever do discover the secret, we'll let you all know.

Cal's Farewell to Ty: We sat in the sunshine together, Tyrone Power and Cal, outside the sound stage of "The Black Swan." "I love soaking up this sunshine," he said, "feel I can't get enough of it, somehow, before I go."

Tyrone leaves as soon as his picture is finished for a Navy air job in the East. "California right now reminds me somehow," he said, "of a woman that a man has made up his mind to leave, yet can't shake off. Its blue skies and bright colors are put on to please his eye. The sea beating along the coast is a begging whisper not to go. The beauty of its hills and mildness of its climate seem purposely donned to lure a man to stay. It's hard to say no."

We agreed. It would be hard to give up the beauty of his garden, especially in summer. Annabella will live in a New York apartment to be near Ty, who expects to be stationed near New York. Ty, who is eager to be of actual service, is one of the few really big-bracket stars to go. Fans and friends will miss him. But they'll be proud of him, too.

Ride 'Em Stars: The motorcycle brigade grows in Hollywood, with male stars renouncing their cars for the two-wheeled vehicle. Clark Gable drives his motorcycle in from his ranch to the studio every day and has even joined the motorcycle club out in the Valley.

Dick Powell spends his lunch hour at Paramount polishing up his machine.

Dick has more paraphernalia, goggles, helmets, boots and leather jackets than ten motorcyclists.

Bob Young is another actor who travels the twenty-five miles from his ranch to M-G-M Studios on his cycle. George Raft and Mack Grey whizzing along Sunset Boulevard as a team is a familiar sight these days. But the funniest sight of all was Bob Stack with his motorcycle piled into a taxi after a minor smash-up.

Yep, the motorcycle craze has hit Hollywood with a bang.

And the girls? Oh, they ride on the handle bars or in the sidecars and love it.

Round-Up of the News: Victor Mature has been switched from 3A to 1A in the draft rating and will march off in a few months to camp. Cal hopes it isn't to Fort MacArthur where the boys took a poll to determine the one lad they'd like to manhandle. You've guessed it—Hunk of Man won. . . .

Phil Harris and Alice Faye are sorry to disappoint the many fans who

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Sonja Henie matches up ring and earrings, matches up herself as a pretty Mocambo date for husband Topping

Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!



Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration...it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an eve-

ning is...the more a girl needs Mum.

Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!



For Sanitary Napkins

Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SKIN-SAFE! FABRIC-SAFE!

NONSPI will PROTECT* your precious dresses and undies against underarm "perspiration rot"—the most common cause of damage and discoloration. (Fabrics of all kinds are getting scarce, you know.)

NONSPI will not injure your sensitive underarm skin pores (Nonspi's gentle astringent action is *safe*, effective).

NONSPI checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days (and once perspiration is checked... embarrassing perspiration odor is gone).

NONSPI is safe and convenient to use (a clean, clear liquid, Nonspi dries quickly).



*"Analysis of Nonspi and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) *E. D. Monroe*

BETTER FABRICS TESTING BUREAU, INC.
OFFICIAL LABORATORY OF
NATIONAL RETAIL DRY GOODS ASSOCIATION

Buy Nonspi today at your
favorite drug or department
store

NONSPI

A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-
SAFE DEODORANT AND
ANTI-PERSPIRANT!



The dress has one sleeve; umpteen diamond bracelets make up the other; and Lupe Velez wears it at the Mocambo with Mexico's Arturo De Cordova

insisted their new daughter be named Phil-lice, a combination of Phil's and Alice's name, but the little angel's (we quote Papa) golden hair and blue eyes decided them. It's Alice Faye Harris Junior, no less. . . . (See story on page 32.)

Friends heaved a sigh of relief when the Rita Hayworth-Ed Judson divorce came off without a breath of the much-threatened scandal. One of the two, we hear, made quite a settlement, but we're not saying who. . . .

Hedy Lamarr with darkened skin that brings out her green eyes and flashing teeth for her role in "White Cargo" is the most breathlessly lovely thing Hollywood has ever seen. And with a white silk jersey sarong yet!

Hello—Good-By: M-G-M has never quite forgiven John Shelton, whom they dropped from their contract list, for returning and carrying off as his wife their brightest hope, Kathryn

Grayson. When John telephones his wife at the studio, the conversation goes on uninterruptedly for some minutes and then suddenly the connection is cut. Someone whispered to Cal the studio believes too much conversation makes Kathryn a bit nervous, which adds to the rumor that the little Grayson isn't looking too happy these days.

Sells Bonds and Grows Thin: Another record-breaking bond tour has just been completed by Dorothy Lamour, a wonder girl at the business of extracting dollars from pockets for Uncle Sam.

But Paramount, while pleased as punch with their star saleslady, had cause to grow concerned as the tour progressed and Dottie grew thinner and thinner. Finally, alarmed at her rapid loss of weight, the studio consulted a doctor who rushed the star a gain-weight diet. To those who may



Finger man Lee Bowman takes Mrs. Bowman out to dinner, pulls his act at The Players, star hangout

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

be suffering from painful thinness we give you this get-plump quickly diet. Every hour and a half during the day eat one crushed banana with cream and watch those angles turn to curves. It's working with Dottie, anyway.

Read All About It: The night ball game was over, crowds were pouring out of the Hollywood Stadium and newsboys were screaming their wares. "Read all about it, lady," a newsie yelled. "Famous movie star gets divorced. Pictures and everything. It's not news, sister."

The woman bought the paper and with fingers that shook just a little turned the pages of the paper.

So it was, with crowds pushing and shoving, Ann Sothern read the story of her divorce that day from Roger Pryor.

It's Corn and He Grows It: "Come on over and see my Victory Garden," Red Skelton said one recent afternoon and with nothing else to do, but strongly suspecting Red of kidding about the garden, we went.

Is our face red? Out on the slopes behind the tennis court that Red hopes to turn into an open-air theater for soldiers is Red's garden with that vegetable dearly beloved by all comedians—corn—growing like mad. What's more, Red himself tilled the soil, carried the rocks to keep his hillside garden from slipping and planted, according to his little blue book, everything in its proper place. We know he did this, for we saw the trousers he worked in—the worst pair of patched plaid pants this side of the Ozarks.

Red and Edna have given over their hearts and lives to entertaining soldiers in camps up and down the coast and far inland. The comedian's been adopted by a dozen or more outfits that have painted their own special emblems on Red's car.

"Honestly," Edna said, "Red won't ever let us fill the swimming pool in hopes some gun position will occupy it and he can give shows to the boys all day long."

When Red and Edna aren't at camps, the boys come to them. On a recent Sunday one soldier of a large group surveyed Red's lovely Brentwood home and said, "I can't understand it. A redheaded Irishman and not a broken window in his home."

With that Red picked up a rock and let fly through the living-room window. "Gee, I wondered what was wrong with the place myself," Red grinned. "I feel a lot more at home now, with a broken window."

Cal can tell you he hasn't spent a more enjoyable afternoon in a month of blue Sundays. For that perfectly natural and simple couple we nominate the Skeltons of Hollywood.

You can't beat that pair!

Don't just Dream of Loveliness— go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride is Mrs. James H. McClure, of Chicago, Ill., who says: "I'm really grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"

**Try this exciting beauty treatment—
it's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!**

DON'T waste time idly envying the woman whose skin is lovely! With a little time—and the right care—you too, can garner compliments and envious glances! Now—tonight—put your complexion on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many women, you may be bliss-

fully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Set aside 30 days in which to give it a fair test. The very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



A "best of the year" picture: Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Miniver"



Grim, with plenty of punch: Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd in "This Gun For Hire"

✓✓ Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)

It's About: *The march of events in the life of an English family during the war.*

BY far the best picture of the month and high among the best of the year is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this world war. England will never have finer timber than these, their *Minivers*; people who live bravely and courageously without any undue display of emotion or consciousness of heroism.

Greer Garson lends surpassing charm to the role of *Mrs. Miniver*, wife of architect Walter Pidgeon and mother of three children. Walter Pidgeon is ideal as the husband.

Teresa Wright, the girl who becomes the wife of the older *Miniver* son, is heart-stirring real and lovely and Richard Ney as the son is about the most important thing that's happened to M-G-M since Robert Taylor. Here is an actor and a personality.

Helmut Dantine gives the best interpretation of a Nazi we have ever seen on the screen. Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen and Henry Travers are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for Hollywood to be proud of.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Mrs. Miniver

This Gun For Hire

This Above All

Best Performances

Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver"

Teresa Wright in "Mrs. Miniver"

Richard Ney in "Mrs. Miniver"

Tyrone Power in "This Above All"

Joan Fontaine in "This Above All"

Alan Ladd in "This Gun For Hire"

✓ This Gun For Hire (Paramount)

It's About: *A double-crossed gunman who seeks revenge.*

A FOUR-COLUMN news item is Alan Ladd, a newcomer who springs into big-time notoriety in the role of the killer in this suspenseful thrilling, chilling melodrama.

A chemical company, ruled by a crazy old man, is engaged in mysterious shipments. The blackmailer who gets wind of the shipments is bumped off by a hired killer who in turn is double-crossed by the man who hired him. Into the net of intrigue comes a night club entertainer who—but we're not telling.

Veronica Lake, as the lady who does magic tricks while she chants a sultry tune, has never been better. Hers is a sound performance that has nothing to do with hair-over-one-eye business.

Laird Cregar, as the fat and sleek murder stooge who hires "the gun" but can't bear the revolting details of the deeds he orders done, is terrific. Robert Preston, the police officer, is good though sunk in a throw-away part. But it's Ladd you'll notice and be held by, mark our words.

Your Reviewer Says: An edge-of-the-seat job you musn't miss.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 102

The Shadow Stage

✓✓ This Above All
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The love story of a confused soldier and a girl who harmonizes his heart and mind.*

IN a month of outstanding pictures, "This Above All" shines brilliantly in its own particular niche and should rate high in the hearts of every fan.

Tyrone Power gives one of his best performances as the bewildered English soldier, veteran of Dunkirk, who deserts his regiment because he feels England's leaders are stupid and the cause clouded with unrighteousness. Love clears the mind and heart of this boy who comes to realize it's everlasting peace and not glory England is fighting for.

Joan Fontaine proves her Academy Award trophy to be no flash-in-the-pan award. Her performance as the girl of good English family who joins the W.A.A.F.'s and who meets and loves Power is imbued with mingled power and pathos. Miss Fontaine is indeed an important actress.

Eric Knight, who wrote the book, can have no complaint concerning its screen interpretation. Every character, including Thomas Mitchell as Tyrone's army pal, Nigel Bruce as the innkeeper, Philip Merivale as Joan's physician father, Gladys Cooper as the snobbish aunt, are expertly drawn. And somehow audiences feel more understandingly toward the English and their problems after seeing this telling and tremendous story.

Your Reviewer Says: We heartily recommend it.

✓ Her Cardboard Lover
(M-G-M)

It's About: *A bodyguard against love.*

QUITE a little number with love, lots and lots of love, oozing from its every pore. With Mr. Robert Taylor and Miss-Norma Shearer and Mr. George Sanders giving old Cupid's by-product a whirl, you can imagine how very warm the story grows at times.

If this be Miss Shearer's movie swan song, as has been intimated, she leaves us with a very fine performance to remember her by. True, at times Miss Shearer spreads on the histrionics a bit thick, but the role is difficult and why shouldn't a love-frustrated woman be a bit hysterical at times? Anyway, we liked her and think you will too.

It's nice to see Bob Taylor in a straight romantic role again. Director Cukor permits Bob to get a bit

Is this a Honeymoon or a Rest Cure?



HONEYMOON HEARTBREAK? Too bad, sweet bride... but your love is doomed, unless you learn this feminine secret... there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against body odor! Therefore you no longer have to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! Before tonight, discover "double-protection" in your bath...

UMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS!
HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT
IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!



THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND
HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL!
SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE
YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER
CASHMERE BOUQUET!



SMART GIRL! Now you've learned how Cashmere Bouquet's "double-protection" not only banishes body odor, but adorns your skin with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And remember, Cashmere Bouquet is one perfumed soap that can agree with even a super-sensitive skin! Better be real smart... and get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star



HOLD YOUR HAIR

Hollywood perfect

with this

MODERN HAIR RETAINER



Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. This non-metallic hair retainer slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until you take it out! And that's especially important if you're working in the war effort, where you *must* keep your hair up, out of the way! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra length) only 25c. If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 96
Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

sappy at times, but then he's a pretty lovesick boy, remember. Bob you know, is in love with Norma who hires him to protect her against George Sanders whom she really loves but who is bad medicine for any lady.

Sanders (what an actor!) hasn't as much to do as he should have but manages to heel up the place when allowed to. Frank McHugh also comes in for a nice bit or two.

Your Reviewer Says: Champagne cocktails with lots of bubbles.

Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)

It's About: *The unraveling of a mystery murder.*

MANY big-name stars have begun their motion-picture careers as screen detectives, and Van Heflin, destined for stellar rating, is no exception. To his role of the amateur detective who unravels the mystery of the murdered show girl, Heflin brings distinction and class.

Pat Dane, the ruthless little climber, who meets death in the Grand Central Station, is beautiful and strangely convincing. Virginia Grey as Heflin's wife, and Cecelia Parker, who lost her beau to the scheming Pat, are very good.

As to "who dunnit," have fun guessing—we're not telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess and guess again.

My Favorite Spy
(Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An orchestra leader who becomes an F.B.I. agent.*

KAY KYSER steps farther away from his band in this amusing little cupcake to display his talents solo fashion. As a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day to be released as a secret member of the F.B.I., Kay is quite a lad. His bride, Ellen Drew, is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation and believes the worst when her husband is jailed with beautiful Jane Wyman, another secret agent. The climax is quite a thing, with Kay and Ellen roughing it up with Nazi agents. Oh, sure, the band is heard and seen once or twice.

Your Reviewer Says: Inoffensively amusing.

Broadway (Universal)

It's About: *A movie star who looks back to other days.*

GANGSTERS, night-club entertainers, chorus girls and sugar daddies whirl around in a gay melee in this remake of the stage play

"Broadway," told in flash-back fashion. George Raft plays himself, a motion-picture star, who returns to New York, steps into a newly constructed bowling alley and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer to the night watchman. As George tells his story such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, S. Z. Sakall, the proprietor of the club, his girl friend, Marjorie Rambeau, and gangster Broderick Crawford pass in review. In the chorus line-up are such cuties as Anne Gwynne, Marie Wilson, Iris Adrian, Elaine Morey and Dorothy Moore.

George's hoofing is the highlight of the story. The music of yesterday is nostalgic and appealing.

Your Reviewer Says: Rehash with poached egg.

Syncopation (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A lad who organizes his own band.*

THERE'S about as much sense to this little ditty as there is to a cross-question and silly answer contest. It wanders about aimlessly, getting nowhere, attempting to convey the uselessness of a musician's fighting against his inner urge to express his individuality in music.

Jackie Cooper is the boy who marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band.

The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders for a fade-out finale.

Adolphe Menjou looks uncomfortable in a bit role.

Your Reviewer Says: A great big discord.

Once Upon A Thursday (M-G-M)

It's About: *A housemaid who determines to tell all in book form.*

REALLY, it's not bad. For one thing, the acting of Marsha Hunt as the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson lifts it above the ordinary. The story amused us as well.

Carlson, returning from a trip to Eskimo land, becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing maid Marsha has long since divorced him. When he and the assembled guests at the engagement dinner party learn Marsha is about to publish a book of—shall we say memories—blue blood turns pale pink from fright.

Marjorie Main as the cook, Virginia Weidler as Carlson's younger sister, and Allyn Joslyn are most amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Gay as a gingham lunch cloth.

(Continued on page 95)



6 REASONS

WHY EVERY READER OF PHOTOPLAY-
MOVIE MIRROR WILL WANT TO SEE

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

- ✓ IT'S FROM AMERICA'S MOST LOVED STAGE HIT!
- ✓ IT'S A GRAND COMEDY!
- ✓ IT'S A HEART EXCITING LOVE STORY!
- ✓ IT'S A STORY MILLIONS ARE LIVING TODAY!
- ✓ *IT'S FROM THE PRODUCER OF
YOUR FAVORITE FILMS!

✓ *IT'S A STAR-SPANGLED
HIT!*

EDWARD SMALL presents

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

Featuring

Charles WINNINGER • Charlie RUGGLES • James CRAIG • Nancy KELLY

with Ilka GRUNING • Otto KRUGER • Directed by Allan Dwan • Released thru United Artists

From the Comedy-Drama Stage Success by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman • Adaptation for the screen by Adelaide Heilman

*Edward SMALL
who gave you
"Man In The
Iron Mask",
"Count Of
Monte Cristo",
"My Son, My
Son", "Corsi-
can Brothers"

WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT THIS PICTURE FROM A LEADING THEATRE IN YOUR CITY!

I wish you'd ask me
about **Tampons!**



As a nurse, I *know* tampons make sense. The freedom and comfort of *internal* protection are wonderful! But, there are tampons and tampons! Do you wonder which is the best—the *right* tampon for you? Let me give you some answers . . .

**Is protection
sure?**

SAFETY CENTER →

The secret of protection is quick, sure absorption! Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature. Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

What about comfort?

For comfort a tampon must *fit*! Meds were scientifically designed to fit—by a woman's doctor. Meds eliminate bulges—chafing—pins—odor!

Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator . . . so easy to use!

And Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators . . . no more per box than leading napkins. Try Meds!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢



The Modess Tampon



**Speak
FOR YOURSELF**

Joan Davis of Republic's "Yokel Boy" kicks up her heels. She's just heard that twenty-four-gun salute that pays off to a California member of the khaki brotherhood for the letter on page 81

\$10.00 PRIZE
Open Letter to Clark Gable

DEAR CLARK:

First of all, I want to extend to you my deepest sympathy. I can imagine, to some small degree, how much Carole meant to you; how you miss her cheery companionship, her contagious sportsmanship. We'll all miss her—so please feel that we are eager to share your sorrow.

But I want to ask you to think of us—the millions of your friends and hers—and beg you not to make that loss twofold. We can't bring Carole back, but we can try to persuade *you* not to leave us. Won't you please stand by? The papers said the other day that you wouldn't make any more pictures. Please don't do that to us.

I think Carole herself would be the first to urge you to be a good soldier and not desert us. We wait for your pictures; we see your broad grin and you make us forget our troubles with that wicked twinkle in your eye.

You can do more for morale by giving us laughs than by enlisting, as it is also rumored you may do—and I'm not discounting the fact that your services would be very valuable to Uncle Sam. But what I'm trying to say is, we need you here. Maybe, Clark, in helping us to forget, you'd be helping yourself, a little, too.

MRS. MARJORIE TRUITT,
Snowden, N. C.

See Gable's final decision on p. 34.

\$5.00 PRIZE
They Made Up At the Movies

LAST night, my husband and I went to see Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in "Woman Of The Year." We were in a solemn mood because that afternoon we had discussed a solution for a problem in our marriage. We felt that life was indeed complicated for us. Before many minutes the antics of Katharine and Spencer convulsed us with laughter. Each hilarious scene reminded us that all married couples are confronted with difficult situations. By the time that Katharine added the yeast cake to the waffles and played "catch" with the toast, our shoulders felt lighter—our problem shrank to insignificance.

Please give us more pictures of this type. They keep up the morale of the audiences during this troublesome era.

MRS. PERRY WHITING,
Ponca City, Okla.

\$1.00 PRIZE
George Sanders Started This!

SO Mr. Sanders likes women in their place! And who is Mr. Sanders to say what woman's place is! Ask the men at the battle fronts whom they prefer—a woman who can do nothing but sit whining at home or a woman who can hold down a job at Lockheed? Do you suppose, Mr. Sanders, the Western frontier would have ever

been pushed back if woman had not been willing to take her share of the hardships? No, Mr. Sanders, it wasn't your type of feminine women who helped put America on the map, nor will it be your type of women who will help win this war!

The writer is employed as pay-roll clerk for a large garment manufacturer engaged in making clothes just now for the U. S. Army. About ninety-five percent of the employees are women—feminine women, Mr. Sanders—who wear lipstick and bright finger-nail polish. Only they, unlike your type of feminine women, have a job to do and they know how to do it.

Wake up, Mr. Sanders. This is A.D., not B.C.

CLAUDIA CASE THAMES,
Brookhaven, Miss.

\$1.00 PRIZE

And G. S. Started This, Too!

I HAVE just finished reading the article about George Sanders. I enjoyed it because he is my favorite actor. In this article, it says he never has visitors, vanishes after a day's work and it ends by saying he is a strange individual.

To me, this doesn't seem strange, because I do the same things myself. I believe George Sanders is just trying to lead a simple, wholesome life.

To me, he is the most brilliant actor today—as John Barrymore once said. I hope George Sanders' career lasts for a long time to come.

MARIE SOTHMAN,
Grand Island, Neb.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Entertainment Plus!

THE movies are my chief source of entertainment. Primarily, that is my reason for going to see them, but I have still another: I like to learn from them.

(Continued on page 81)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



EVELYN KEYES
in "Flight Captain"

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

TRY

Tru-Color
Lipstick

...give your lips an alluring
color accent!

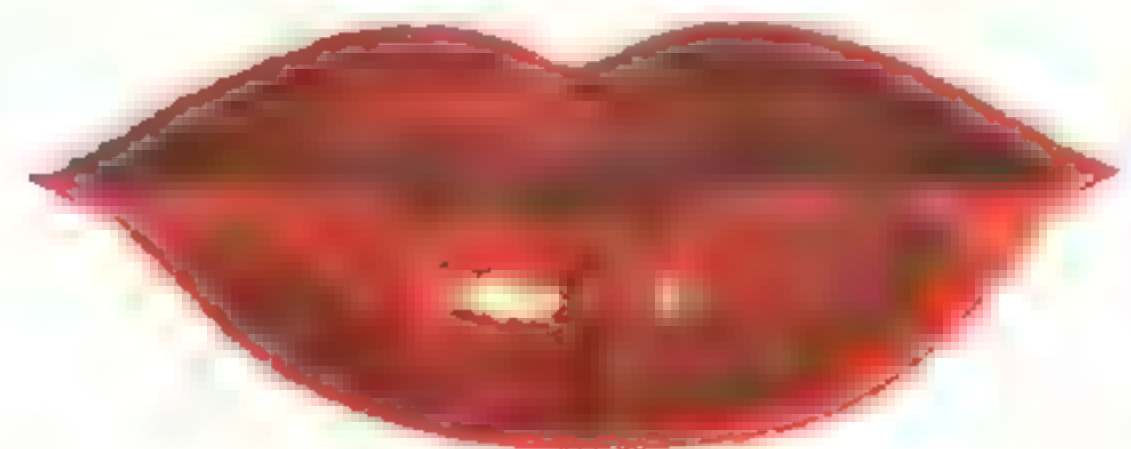
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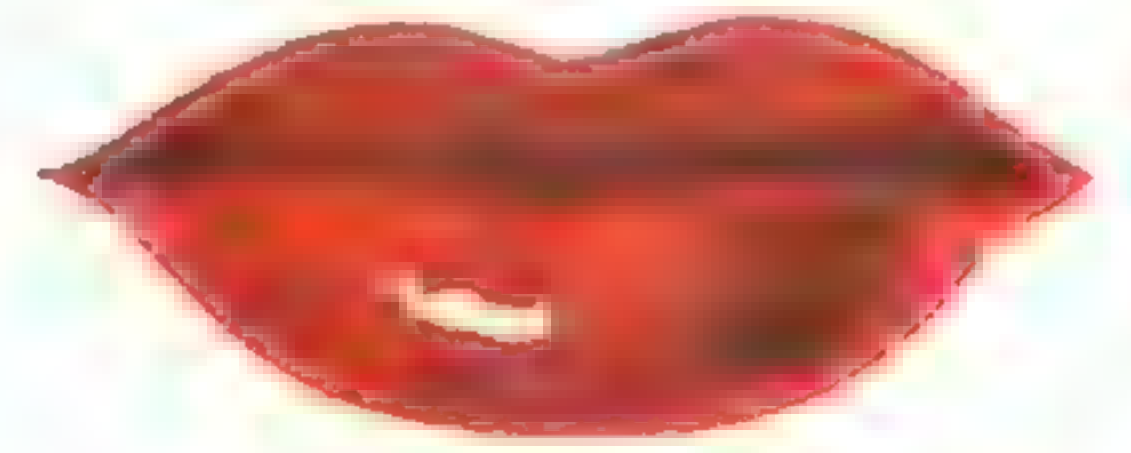
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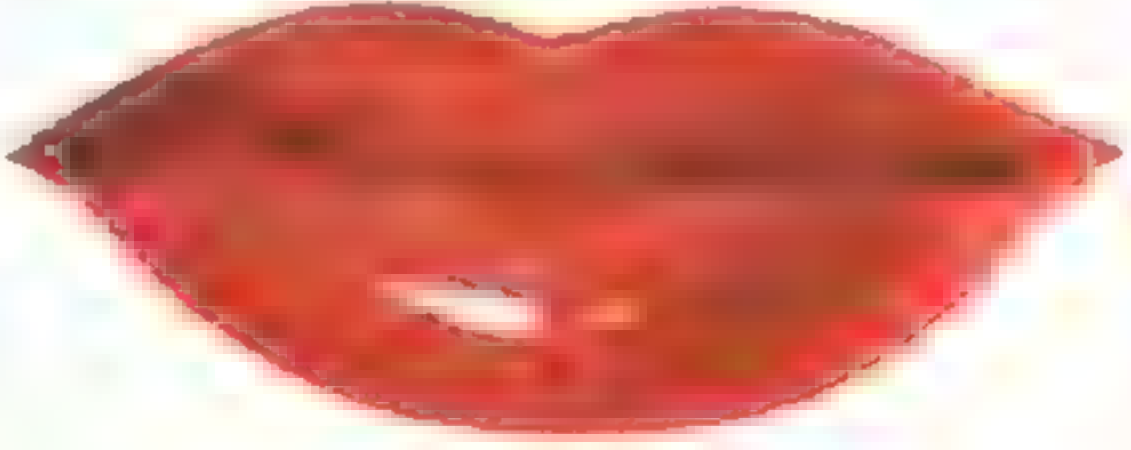
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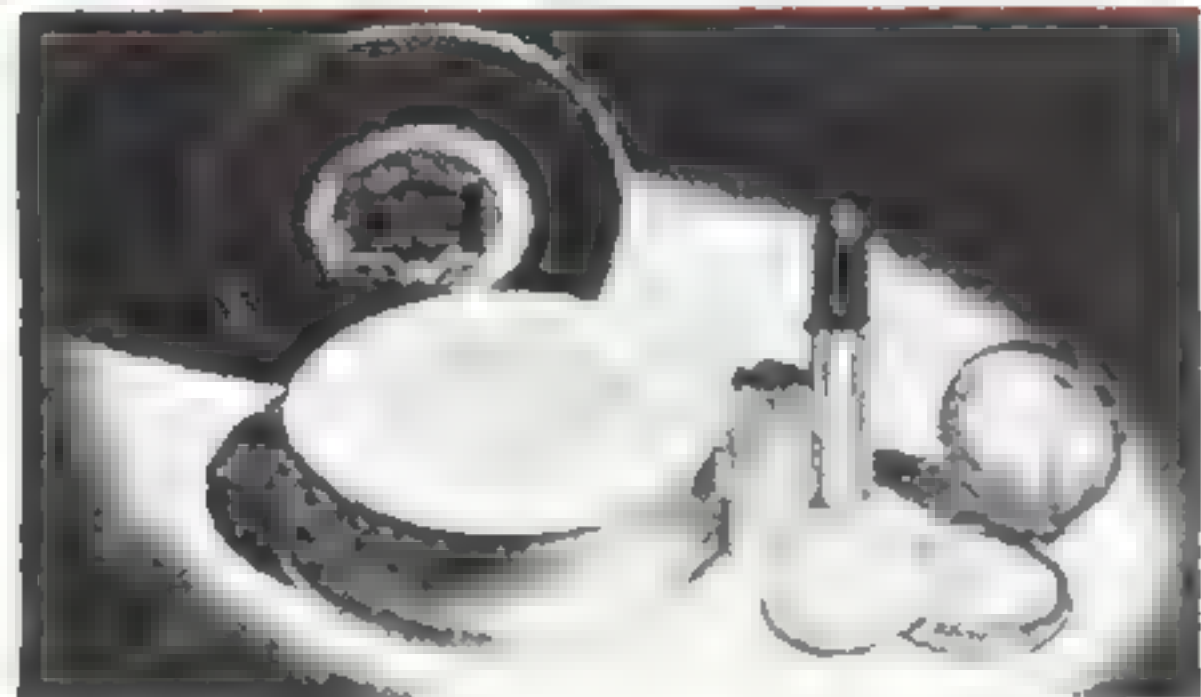
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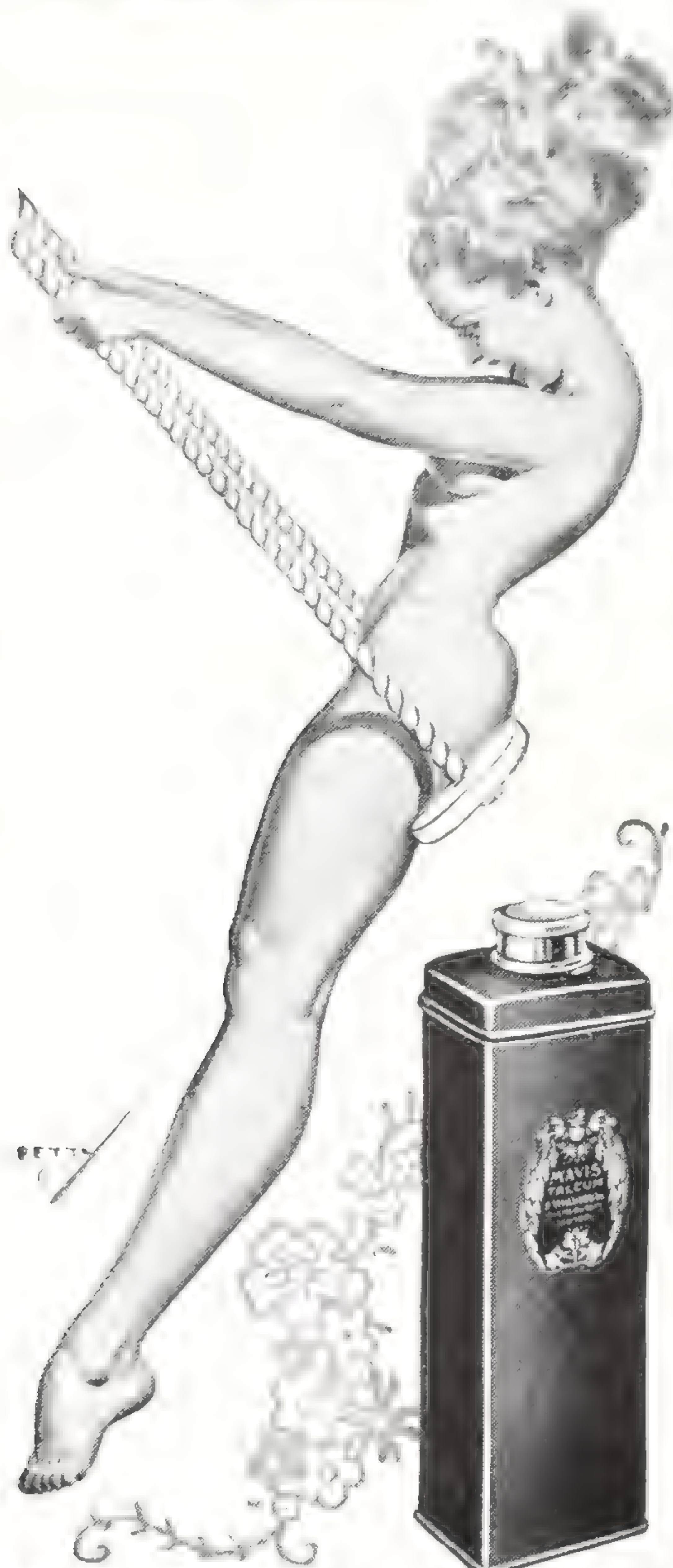
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Deep look for "Deep In The Heart Of Texas"; Robert Stack and Anne Gwynne

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE**—Columbia: An unpleasant tale with Glenn Ford as the seaman and Ian MacDonald the brutal ship's captain. Ford tries to become famous as an author so he can publish the ship's diary to expose the brutality of conditions aboard ship and thus free his friend Stuart Erwin. (May)

AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe is a brash young radio publicity man who dreams up a gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads to murder. Gloria Dickson and Ruth Terry are very good. (July)

ALMOST MARRIED—Universal: When Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's apartment and his to hers, it leads to romantic complications for them both. It's kind of cute. (June)

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Warners: Kay Francis decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer to improve the opportunities of her children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas. After her husband, Walter Huston, is paroled from prison, he goes incognito to his family's small town and straightens out the children. It's warm and friendly and Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice. (June)

BASHFUL BACHELOR—RKO-Radio: *Lum* and *Abner* come to the screen in a movie that's in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (*Lum*) is sweet on Zasu Pitts and almost exterminates his pal, Norris Goff (*Abner*), trying to impress Zasu with his heroism. (June)

BLACK DRAGONS—Monogram: A ridiculous potpourri of nonsense, this, all about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon, Bela Lugosi, who makes over six Japanese to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans like mad. It's silly. (June)

BULLET SCARS—Warners: Regis Toomey is a doctor called to treat a wounded gangster and he conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard daSylva who is detaining him because he knows too much. You never saw such shooting. You never saw such a picture, either. (June)

✓ **BUTCH MINDS THE BABY**—Universal: Typical Damon Runyon, amusing and completely in character, is this comedy of a paroled convict, Broderick Crawford, who saves young widow Virginia Bruce from suicide and falls in love with her baby. Brod even gets Virginia a job in a night club run by crook Porter Hall and minds the baby while she's at work. With Dick Foran. (June)

✓ **CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS**—Warners: This timely picture is about the training of Bush Country recruits to become R.C.A.F. flyers, and has many exciting moments. The story has Jimmy Cagney as an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who

earns the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Alan Hale for his unethical conduct, but gets regenerated. With Brenda Marshall. (May)

CORPSE VANISHES, THE—Monogram: Brides mysteriously disappear all over the place and girl reporter Luana Walters sets out to investigate. She finally traces the missing brides to the lair of Bela Lugosi, a screwy scientist, where perfectly ghastly doings have been done. (July)

SHADOW STAGE

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✓ **COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE**—M-G-M: Another winner, packed with genial entertainment is this latest in the series, in which Mickey Rooney must take out poor little rich girl Donna Reed, though his heart still belongs to Ann Rutherford. (May)

DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE—Warners: Nancy Coleman is the British girl spy who lands in New York hospital where John Garfield is interned and with his aid brings about the downfall of a Nazi spy ring. Raymond Massey is the Nazi head and Moroni Olsen his chief henchman. (May)

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—M-G-M: Basil Rathbone is the ruthless killer who hypnotizes psychopaths into killing his victims. Laraine Day is about to be his latest victim when along comes Lew Ayres. Rather interesting. (June)

LY BY NIGHT—Paramount: Richard Carlson has to escape the law because he's accused of murder, so he forces artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police. The result is harrowing. (June)

RISCO LIL—Universal: Irene Hervey goes to work for a gambling club in order to help her old gambling daddy, Minor Watson, but this alienates the family of her fiance, Kent Taylor. (May)

ENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A—Small-U.A.: Gentleman crook Brian Donlevy surrenders to Presm Foster on condition that Foster adopt his baby. When the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the girl's happiness, Donlevy breaks out of prison to help them. It doesn't matter much. (June)

HOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal: It seems the monster is still alive, this time played by Lon Chaney, so Sir Cedric Hardwicke decides to give him a nice, kind new brain, but after a double-cross, he gets the sly brain of Bela Lugosi, so things are just as bad as before. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic. (June)

✓ **GOLD RUSH, THE**—Chaplin: A must for everyone is this re-issue of Chaplin's never-to-be-forgotten comedy. The narration takes the place of subtitles; the adventures of the little tramp in the gold-mad Klondike are as appealing as ever. (June)

GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck does a wonderful job as the old lady who reveals to a young biographer the story of her part in the life history of a great senator, Mel McCrea. McCrea is very good as the weakling molded into a great man by a greater woman, and Brian Donlevy is the strong man in her life. (June)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M: Much below the standard of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the stage play. Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an unsophisticated little clerk in his bank. One night he dreams she's an angel. He awakes and finds not an angel but the girl he loves. (July)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Warners: This unpleasant picture about a selfish woman isn't Bette Davis's best picture by a long shot. Olivia de Havilland plays Bette's good sister, Dennis Morgan is the man Bette drives to suicide, and George Brent the man fortunate enough to escape her. (July)

✓ **INVADERS, THE**—Columbia: An impressive masterpiece, this story of seven Nazis stranded on Canadian soil. The performances of Leslie Howard as a vacationing author, Laurence Olivier, French-Canadian trapper, and Raymond Massey, Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally fine are Niall MacGinnis, Eric Portman and Glynis Johns. (May)

WAS FRAMED—Warners: Michael Ames is framed by political crooks, but he breaks jail and goes with his wife, Julie Bishop, to another town where he becomes a newspaper editor. But he's blackmailed before he finally discovers he's been cleared of the former charge. (July)

KE GIRL—Warners: Appalled by the conditions of farmers and workers under racketeering Gene Lockhart, Ronald Reagan sides with farmer George Tobias, although his friend Richard Whorf throws his lot with Lockhart. Ann Sheridan, traveling like girl, falls in love with Reagan, and the two of them find themselves accused of murder. It's all pretty dull. (July)

✓ **JUNGLE BOOK**—Korda: A pageantry of sound and color and beauty, with Sabu as the boy raised by wolves who is forced by the tiger to take refuge in a small village. There he finds his real father, Rosemary deCamp, but when the greedy men of the village learn he guards the secret of hidden treasures they force him back to the jungle. A delightfully fantastic entertainment. (June)

KID GLOVE KILLER—M-G-M: Intelligent plotting, acting and directing combine to make this picture one to shout about. Van Heflin as the scientific crime detective, Lee Bowman his friend, a killer who places a bomb in the reform mayor's car, and Marsha Hunt as the girl who

(Continued on page 99)

The Handy Twins lead the parade with proof that **PEPSODENT POWDER** makes teeth **TWICE AS BRIGHT**

HI! I'M CHARLENE:

...AND PEPSODENT
MADE IT EASY TO
KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!



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"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily twice as bright! Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

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Swing into line!
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ON THE MARCH!**

Rousing successor to "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI!" Action! Thrills! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!



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TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

with LAIRD CREGAR • John Shepperd • Victor Francen
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

A
20TH
CENTURY-FOX
TRIUMPH!



ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING



July 4, 1942

FOR the first time since Photoplay and Movie Mirror magazines began publication, a movie star is not being featured on the cover. Instead, Paul Hesse's stirring color photograph of our flag strikes a militant note. As you look at the newsstands of America this month you have the sense of one huge Stars and Stripes on display. That was the original purpose of the Magazine Publishers Association in the suggestion that every magazine on sale Independence Day of this year have a flag cover. In a field of intense circulation competition and bitter editorial rivalry, publishers, one by one, agreed to lay aside all personal motive in order to join this visible, outward display of publishing patriotism.

The flag on the cover of Photoplay-Movie Mirror dramatizes a fact that has not been greatly emphasized—the fact of Hollywood's refusal to accept draft deferment for its actors. Significant proof is the row of small photographs displayed on the cover beneath the flag. A few months ago, General Hershey, selective service director, announced that movies were necessary to maintain morale.

Therefore, it was said, men working in this essential industry should be eligible for possible deferment. It was not an announcement Hollywood either sought or relished. After the ruling had been made, Hollywood refused to accept it. Actors continued to be drafted and stars who still had 3-A classifications continued to join the armed services.

Hollywood was right. Your letters have told me so. You may recall that recently I asked you to write me your honest opinions on this highly important question. Letters poured in, each weighing the issue earnestly. And the results? Two to one, you voted that Hollywood actors should do their share of the fighting!

This they are already doing. Twelve well-known players are on the cover. But there are others, some of whom there was no room to include; others who since this cover was designed and engraved have enlisted or

whose intention of doing so has been announced. There are Tony Martin, Victor Mature, Craig Reynolds, Robert Preston, MacDonald Carey, Eddie Albert, John Trent, Phil Terry, Stirling Hayden, Alan Ladd, Lew Ayres (now in the Medical Corps), Jackie Coogan, Dan Dailey Jr., Buddy Rogers, Herbert Anderson, John Beal, George Brent, Robert Sterling, Richard Barthelmess.

I do not believe I have included every name here, for some are joining without advance notice to studio or editor. And soon, as the intensity of war ignites this country's efforts into a roaring blaze, many more from Hollywood's ranks will be in uniform.

HOPE this list of names somehow helps to bring home to you personally a realization of the proportions of the struggle we have ahead. Some may argue that it is not the place of a movie magazine to talk about such real facts. I don't agree. At a time when every citizen must join hands with every other citizen, there can be no staking out a small plot and posting a sign which reads: No Admittance To Anything Connected With War. If, through any words of mine, I can help to end the senseless and blind wave of optimism that has seized us all, I shall feel that this page has made a contribution.

I hope you are not one who has allowed wishful thinking to wash over and drown out sober truth. Or have you perhaps begun to think that before many more weeks or months, the blessing of peace will have touched us? Then, unconsciously, you have begun to injure our chances of victory. You have helped to spread an optimism that is dulling the edge of our war sword. There is, with overconfidence, a dangerous letting down, a demoralizing slackening of effort. Our enemies are many, their resources are treble what they had when we entered the war. Victory is there to be seen from the top of the highest peak. Let us scale those heights first and not falsely feast our eyes now on the mirage of an early and easy winning.

Ernest V. Heyn

Secret Romance



First meeting: The "Mrs. Miniver" crew watched that glance breathlessly

Sometimes a man can look once into a wo-

man's eyes and find there

something that will hold him forever.

Hollywood's most exciting

hidden love story—the ro-

mance of Greer Garson and Richard Ney

BY BETH EMERSON

RICHARD NEY, a Broadway actor about to make his Hollywood debut, walked onto the set of "Mrs. Miniver" to be presented to the star of the production, Greer Garson.

"Mrs. Miniver, may I present your son?" asked Director William Wyler, who was doing the honors.

Greer, laughing with correct politeness, looked up, prepared to see the usual young actor. Instead, she observed a tall, very slender fellow with a sensitive, studious face. He was dressed, not in the flashing tweeds of the West, but with quiet effectiveness.

Richard Ney looked down, undoubtedly expecting the Greer Garson American movies have portrayed, an almost poisonously understanding, tolerant young matron. What he saw was a pale, humorous face framed in an incredible nimbus of red-gold hair. He saw the Garson figure, as it is, which is something quite different from the screen Garson figure which has always been padded, for reasons of characterization, all out of its highly

seductive proportions. His startled blue eyes flashed to her slender ankles, even as Greer's startled green eyes took heed of the width of his shoulders; and then their delighted glances met again, met and locked and held.

At that moment in armament plants, in steam laundries, in bread factories and such busy places, clock hands kept right on sedately moving around clock faces. But on the set of "Mrs. Miniver" time froze, while two pairs of glamorous eyes melted, while two gay hearts started thumping and while all the Metro-ites within watching distances got ice to the feet.

The Metro heads held three distinct thoughts; the Metro fear beat as one. The Metro-ites knew the bitter truth of Hollywood, the cruel fact that marriage hurts the popularity of any star, male more than female, but even female enough to make a depressing difference at the box office. There sat Greer Garson, one of the capital investments of a success-mad industry and there stood Richard Ney, who

might or might not be a comer. And somewhere across the lot, undoubtedly busy as six beavers, there worked Benny Thau, an intelligent, quiet gentlemanly executive, who had been hopelessly in love with Greer Garson for four years.

The Metro-ites fear was set on fire by the visible flash in those two handsome pans as they gazed on one another. Those watchers knew the fatal flame when they saw it. Just suppose it were real? Suppose it worked itself up to love? Suppose, heaven forbid, that it ended in matrimony? What, oh what would happen then?

That is what all Hollywood is wondering today, some five months after their first romantic meeting. "Mrs. Miniver" is finished and previewed and promises not only to be both an artistic and box-office smash but to make Greer Garson one of the top stars of all Hollywood and Richard Ney very much among those present on the glory road.

And Richard Ney and Greer Garson



First date: Greer and Dick went dancing together, asked photographers not to snap them, became so interested in each other they forgot the clicking cameras

are dating almost nightly. Richard Ney tells everyone he encounters how completely, utterly and devastatingly he is in love. Greer says nothing, but her happiness is as luminous as a searchlight sweeping a blackout sky.

It is the very glow of that happiness that lets you know how lonely Greer has been until now, how much she has wanted this laughter and this gaiety and this youth that have been brought to her.

You know now, of course, that Greer Garson was married when she

came to this country in 1938. Hollywood didn't know it then. Hollywood, in fact, knew little of Miss Garson and cared less. That she had been a terrific hit on the London stage, that she had had one great and tragic love in her life, that she had married another man but had stayed a wife to him for less than a month, and that she was brainy, sensitive and madly romantic never entered Hollywood's mind. Until her tremendous hit in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" they ignored her and let her, for eleven months, sit home, night

after night, in a tiny house on the quietest of Beverly Hills streets, heartsick, defeated and consumed with the longing for laughter and for love.

Benny Thau, a gentleman and a student, had met her on her first day at the studio. He started calling on her almost at once. That is, he called whenever his work didn't get in the way. But his work got in the way nine nights out of ten. It does with any Hollywood executive. If you are married to a movie executive it is possible to stand that (Continued on page 94)

20 Questions I Dare



First in the heart of Hollywood—and first on the Hopper mind—is the puzzling Lupino-Hayward angle



Norma Shearer can't do that to us—or can she?



Ten-carat Goldwyn is Hopper's reply to the Teresa Wright question

This is going to burn Hollywood up—because Hedda's hep to the answers herself!

THERE'S a silly old game called "Twenty Questions" I used to play so long ago that I barely remember how it goes. But now everybody's playing it, so what's to hinder Hopper from having a go at it? Just to prove I'm no piker I'm going to pick the toughest opponent I know to play my game with—Hollywood.

It's a past master at riddles, this town where even the birds use double-talk. But at that you'll get more real information from the birds than you will from the poker-face bigwigs who sit behind the mahogany and play dumb. They're dumb—like the Quiz Kids!

Well, fools rush in, they say. So here are twenty questions I dare Hollywood to answer! I'll even talk out of turn and give a few answers myself, which shows what a long neck our granny has.

1. What's the angle on the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward situation?

Well, it's very different from the usual one. Here are two temperaments as unlike as day and night. Ida came over here, got off on the wrong foot, as far as her career was

Hollywood to Answer

BY HEDDA
HOPPER

concerned, was much younger than anybody had any idea of, was given the silliest, most asinine ingenues ever seen on the screen, and all the time he knew she was an actress. Her trouble was—how to prove it? Well, she proved it she did, by walking out of a year's contract at \$1750 a week. Just about this time she fell in love with Louis Hayward, who had his training in the Noel Coward school. Everything must be charm—and more charm. I saw him first in one of Noel's lesser plays called "Point Verlaire," in which he stole the show from Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, which is no mean stealing. And when Director Eddie Goulding was looking for a young man to play a certain role, I suggested Louis Hayward; it was on that suggestion that they brought him out, tested him and he got his start in pictures. He's serious, wrapped up in his career; and now that Ida has made a great success as a dramatic, emotional actress, I think she'd like all the romance and adulation that go with it. And I have a hunch she's not getting it. But whether they separate and divorce is (Continued on page 80)



Hedda, Hedda, give us the answer, do—on Walt Disney and his "Bambi"

What About You?



These four people have fascinated a great star. You may know others like them. If you do, Bette Davis wants to hear about it. You'll want to tell her when you see the end of this story

By
Bette Davis

I'M GOING to tell you a short story I heard the other day. It is not sentimental or romantic and the plot isn't very complicated—but its main character is a terrific person, to my way of thinking, and there is drama enough in what she has done. Her name is Mary. She is a medium-sized girl with a nice, earnest face, brown hair and strong, capable fingers. She lives in half of a small duplex on the outskirts of Hollywood, where rents are cheap, because her small salary must buy room enough for her mother and her aunt, besides herself.

Since she got out of high school three years ago, Mary has worked in a smart beauty parlor (called a Salon de Beauté by the woman who runs it), giving shampoos and finger waves. Good ones. Until recently, when war and taxes made the clients closer about money, her tips were enough to buy her an occasional new dress in the basement of a fairly good department store. She couldn't complain, as she sometimes said to the young insurance salesman named Henry who took her dancing Wednesday nights and to the movies on Saturday. She was doing all right. But the first time she had to rip up two old dresses to make a dirndl and blouse that Henry would think were new, she got a little peeved. It wasn't just the tips—Henry had been called up by the Army and was leaving in two weeks, for heaven knew where. There went their plans: The marriage next year, the separate apartment for the two of them, the baby they wanted later on.

It was just about this time, furthermore, that Mary discovered she couldn't turn on the radio or open a paper without being told she ought to dig down for war bonds. That was just fine, thought Mary. That and the price of fresh eggs and Henry's draft notice, she could do without.

She got up early the day Henry left and stood on the sidewalk with him until his bus came. He'd sold his car the week before, at a loss. "But I still have seven hundred dollars," he told her. "When I come back . . ."

"What bank's it in?" she asked, for something to say. "I bought bonds."

She was suddenly angry. "You're not doing enough, I

Those fabulous tresses of hers were her Hollywood fortune. But what woman wouldn't cut her hair for something like this?



Mary smiled suddenly to herself, the brush suspended in mid-air. Wouldn't Henry be surprised!

suppose, giving up everything, going out to fight—"

"I don't get you," he said. "It's a good investment. And what's safer than the Government?"

She walked on up to the shop later, with her lipstick smeared from his kiss, and that day she didn't talk much but worked steadily, and that evening she sat down with a book, but didn't read it. Finally she tossed it aside, rummaged through a closet until she found a clean square of cardboard, hunted up a red pencil and began to print.

Her mother watched her curiously. "What are you doing?"

Mary showed her the card. It said: Scalp Treatment and Finger Wave—Evenings. "It's for the front window," Mary explained.

Her mother looked doubtful. "But would it be fair to your employer to start up in competition?"

"There isn't any competition, Mom. The women in our neighborhood never go down to the fancy beauty shops in town."

"But you haven't got that kind of an operator's license!" her mother objected.

"This isn't professional work. It's just practice and the shop will be glad that I'll be getting extra experience. Whatever they pay me goes for war bonds. They can give me war stamps if they want to."

"But after you've worked all day!" her mother cried indignantly. "Giving up your evenings—you can't tell me the Government . . ."

"It'll be something to do." Mary went over and stuck the card in the window. "Henry will be surprised," she added, smiling suddenly.

THAT'S the story. Mary really lives in that duplex in Hollywood, and I've seen the sign. Her customers are mostly women who work during the day and are grateful for a chance to have their hair done after hours. At this writing, she's got almost a hundred dollars worth of bonds in her safe box, to add to Henry's when he gets home. I don't know, frankly, what she thought about the day he left or what changed (Continued on page 68)



Stork Scoop! Behind a plate-glass window Photoplay-Movie Mirror interviews Alice Faye Jr. when she is just three days old. P.S.: Mother and father doing well

BY ROSEMARY WEST

Family-tree pose: Parents Alice Faye and Phil Harris

They named the baby Junior

F personal history of Alice Faye Jr. is very short and sweet though she can write in her future book that she gave her first interview when she was three days old.

If it was a new experience for her, it was a new experience for us, too. There is a first time for everything, but this was certainly the first time a star had ever been interviewed through a plate-glass window. Furthermore, her manners were nothing to brag about, since she slept profoundly through the historic occasion, not giving out with so much as one bubble or one good yell, just lay there, a tiny hunk with a fluff of down atop her head, a small screwed-up face and the most ridiculous dot of a nose you ever saw.

Maybe she was bored, bored as befits a baby who came into this world with 350 pairs of hand-knit booties waiting for her to step into them, with handmade blankets piled high to the ceiling, with so many handmade dresses that her mother gave up counting them, with five fully equipped baby baths and with a bassinette with everything attached save a garage and a new car.

Talking to her mother wasn't much

help either, though it was easy to find her. You merely followed your nose down the flower-bedecked hospital corridors to her room, while the nurses whispered how the flowers kept on arriving, how Alice looked at them all and treasured the cards but ordered the flowers given away again, first to all the new mothers and then to the wards. The flowers were so numerous that soon the whole hospital was loaded with them. They were in every ward and room and in the nurses' quarters and on all the meal trays, but still they kept on coming until they overflowed into the neighborhood homes.

It was easy to see that Alice Faye, the First, was still too tired to talk, though her big eyes shone like Santa Claus Lane on December twenty-fourth. She looked as only a completely happy girl can look after she has first known motherhood; and there are no words for that.

She whispered, in that warm, exciting voice of hers, "Go see Phil. He'll tell you everything," and then she smiled, and it tore the heart out of you, it was so beautiful.

Over at the Los Angeles Biltmore Bowl, Phil Harris was busy playing. He was waving his baton around and the piano, next to him, was littered white with cards that said Miss Mil-

dred Subdeb and Mrs. George Nobody and Mrs. Oscar Smalltown were having birthdays today and Mr. and Mrs. Jack So-an-so were celebrating their wedding anniversary and Private Tinamambob was there celebrating his last night before he went into service.

Phil came over to the table to talk between the (Continued on page 98)

.



• *Gene Tierney:* Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Thunder Birds" . . . page 33

• *Clark Gable:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" . . . page 35

• *Gary Cooper:* Appearing in Goldwyn's "The Pride Of The Yankees" page 38

• *Jean Crawford:* Appearing in Columbia's "They All Kissed The Bride" . . . page 40

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Gene Tierney



Clark with Carole
in their happy
ranch-time days



Lest you may believe those rumors of the past six months, we give you the thought-provoking truth about Gable today

BY RUTH WATERBURY

How Clark Gable is Conquering *Loneliness*

SIX months have now passed since that tragic January day when a plane bearing Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Peters, Otto Winkler, Clark Gable's best friend and personal press agent, and fifteen young Army pilots crashed against the barren slopes of Table Mountain in Nevada, killing all on board.

These months since he lost Carole have been the blackest months Gable has ever experienced, even though none of his life, prior to his first movie success in 1931, was ever easy.

Many rumors have been circulated about him during this time. There were stories that he was going into the Army as a buck private, that he had enlisted in the Navy, that he had a commission in the Signal Corps, that he was selling the Encino ranch that had been his and Carole's honeymoon house, and that he was retiring from the screen.

None of these stories is true, though the fact that each was reliably printed and many of them believed is perfectly understandable since Clark did consider each of these ideas in turn,

only to reject them all eventually.

This is the truth concerning Clark Gable today: He is not going into active military service. He is not selling the ranch. He is going on with pictures. But the reasons that have determined these decisions reveal the changed Gable, this strong and complex man who after his exquisite wife's death discovered through his tragic loneliness that he had loved her even more than he had ever realized.

You have doubtless read a score of times that to know Gable even slightly is to worship him. We repeat it here, only because the way he has risen over his sorrow is due to those qualities his friends have always known lay deep and secret within his personality. The dashing, debonaire, devil-may-care Gable you have seen so often on screen is definitely one side of his personality. But there is another side to him, the side which you will see more frequently in the future.

Six months of lonely nights and bitter days have left their mark on Clark, as you will observe when you

see "Red Light." To take merely one slight example: Until now he has always had trouble keeping his weight down. Yet within one week after Carole's loss, he dropped twenty pounds and he hasn't yet been able to regain even half of that.

Another thing is that until this spring it was almost instinctive with Gable to do what he wanted to do when he wanted to do it. That nickname "King" wasn't tacked on him by mere accident.

Clark may always have been gay and kidding about his requests, yet he's always made them with the assured air of a guy who had the power to back up his requests and see to it that they were granted.

But these six months he has been up against the most brutal of realities. He had lost the person who was the most impor- (Continued on page 74)

Right: A picture of Clark posed before Carole's death, with the smile he lost but is fighting to regain

Clark Gable



Little Miss Dynamite

She's dumb like a fox, this new blonde bombshell, Veronica Lake. She knows how to handle Hollywood. She should, after what's happened to her in her twenty-three years





In Central Park with Mother, at the age of six



This time, she's three years older



Wintering in Florida, with her father

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

THE "I Wanted Wings" company had moved to a new set. The camera crew was setting up. The director and script writer were working on new dialogue. The company waited on the sidelines.

"No one go away," called the assistant director. "We'll be rehearsing any minute. No one go away. We're already behind schedule. We've got to step on it!"

Veronica Lake shook her hair out of her eye. She looked unhappy. An item she had read in a gossip column that morning concerned her. It was completely unimportant really. Most girls would have read it, thrown the paper aside and forgotten it entirely. But Veronica, new to Hollywood's limelight, had yet to accustom herself to columnists' personal remarks.

Bored with waiting, the men on the set began to kid Veronica about that item.

"What is it they're going to call you for advertising purposes?" someone asked. "The Blonde Bombshell, isn't it?"

She managed a small smile. She was just realizing, with horror, that the column in which that item appeared was syndicated; that John Detlie, her husband, on location with a Metro company outside Gallup, New

Mexico, was probably being kidded about it too.

An older actor, wiser than the rest, saw the storm warning cloud Veronica's eyes. "Don't let them get you down, Miss Lake," he said protectively.

Tears spilled from Veronica's eyes. She pushed back her chair and ran from the stage. She stopped at her dressing room for a polo coat and went on to her car. She was on her way to John Detlie in New Mexico. She had to tell him how much she loved him and hear how much he loved her; even if columnists did make personal remarks about her. She had to assure John, once more, that he had only to say the word and she would give up her career, *gladly*.

She drove pell-mell through the valley and reached the mountains at night. There was a high fog. Only now and then could she see the stars. Towards morning it started to snow. Every few miles she had to get out and clear a little window on her windshield in order to see. She grew numb with cold. It became skiddy. Her car no longer held the road. On a steep downgrade she lost control. She shut off the ignition and let the car go. It tumbled over the side of the road, crashing over rocks and through

underbrush. Then, by a miracle, it came to a stop against a miniature boulder.

She crawled back up to the road. High overhead coyotes howled. Finally a ramshackle car came along. In it were a man and his wife and their baby on their way back to the Ozarks. They looked at her suspiciously. Her grease paint was smeared. She was streaked with blood.

"Where you aiming to go?" the woman asked.

"I'd like you to drop me off at Flagstaff," Veronica said. "I'll pay you well."

At Flagstaff she arranged for her car to be brought in for repairs and hired another to take her on to Gallup. It was noon when she got there. John was off on location. The production manager's wife got her to bed and sent for John and a doctor.

"You have two broken toes and you've cut yourself badly," the doctor told her. "You haven't suffered too much—so far—because the cold acted as an anesthesia."

John came back to the hotel as fast as he could.

"Maybe you should call Paramount," she whispered, safe in his arms. "They don't know where I am."

"Baby," (Continued on page 71)

Gary Cooper





Dick Arlen played with "Old Long Tack" in "Wings," was an eye witness to the pretzels incident



At the Academy dinner with Mrs. Cooper, Gary looked nicely nonchalant, fooled no one who was in the know



"Coop's" mother, Mrs. Charles Cooper, cover-up for one of Gary's secret Hollywood activities

What Hollywood Thinks of

Gary Cooper

The victim is "Silent-Slim" Cooper; the subject, a "Things I Never Knew Before" exposé. The result? Eyebrow-raising!

WE STARTED our research in the matter of what people think of Gary Cooper by accepting the much publicized characterization of him as a very swell guy who positively won't talk. It was impressed upon us that compared to Gary the Sphinx is just another Bob Hope; that he falls asleep on the set every time the director's back is turned and that the big part of an assistant's job on his pictures is to wake him up in time for each take.

We were also advised that he has a five-thousand-word vocabulary—four thousand, nine hundred and ninety of which are yeahs, uh-huhs, yups and nopes.

Then we began to talk to the people who really know Gary.

Cecil B. DeMille, who has made about as many pictures with Gary as any of them, certainly doesn't think Cooper is asleep on his feet.

"The thing about Gary Cooper that has impressed me most," says DeMille, "is his amazing alertness. From the time we made our first picture I have realized that he never misses a thing

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

that goes on before the camera.

"People who see Cooper lounging off camera," explains this veteran producer-director, "don't know what's going on behind those half-closed eyes. But I know he's developing the business and characterization that bring naturalness and humanness to his parts in my pictures.

"While Gary leans against a prop, chewing a match or a straw, he is checking every detail of setup and dialogue; noticing just how his stand-in is being lighted and almost invariably working out a suggestion to improve a camera angle or a bit of business.

"So don't let Cooper's stance fool you; he's on his toes all the time."

One of our very best columnists recently reported that Dick Arlen had said a producer tried to get Gary thrown off his picture for sleeping on the set all the time.

"That was a gross misquote," protests Dick. "There never was any such

incident, and there isn't a producer in Hollywood who wouldn't do nip-ups to get Gary on a picture.

"I did say that Cooper had a marvelous knack of being able to go to sleep when he had to stay on the set while they were shooting something that had nothing to do with his part. But let's forget that. You said you wanted to know what I think of Gary; what about him impressed me most. That's easy. I think Cooper is the most agreeable guy in the world—but the last guy on earth you can push around. Old Long Tack just can't be crowded. The busy boys around the studios who try to make a showing by hustling people just bounce off him.

"That isn't something he has developed since he became a star. He always was that way. Golly," and Dick rubbed his chin with the back of his hand, and grinned, "I remember way back when he was a lanky newcomer with just a bit to do in 'Wings.'

"Gary had arrived in Tucson, Arizona, from Hollywood, and had been told to come to our hotel in the morning ready to (Continued on page 76)

Juan Crawford





"Put your right hand on my shoulder," Mike commanded softly

They all **KISSED** the Bride

"The Taming Of The Shrew" has nothing on the story of Margaret, a career girl who thought she could manage everyone until she met up with a certain young man named Mike

Fiction version by
MARTI SECREST

"I'm not going through with it!" Vivian Drew declared flatly. The distant chatter of wedding guests, moving through the grounds of the lovely Drew Westchester estate, came faintly to the ears of the little group gathered in Vivian's bedroom.

"I'm not going through with it!" she repeated, hurling her wedding dress to the floor.

"See," Mrs. Drew turned helplessly to her older daughter Margaret. "She's not going through with it."

"She certainly can't go through with it, dressed like that." Margaret surveyed her half-clad sister calmly. This was not the first time she had had to deal with Vivian's sudden emotional vagaries. Ever since her father's death three years ago, Margaret had managed the family. She had also assumed control of her father's business, the Drew Transportation Company, and the executive responsibility had been heavy for a young woman. It had taken all her capable mental ability, plus the shrewdness and hardness she had

A Columbia picture, directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Edward Kaufman. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. From a story by Gina Kaus and Andrew P. Solt.

forced herself to develop, but now she was regarded with respect among businessmen. Vivian's marriage today to Stephen Pettingill was the result of Margaret's planning, for Vivian was too irresponsible to be allowed to have her own way and Margaret knew she had chosen wisely for her sister.

"But I don't love Stephen," insisted Vivian tearfully. "I love Joe."

"Who's Joe?" asked Margaret, deftly sliding the wedding dress over Vivian's head.

"Joe Krim. He works in a filling station. Why, I wrote to him just last week. . . ."

"You wrote this Joe person letters!" interrupted Margaret, instantly aware of the possibility of blackmail.

"Only two or three," Vivian ad-

mitted plaintively. "Every time I saw him my head would swim and my knees would get weak."

"Biliousness!" Margaret replied briskly.

"That's nonsense, Margaret," Mrs. Drew defended Vivian spiritedly. "It's a family characteristic. All the Drew women had it. I know when I first met your father my knees. . . ."

"You know you've always suffered with your liver," Margaret pointed out, adjusting Vivian's veil. Her mind was ticking rapidly. This Joe person might conceivably try to break up the wedding. She must be prepared for anything that happened.

Impulsively she took Vivian in her arms and her voice softened with tenderness.

"Darling, I don't want to seem harsh. You'll see I'm right. Stephen is a fine boy." Vivian clung to her, tears welling in her eyes. Margaret kissed her soothingly. The crisis was past and Margaret knew it would be safe to leave her now.

As she started back downstairs her

"Maggie," Mike taunted across the desk, "You're afraid! You're afraid of men!"



"Every time I saw him my head would swim," Vivian said tearfully. "Billiousness!" Margaret replied briskly

THE CAST

Margaret J. Drew Joan Crawford

Michael Holmes Melvyn Douglas

Mrs. Drew Billie Burke

Vivian Drew Helen Parrish

Johnny Johnson Allen Jenkins

Susie Johnson Mary Treen

Stephen Pettingill Roger Clark

mind shuttled from Joe Krim to a problem she had been unable to forget upon leaving her New York office. One Michael Holmes, an idealistic social reformer, had written a book attacking transportation companies and Margaret figured prominently in it. His references to "M.J.," as she was known in the business world, were far from flattering. She was used to being referred to as a harsh employer. If she had not severely schooled herself to forget sentiment in business, the Drew Transportation Company would not be what it was today. She had completely sacrificed herself as a person; she had given up all the gay, laughing moments that should be part of a girl's life and had concentrated on filling her father's shoes. But what this Holmes person had said about her was maliciously unfair! One look at the proofs of the book had convinced her of that.

Margaret smiled to herself at the thought of how she'd got an advance

look at the Holmes opus. The publishing house to whom he'd submitted the book had a loan out against the Drew bank. Realizing at the last moment that publication might infuriate Margaret and thus mean the loan would not be renewed, the publisher had gingerly shown her proofs of the book and, when she hit the ceiling, promised that his house would never put it on the market.

But there were other publishing houses in New York—and the only way to be sure the book would never see the light of print was to thrash the matter out with Holmes himself. Margaret had given orders that he was to be found and brought to her office. Nevertheless, the thought of this man and his arrogance followed her home and nagged in a corner of her mind.

Her attention was suddenly distracted by a racket at a side gate and, signaling to the butler to accompany her, she went to investigate. Inside the side wall she found a young

man, slim, personable and slightly breathless. She looked at him and, without warning, her knees were shaking; her head swimming.

The butler took her arm. "Aren't you well, miss?"

"I'm all right," she answered weakly. "It's just—my liver. . . ."

The banging outside continued. The young man, with the detached air of one merely doing his duty, opened the gate and a furious detective rushed in. The stranger caught him neatly on the chin with a swift blow which knocked him back outside. Then he locked the gate and turned to Margaret with a flourish.

"Is there anything else you wish, madam?"

"Don't call me 'madam'!"

"Sure," he agreed with a grin. "I'd much rather call you 'Baby'."

The peculiar sensation seized Margaret again, but the strains of the wedding march interrupted her reply and she hurried into the house. The young man shrugged his shoulders and wandered into the rumpus room.

"They're all in the foyer, sir," the bartender informed him. "The ceremony is about to start."

"I hate weddings," the stranger informed him moodily, pouring a stiff drink of brandy. It was very good brandy and he (Continued on page 82)

Want to play Gin Rummy?



Ilona Massey takes over Alan Curtis; wins by "knocking," i.e., by laying down all her cards in combinations or sequences



George Burns's card of a wife, Gracie Allen, smiles smugly, gives George a rummy run for his money



Mrs. Costello catches Lou pulling a boner. P.S.: He now plays à la Photoplay-Movie Mirror

What everyone has been asking for!
A simple easy way to learn how to
cut yourself in on the game that
Hollywood — and the rest of the
country — sits up all hours to play

GIN RUMMY is essentially a game for two persons, although there are several combinations by which more persons can play. The rules given here are for the two-person game.

The players cut for the deal and the one who turns up the higher card becomes the dealer. Each player receives ten cards; after the deal, the next card is turned face up and placed beside the rest of the pack, which is turned face down. If dealer's opponent doesn't want the first face-up card, dealer may take it; if both refuse, the opponent draws from the pack.

Each player in turn draws one card (no more than one) from either the stack or the face-up pile, as he

chooses, and then discards on the face-up pile.

The object of Gin is to arrange your cards, by drawing and discarding, into *combinations* or *sequences*, but in Gin these are not laid down on the board (face up) until one of the players "knocks" and the game is over. *Combinations* are three or four cards of a kind, as three or four kings; *sequences* are three or more cards of a suit, as 6, 7, 8 of hearts. Aces are low; they can never be used as a high card following a king.

In order to knock, you must have in your hand enough cards arranged in sequences and (or) combinations so that the other unmatched cards still remaining in your hand add up to no

more than 10 points or less. Kings, queens, jacks and tens count 10 points each, aces 1 point and all other cards their face value.

For example, you could knock (which means you would lay down, face up on the board, all your combinations and sequences) with a four, three and ace (which totals 8 points) still unmatched in your hand. But you could not knock with an ace and a jack still remaining in your hand, because these would total 11.

As soon as one player knocks, the other can lay out all the combinations and sequences in his hand and can also, where possible, play on the combinations and sequences of his opponent. He (Continued on page 70)

How to make yourself IMPORTANT



A FINE and fancy storyteller holds his punch for the story's end, I'm sure. But as I'm a plain guy with a set of homespun features and no frills, I may as well write accordingly.

So, then, the whole deal on how to make yourself important is, as I see it, to (a) love what you are doing with all your heart and soul and (b) believe what you are doing is important, even if you are only grubbing for worms in the back yard.

I am enormously in earnest about this. In fact, I believe I may say, with some pride, that I think I have something here. I hold that all of this business about making yourself important by means of externals is no good. Clothes, being seen in the Right Places, show, swank—No! They may make you seem important; but that is not what I am talking about.

Nor do I believe that you have to be a standout from your fellow men in order to make your mark in the world. Average will do it. Certainly if I am to serve as my own guinea pig for this little homily, it will have to do it. For I'm no Flynn or Boyer and well I know it.

The studio publicity department had to sweat ink out of its veins to turn out a biography on me. Mr. Norm is my alias, or shouldn't I admit it?

I like to swim, hike and sleep (eight hours a night). I'm fairly good at every sport except tennis, which I just don't like. My favorite menu is steaks smothered with onions and strawberry shortcake. I play bridge adequately, collect guns, always carry a penny as a good-luck charm and knock wood when I make a boast or express a wish. I have a so-so convertible coupe which I drive myself. I'm interested in politics and governmental problems. My favorite books are "Turnabout," by Thorne Smith, "Babbitt," "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and the works of Pearl Buck, H. G. Wells, Damon Runyon and Erich Remarque. I'm a fan of Bing Crosby. My favorite actress is my wife. I like things colored green and my favorite flower is the Eastern

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Actor Reagan: "In 'Kings Row' Parris was not for me, but Drake, I think, was."

—and strangely enough, love has a lot to do with it, in a way you'd least suspect

BY RONALD REAGAN

(As Told To Gladys Hall)

lilac. I love my wife, baby and home. I've just built a new one—home, I mean. Nothing about me to make me stand out on the midway.

Lots of kids write and ask my advice about how to make their mark in an indifferent world. Seventy-five percent of them beef that they're not much to look at, haven't any dough, can't cut a dash. I could refer them to Lincoln, out of the backwoods, as plain as a calabash pipe. But they know all that.

I want to say, first, however, that I question my right or ability to advise anyone how to get along because, before I take any credit for any success that has come my way, I certainly must acknowledge the help of friends all along the way—people who were never too busy to give a young fellow a hand. Maybe that's my lead. I'm just trying to pass along some of the things I've learned from these same people.

So, what I'd like to tell 'em is this: Look, you *must* love what you are doing. You must think what you are doing is important because, if it's important to you, you can bet your last ducat that other people will think so, too. It may take time, but they'll get around to it. And one thing more, one really important thing: If, when you get a job, you don't believe you can get to the top in it, it's the wrong job.

NOW, of course, I don't mean that just believing you can get to the top will always get you there. But I do say that you'll never get there *unless* you believe that you can.

I'm not writing anything I don't believe myself, you know. Nor anything that doesn't come right out of my own experience. For me, the one job in the world I want to do is acting. Offer me ten times the money for something else, and I wouldn't do it. And right from the start, down there in "B" pictures where I began, through four years of "bit" parts (the "Poor Man's Errol Flynn," they called me), I was sure that I was in the right business for me. I knew I'd get to the top, if I kept on working and



Officer Reagan with Maurien Elizabeth and his "favorite actress," wife Jane Wymore



Four grins add up to a nice goodbye: Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny and Jane Wyman Reagan take a last-minute look at Officer Ronnie

learning. That's not brash self-confidence, either. Put me in any other job and I'd eat humble pies by the dozen. I'd lack self-confidence because I'd be in the wrong job.

Of course, doing what I wanted to do didn't put me always in a favorable light. For example, in college I majored in sociology and economics. Not because I liked the subjects, but because they gave me the most time for the things I really liked, namely, college dramatics, football and a dive into campus politics. But even there maybe I learned something, because in the subjects I got poor marks. Whereas, in dramatics, I copped off the lead in most of the plays. In football, I won three varsity sweaters. And in politics I managed to corral a job that netted me about \$250.

Point being that success, for me, is where the heart is. And my heart was in dramatics, football and politics.

After college, I got a job as a sports announcer and eventually I worked up to broadcasting many of the biggest sports events. The job wasn't very important at first but before long I woke up to find myself broadcasting sports events for which the sponsors paid my station hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. This meant that folks were listening to me, lots of folks. And they listened to me, I know, not because I had any experience in broadcasting or any diction, but because I was so keen about those sports events myself that I felt it urgently important that other people

know about them, too, and nearly got high blood pressure telling 'em about them.

But all of this doesn't mean, of course, that you can just sit back like a pink cupid with wings, indulge in some wishful thinking and, presto, you're important! It's never enough to love anything, is it, not even a girl?

When you propose to a girl, you've got to be pretty convincing, use your heart as a mouthpiece. You've got to work for the thing you love, you always do.

WHICH brings me to when I first came to Warner Brothers, to the movies. I was certainly a nobody in, and to, Hollywood. I certainly hadn't learned to act by being a sports announcer. I wasn't any collar ad to look at. All I had in this world was confidence that, with the proper material, I could entertain people. And the only basis I had for this confidence was that I *wanted* to entertain people more than I wanted anything else.

Well, they threw me to the "B's." I made twenty to twenty-five "B's" before I got the part of Gipp in "Knute Rockne—All American."

Thanks to some good advice from a guy named Pat O'Brien, I played those "B's" as if they were "A's." You see, the boss only goes by results. If I do a part carelessly because I doubt its importance, no one is going to write a subtitle explaining that Ronald Reagan didn't feel the part was important, therefore he didn't give it very much.

All my boss knows is what he sees on the film and someday he may look at that particular picture to judge my qualifications for a real film job.

It wasn't until the part of the Gipp came up that I felt, *Here is a job I can do.*

It was the first time, during all those four years, that I ever asked for a part. Because you've got to be sure, awful sure, that you can do something better than the guys lined up ahead of you before you ask for anything.

Quite a few times, before "Knute Rockne," parts came up in pictures that I thought I'd like to play. In "Dark Victory," with Bette Davis, for example, they handed me a bit part. I stewed around for a bit, wishing I'd got the part Bogart played in that picture. Then I realized I couldn't top Bogey in that. It was his dish, not mine. In "Kings Row," Parris was not for me, but Drake, I think, was. In "Desperate Journey" Flynn's spot is his, not mine.

But I knew that I could deliver the Gipp. I knew it because, when I was a kid, George Gipp was my hero, Rockne was my candidate for A Man. There was that love of what I was doing figuring in again. In addition, I knew I could play football and they wouldn't have to use a double for me.

That part opened a door for me. A few people on the lot knew me by name. The fans started to write in. (Folks, you fixed me!)

WELL, then, believe it or not, love walked in again and gave me another boost. Love of a girl this time, love of the girl I married. One of my handicaps in this business had been that of looking too youthful, because of which I lost a lot of parts, I know. Well, folks don't think of a guy as completely a juvenile when he has a wife and child!

I've just been told, here at the studio, of two very important parts that were to be mine. They are in pretty big pictures, so I guess I can say my rules work. But I won't be doing those pictures. Uncle Sam has called me, a Reserve officer in the Cavalry, and I'm off to the war, still true to my two precepts: (a) to love what you are doing with all your heart and soul and (b) to believe what you are doing is important. I love the Cavalry or I would not have been with it for so long. And along with a few million other guys, I feel pretty strongly about my country. As for believing what you are doing is important—well, if fighting to preserve the United States and her Allies isn't important, you name it.

And who knows—maybe when I get back again, "when the world is free," there will be other good parts waiting for me and for my buddies.

So long!

The End

Mary Martin, a girl who can dress up a dress and pep up a picture, star of Paramount's "Happy Go Lucky"



TALES OF A TAIL COAT

In which a dress suit gets dressed up to play the hero in this amusing preview of Twentieth Century-Fox's amazing picture, "Tales Of Manhattan"

1 YOU may call me a tail coat—just a thing of broadcloth and satin, to be worn as full dress on special evenings of splendor. But you will never in your life know the romance, adventure—yes, and tragedy—that I have known in mine. For I have been close to some of the great men of our times.



2 There was Paul Orman (Charles Boyer), Broadway's popular matinee idol. We looked well together, Paul the actor, and I, his tail coat, and that's what Ethel (Rita Hayworth) thought when she maneuvered him into a tête-à-tête in her hunting lodge. Her husband, Halloway (Thomas Mitchell), caught us there. While he toyed with a gun, it accidentally went off. Paul fell to the floor and Ethel sought the arms of her husband. The Paul rose and absolved both as he made a dramatic exit. Nice acting—but there was a bullet hole in my shoulder, and Paul's, too. When Paul collapsed in the car, Luther, his chauffeur (Eugene Pallette), drove us to a hospital.

3 Then the crooked Luther sold me to the valet of Harry Wilson (Cesar Romero) to wear at Harry's wedding that night. Harry was in a mess. His fiancée, Diane (Ginger Rogers), had discovered a love note from another sweetheart in the pocket of his tail coat. So Harry had his best pal, George (Henry Fonda), come over and claim the coat—and letter—as his, I to substitute for Harry's tail coat. George, to help a pal, proceeded to illustrate the romantic moments of the letter to Diane. Suddenly, they were in each other's arms—and liking it. Which left Harry without a bride and me being hustled off to a pawnshop because I was bad luck.





4 There I caught the eye of Mrs. Smith (Elsa Lanchester) whose husband (Charles Laughton) had been trying for years to get an audition with Bellini, the great conductor (Victor Francen). Bellini had finally consented to let Smith conduct his own symphony on Bellini's program. But Smith had no tail coat—that is, until Mrs. Smith saw me. We were a tight fit. Smith was too fat and I was too thin. But it was a great moment just the same. Smith waved his baton over the orchestra, a packed auditorium thrilling to his music. Then something awful happened. My shoulders began to rip—then split apart. The audience roared with laughter. Smith and I were heartsick. At that moment Bellini rose and removed his own coat. Others took the hint. Soon there wasn't a pair of black sleeves to be seen in the house. And what an ovation they gave Smith! Gratefully he donated me to a mission, saying I would bring good luck.

5 Good luck—me! Well, maybe. Because when Larry (Edward G. Robinson), who everybody thought was just a bum, received that invitation to attend his class reunion at the Waldorf Astoria, I was fixed up for him. He was getting away beautifully with his trumped-up story of having spent "years in China" when a wallet was reported missing. One of the drunks jokingly suggested everyone be searched. All agreed but Larry—who was too proud to reveal he was wearing only a dickie under his dress coat. Williams (George Sanders), who had never liked Larry, accused him of the theft. "Come on, Larry," I whispered. "Take me off and let 'em have it!" So Larry took me off, told them the truth about himself with challenging dignity and we left, just as it was announced the wallet had been found. But Larry was through with "society" and went back to being a bum. And me?



6 Well, I fell into the hands of a gunman (J. Carroll Naish) who had stolen fifty thousand dollars and was headed South in a plane. It was that stolen money in my pocket that really burned me up, not the gangster's cigarette that fell on me. Frantically he pitched me out of the plane, bills and all. Down . . . down . . . down I went . . . and landed in a sharecropper's field worked by Luke (Paul Robeson) and his wife (Ethel Waters). When they found the bills they hurried me off to their preacher who said the money was in answer to their prayers and they'd divide it equally among all their people. You never heard such singing for joy. And I didn't even mind when they gave me to an old man who needed a scarecrow for his little field. Now for the first time I am really useful, protecting the old man's food crop. And I'm bad luck to nothing but the crows!

Highroad to Hollywood

You must get to know Julie Burns from Gladstone, Ohio.

For she is you—and what is happening to her here would actually happen to you, too, should you go to Hollywood

BY DIXIE WILLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

What has happened so far:

AS a startling and unexpected honor, Julia Burns, of Gladstone, Ohio, wins first place in a national radio contest to discover America's most beautiful and typical girl, the prize being a trip to Hollywood to play the role of *Miss America* in a Warner Brothers picture. In a furor of home-town adulation, she prepares to leave Gladstone and her devoted admirer, the sandy-haired young contractor, Tod Jenkins. At the last moment Tod asks her an all-important question. Will she send him Hollywood ideas for his first building venture, a house to be erected upon a Gladstone corner which Julia particularly loves, because of a spreading elm beneath which her happiest play days were spent? Julia, who has been certain that Tod would propose before her leave-taking, feels distinctly let down.

On the train she meets Scott Hendricks, a young lady who intends trying to crash pictures with a capital of but one hundred dollars. The two girls agree that they would like to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together. So Julia invites Scott to share her luxurious apartment at the Castle Argyle, where she is to be a guest of the studio.

Julia's first day at the Warner Brothers studio is a series of glamorous adventures beginning with the changing of her name to Julie Burnette and ending with an introduction to good-looking Curt Melbourne, the studio's ace still man. There Miss America is told the exciting news that

tonight she is to make her first appearance as a Hollywood personality. She will dine at the Mocambo and attend a premiere, escorted by an unrevealed Prince Charming.

Hurrying back to Castle Argyle, she dons the beautiful white evening gown given her by the studio, her anticipation and curiosity reaching a fine climax with the arrival of a stunning corsage of pink camellias. It bears a card which reads: "Half-past six o'clock" . . . that, and no more.

The story continues:

IT was a radiantly lovely Julie who slid into the clinging Orry-Kelly evening gown, pinned camellias in her hair and donned the studio's white fox fur cape, to wait the ring of the house telephone which would announce a gentleman in the lobby. The surprise was as delightful as it was complete, when the moment finally came and the hitherto unidentified escort proved to be Mr. Curt Melbourne.

He was the first man she had ever beheld in tails and a toppler. Moreover, he put her into his cream-colored car with an ease, a *savoir-faire* which she had never seen outside the "movies." All of which gave him no edge over Tod, her mind hastened to affirm, but it was a thrill, nevertheless, to have him fit so perfectly into the rest of this Cinderella evening.

Her eyes reflected the lights of the Boulevard as Curt nosed into the line of traffic. But after a few blocks he turned toward the near-by hills and presently they were climbing a twisting road straight to the top of a

rugged, rocky ridge.

"Is the Mocambo in the mountains?" Julie wanted to know.

"No," Curt replied, "but we're going in the right direction. We're just taking the *high road*."

Suddenly he swung about and stopped upon a ledge with so superb a sight below that Julia fairly held her breath! There were the lights of Hollywood, like jewels spilled across black velvet; buildings with glowing towers, scarlet, blue and amber neons, and over it all, a moving, changing, crisscross design of oblique angles, the searchlights of the premiere.

Curt enjoyed the rapture of the girl beside him.

"Like it?" he inquired. "So do I. I think it is one of the most thrilling sights in the world. And this is only our conservative *wartime* view. Nowadays it is only one third as brilliant as usual and the searchlights must swing low instead of shooting straight up among the stars somewhere . . . Take one long look," he added, "and we'll tear ourselves away, for in just about ninety minutes they'll be looking for you down there in the midst of it, and we have dinner to put away in the meantime."

The road down proved to be a paved avenue bordered with estates, imposing ones, and small ones; houses built to fit the curves along which they lay. Then finally, as abruptly as they had left the Boulevard, they returned to it; came out, in fact, almost at the door of the ultrasmart Mocambo.

Julie could scarcely imagine what sort of magnificence to anticipate within the (Continued on page 52)

Curt was enjoying Julie's rapture.
"Like it?" he inquired. "So do I.
I think it is one of the most
thrilling sights in this world!"



portals of this world-famous playground of the stars. But presently, from the table previously reserved for them, she found herself in just a quiet, softly lighted restaurant, not in the least ornate or pretentious, dinner patrons in smart street clothes as well as in evening dress, several of them screen celebrities.

Curt didn't dance as well as Tod, but was just tall enough to be protecting, his conversation so amusing, she didn't care whether they danced.

At a quarter to eight they left. It was a ten-minute drive back along Sunset to the premiere. But here at the Mocambo they "changed cars." The studio had sent a limousine and chauffeur to properly dignify Miss America. Curt left his own to pick up later.

At the theater Julie found bleachers built along the street for the evening's event were now packed with a crowd breaking into applause as its favorite stars arrived.

In a courtyard lovely with palms, giant ferns and fountains were the famous cement blocks recording footprints and autographs of the stars. And as Curt guided Julie across this exotic space someone on the sidelines called out: "There's Miss America!"

Heads instantly craned and there was a round of applause. Julie bowed . . . smiled . . . and waved her handkerchief.

Proceeding into the theater, she was certain she saw every screen personality she had ever heard of! At nine o'clock the picture began. What picture it was, she scarcely knew. She decided, afterward, that the trouble with a breath-taking evening like this one, was that you were in such a daze while it was happening, you couldn't realize what was going on. And by the same token, afterward you couldn't remember!

As the picture finished and the crowd began to move into the aisles, the occasion turned into an overcrowded reception for the stars of tonight's premiere, Julie introduced to persons whom she had never been able to imagine as real flesh and blood! After an hour's milling about through this brilliant kaleidoscope, they were outdoors again, the police still busy keeping space clear.

Over loud-speakers, which were for the benefit of parking lots a block distant, the curb attendant called names of persons now ready to leave.

"And so the thrills of this night are over," Julie thought as she and Curt joined the line waiting for cars.

But she had anticipated her return to a mundane world too soon. For now, exactly as though Cinderella's fairy godmother waved her wand over another golden pumpkin, Miss America heard the loud-speaker boom out

(while it seemed that the world stood still to listen!): "Miss Julie Burnette's car . . . Miss Julie Burnette's car please come to the curb?"

WITH the ringing of her telephone at seven o'clock the next morning, Julie struggled into wakefulness. It was the call she had left last night, since that all-important interview test was scheduled for nine o'clock.

She managed to be dressed and fortified with a cup of coffee in time for the studio car at seven-thirty, and at eight o'clock found herself on the lot in one of the white leather chairs, in the make-up department.

Here Perc Westmore supplied her first comprehensive idea of this test, which Casting Director Steve Trilling had described as a five-minute camera and sound record.

"It doesn't call for much make-up,"

DO YOU KNOW WHAT JOB YOU ARE REALLY FITTED FOR?

America is calling with jobs, jobs, jobs! It's important—to you, to the man you work for, to your country—to be the right person for the right job. Have you asked yourself in which one you could render your very best service?

You'll find the answer in
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Next Month!

Mr. Westmore explained, "because its purpose is to give us an idea of you, yourself: We want to know if your face should look thinner or rounder, or if your hands need improving, or your voice or your manners."

As he told her about it, giving her a light application of grease paint and powder, actors passed the open door, an Indian chief, who startled you, Priscilla Lane as a dude rancher.

Julie herself, thirty minutes later, was taken to the Studio Theater to Sophie Rosenstein.

"Good morning," that young lady said cheerfully. "Shall we go right along to Stage 19? On the way over, I'll outline the questions you're to answer for the camera and the mike."

It was a simple routine indeed, questions which merely established her name, age, height, her home town,

education and stage experience, but Julie's knees were quaking as she crossed the barn-like stage, past a dozen deserted sets, to one small area banked round with lights.

After due preliminaries of focus, distance, et cetera, it was Sophie who asked the questions, Sophie standing quietly, reassuringly on the sidelines. But lights, mike and camera, became fevered confusion for Ohio's most beautiful daughter as she answered!

Afterward, returning to the Studio Theater, which was the domain of the young contract players and Sophie, their coach, the little girl from Gladstone heard the news she had been waiting for; the story of the role she was to play as *Miss America*.

"As for lines," Sophie smiled, "you won't have much to worry about, for you have exactly twenty-one words to say. The picture begins in the summer of 1941 in Grand Central Station, where you, with your father, wait for an old family friend arriving from Chicago. When he comes, you make your first speech which is 'How do you do?' Your second is a week later at the Forest Hills Tennis matches. Your father's friend proves to be a famous artist who asks if you will pose for a portrait. You reply that you would consider it an honor.

"Then comes the really important thing you do," she went on, Julie an absorbed listener; "The portrait is painted in the dress worn by your great, great grandmother, who, as a young pioneer, was the heroine of a lost wagon train. The artist begins to unfold the story as he paints your portrait, his tale fading into the dramatic enactment of the episode, which of course, is the real meat of the picture. The role of the pioneer girl is played by Miss Davis, her heroism taking its proper place in history when the artist's painting of you, in her character, is an overnight inspiration to a war-torn world; the portrait called 'Miss America' in honor of the girl who forged across the prairie to give this country new land and new purpose. It is a role," she finished, "which any girl may be proud and thrilled to play."

Indeed, Julie felt shivers coursing down her spine with Sophie's description! And now, as *Miss America*, she was due in Wardrobe to fit the costumes she would wear; a smart suit in which she would meet the train, sports outfit for the tennis matches, dinner gown to be worn upon the occasion of the portrait's unveiling, and the pioneer dress duplicating the one in which Miss Davis would play the star role.

"Then if you'll meet me in the commissary at one," said Sophie, summing up Julie's schedule for the morning, "we'll (Continued on page 78)



A dollar-marked Hollywood property, John Garfield, who cashes in currently in M-G-M's "Tortilla Flat"

WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT

Jeanette

Says NELSON EDDY

To Marian Rhea

THE trouble with Jeanette is (Nelson says), for one thing, the way she can sleep at any time—between scenes, during the lunch hour, whenever she has the opportunity—and wake up from her nap fresh as a daisy and ready to scintillate in her next “I Married An Angel” scene . . . while I sleep badly, even when I am home and in bed.

There is another thing about Jeanette which I find censorable, too. I mean the way she can—and does—eat anything she likes, at any time. Take cake. She can eat a hunk the size of a telephone book and never gain a pound. But me—if I eat so much as a square inch, my waistline suffers.

And the way she can read on the train when she goes out on her concert tours, and I can't. She comes back to Hollywood erudite as the deuce. I am convinced she does it largely so she can lord it over me, who find it impossible to concentrate on a printed page with the motion of the train making it jitter like an old-fashioned movie!

The trouble with Jeanette is, too, that I can never tell when she is going to give me the “dead pan” when I tell a story. I'll regale her with my very latest and best, but when I've finished she often just looks at me, poker-faced. Sure. She knows this lack of response gets my goat. That's the reason she does it.

And the way she gets make-up on my coat in our love scenes! Heck, if the picture we're making is modern, the men have to furnish their own wardrobes. Thanks to Miss MacDonald, my cleaning bill is terrific. I feel like tying on a bib and saying, “Lay your cheek *there*, Baby!”

The trouble with Jeanette, too, is that she likes to wear pink. I hate pink. Yes, I know it becomes her. Nevertheless. . . .

Another thing about Jeanette that I find most (Continued on page 88)



their differences and end up raving mad — about each other

WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT

Nelson

Says JEANETTE MacDONALD

To Marian Rhea



NOW the trouble with Nelson is (Jeanette says), for instance, that devastating memory of his that never lets him forget a single faux pas you've ever made, but is always trotting it out at embarrassing moments to confound you. . . . Also the way he never has to keep a date book, but remembers everything he plans to do for weeks ahead. I mean, the Japanese can bomb Pearl Harbor and the United States can go to war, but he remembers that arrangement he made for a week from Tuesday at 4:30 p.m. to supervise the setting out of more lemon trees.

And those lemon trees he already has! I work my fingers to the bone trying to grow something—anything—that will equal those lemon trees of Nelson's and I never succeed. . . .

And how he is always "measuring" my nose and generally embarrassing me with his scrutiny, but will not (to date, at least) show me the bust he is sculpturing of me. "You won't like it at this point," he says, with a maddening air of masculine superiority. How does he *know* I won't like it?

The trouble with Nelson is, too, that no matter how hard I study, he always knows his lines as well as I do mine! Honestly, when I work as hard as I do to be letter-perfect, I think I should be rewarded by slips from him now and then. But I seldom am!

And it irks me, too, because he isn't a bit superstitious, when everyone knows *all* actors are superstitious! I admit it—I am! I have to wear that old plaid coat of mine on the day I start work in a new picture, because it brings me luck. And then Nelson smiles a superior smile and goes around knocking wood, crossing his fingers, looking over his left shoulder and clowning about superstitions in general until, if I weren't a perfect lady, I think I'd tweak his nose!

Another thing about Nelson that simply drives (Continued on page 88)

Hollywood's Secret HEARTBREAKER



Howard Hughes, who made more top stars love him than any other Hollywood man

A HOLLYWOOD wolf stalks the fair and easy prey of the film colony just so long. Then a girl with blue velvet eyes, a million dollars, or black silk hair comes along and there's a wedding with photographers or an elopement to Mexico or Arizona, with everybody saying, "I never thought he'd marry her!" Or vice versa.

One wolf alone defies this rule. Year in, year out—for the past ten years, ever since the love of his life went wrong—this wolf has gone his predatory way. Always the girls who fall in love with him insist upon believing his love for them is different. Always they surround his attentions with the secrecy he demands for all his activities, romantic and otherwise.

He has everything, this lone wolf.

He's thirty-six years old and he's six feet, three inches tall, with broad shoulders and lean hips.

He's rich as Croesus with achievements that are many and brilliant.

He has a soft voice, half Southern, half Western, shy eyes and an infectious grin.

He jams a crumpled old hat on his head and looks dashing.

He has an inferiority complex, probably born of his deafness, which adds to his charm instead of subtracting from it. For it compels him to campaign for hearts instead of feeling a girl is doing all right for herself when he's around.

He's Howard Robard Hughes.

There should be a law against him.

Current rumors in the film colony say that Rita Hayworth has first claim on the violent and volatile Hughes affections. Late spring found Rita and Howard at Palm Springs, a glorious place to be when love is young. Your horse takes you along mountain trails beside which the desert flowers grow and even while the sun is warm upon you the breeze is spiced with the snow that lies deep on the summits. You swim in private pools that lie like platters of turquoise and jade in sweet, tropical gardens. You sit in the dim Lua bar while the guitar boys strum your special song. You drive through the blackest, longest, quietest nights in all the world.

But these delights leave their glow upon you so, when you walk down the main street of this little desert town, you must be prepared—as Howard and Rita were not, apparently—for those you meet to read your secret.

Rita denies the romance. She says, in effect,

The names of his romances
are startling. The details
were kept secret—until now

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"No, no, a thousand times no! I've trouble enough right now without taking on anything else. I'm marking time waiting for my final divorce decree." But her denials aren't so convincing as they would be if denials and mystery weren't always part of the build-up of a Hughes romance.

Before the Rita rumors there was Faith Dorn. Maybe there is still Faith Dorn. No one ever can be sure. During the past year photographs of a girl with young hair and soft curves have appeared in the papers. Captions have read "Faith Dorn, movie actress, and her mother are at Tucson, Arizona, guests of Howard Hughes, millionaire movie producer and air enthusiast. Hollywood is speculating whether Faith is scheduled to be Mrs. Hughes."

If Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers, Olivia de Havilland, Katharine Hepburn and a dozen other girls said, "Oh yeah!" as they read these items they were only properly cynical. However, we'll bet a Dache bonnet there was a soft shine in their eyes. Women never forget the man who—for a year or a month or a day—made them feel like Juliet, Melisande, or Isolde.

"What is Howard's charm—please?" we asked a star who once loved him and who likes to talk about him still.

She said, "When a man who's quiet and reserved—even a little taciturn at times—goes overboard—well, a girl thinks, 'I caused this transformation!' She's twice in love then, of course. She's in love with the man and with her triumph."

"When, usually, does Howard start losing interest?" we asked.

"Whenever a girl begins to be possessive," she answered. "At such times he's quicksilver. He's gone even while the girl is sure she holds him."

BEFORE Rita Hayworth there was Faith Dorn and before Faith Dorn there was Hedy Lamarr.

For a month and more Howard and Hedy had nightly dates. He showered her with expensive gifts. He sent her crates of flowers. Everybody hopes—and believes—it was Hedy who called quits. Not for any man would she jeopardize her chances of adopting Jamsie, the little blue-eyed boy she loves so well. And it was when gossip began that this romance ended.

Hedy was playing a return engagement on the Hughes merry-go-round. He sought her first back in 1938, after her triumph in "Algiers."



Hepburn: She sat by her radio, waiting for word



De Havilland: The Hughes days marked a new high for her

Ginger Rogers: His wish for secrecy was her law



Hedy Lamarr: Everyone hopes and believes it was she who called quits

Not so very long ago there was Faith Dorn (right). Maybe there still is Faith Dorn



Today they say: "Howard's still looking for the love he and Billie Dove knew"

However, then too, she managed, where most girls fail, to stand clear of heartbreak.

Austrian women, like Hedy, are adept at the game of love. Besides, once married to Fritz Mandl, the fabulously wealthy munitions tycoon, Hedy harbors no illusions about millionaires. In Hollywood it has been Reginald Gardiner, Gene Markey and George Montgomery who, in turn, have charmed her.

Ginger Rogers, whom Hedy might have supplanted in the Hughes kaleidoscope, didn't stand clear of heartbreak from all appearances. In spite of two marriages Ginger remains emotionally young. She's also Irish; which means she'll always go out all the way for any man who becomes important to her and believe every wonderful whisper.

Howard's wish for secrecy was Ginger's law. She wouldn't talk about him to anyone. She was happy to go dancing at little out-of-the-way places in the Valley. She and Howard were seen at a Hollywood spot just once, the Beverly Wilshire. She delighted in making it possible for him

to visit her house, a hilltop fortress, without being seen.

"Ginger's most frequent escort in recent months has been Howard Hughes," a columnist finally reported. You can keep things quiet just so long. "It seems likely he will become her third husband."

Ginger then sued Lew Ayres, from whom she had been separated for five years, for divorce and appeared at the studio wearing Howard's emerald. Even in Hollywood, where star sapphires come as big as robins' eggs and diamond necklaces are as pyrotechnic as the Northern Lights, it didn't seem likely Howard, for all his millions, would invest in a ring like that if he were only fooling.

"There'll be an announcement around Christmas," those close to Ginger confided optimistically. But no announcement was forthcoming. Instead there were rumors it was all over.

No one who saw Ginger given the Motion Picture Academy Award doubted those rumors were right. While she stood clasping her Oscar to her tears rained down her face. It

was in vain she tried to speak.

A knowing woman said, "It isn't over Oscar she weeps, poor child! But maybe Oscar will help her forget the other fellow."

Which brings us to a luncheon table at Lucey's. Lucey's is a restaurant with flagged stone floors, high-breasted fireplaces, lounge booths, excellent spaghetti and potent cocktails. At Lucey's, if you listen, you'll hear all about the horses that run at Santa Anita (when their stalls aren't occupied by alien Japanese) and all about the stars who work at the Paramount and RKO studios across the way.

There were three of us at table, a star and a publicity girl, both of whom must be nameless, and this writer.

On the lapel of the star's suit—which fit her as if she had been poured into it—was a handsome sapphire clip. Admiring this clip, which was new, the publicity girl said, "It must be pleasant being a movie star!"

"It is—sometimes," the star agreed. "That's the trouble. It's so darn pleasant sometimes that none of us is willing to give up, in spite of all the other times. Actually, you know, we have everything and nothing.

"Above everything else a girl needs a man—to love her and protect her and boss her around now and then. We miss that. Those of us who are single outnumber the available men in the film colony—even counting those who wear toupees—about twelve to one. Our incomes frighten away nice guys who don't have much money.

"Bored sitting alone, waiting for the phone to ring, we finally ask one of the boys who're always available if they don't have to pick up a check to take us out. Or we give in and go dancing with a paunchy executive who has more hair on his hands than on his head; and before the first rhumba is over we wish we were home with that good book everybody's always talking about.

"If," she concluded, "a young man who's attractive and has money appears it's a rat race!"

She was being amusing but she was in bitter earnest, too.

The publicity girl said, suddenly, "I hear Ginger Rogers is flirting with a breakdown, that she comes in late and leaves early. They're glad enough to fit her scenes in when she's around, of course. They know if she didn't have what it takes she wouldn't be working at all!"

There was a little silence. "It was Ginger I was thinking about especially, as you guessed," said the star.

It isn't only in Hollywood where there aren't enough men to go round that Howard Hughes is dynamite. Gloria Baker, (Continued on page 89)



Lady in the Pink

News in Print

Reporting for dinner-date duty: Dolores Del Rio of "Journey Into Fear" looking lovely by benefit of Irene in a soft pink Bianchini Ferrier dinner dress with a diagonal print design that will go places fast this summer. The dress is simple; the long scarf panel sophisticated; the general effect guaranteed to make any lady see the world through rose-colored glasses



Trump Suit

Standing aces high in the fashion field is this shell pink silk and wool gabardine sport suit worn by Miss Del Rio. The coat laps over with horizontal buttoning, the pockets are slashed smartly in, the pleat is arrow-stitched for an adroit finish. The Del Rio choice in accessories—a white silk shirt, stitch-bordered, a crush-knit beanie and white and burgundy wedgies



Romance Trappings

Cocktail hour come-on is this Bianchini Ferier black and pink wheat print that looks smart, looks cool, looks spectacular. The best-dressed Del Rio wears with it a black straw beanie with an intriguing rickrack-bordered veil, black suede gloves, shoes and big pouch bag with a carved ivory ornament. She further proves she's a lady in the pink with an Irene surprise—a froufrou collar



You

CAN LOO

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

This is Penny Salata, one of the fast-growing army of serious minded young girls who are hard at work in the war plants of America. She does hand-tapping in the Propeller Division at the Curtiss Wright plant in Caldwell, N. J., to "keep 'em flying". Her denim work uniform is issued by the company. Fashion Stylist Kaye took Penny in hand, packed a suitcase full of clothes and took her on a tour of sun and fun dates while cameras clicked.



This first fashion find had Penny grinning with glee. It's a special setup for all the girls who keep 'em flying on a budget. First of all (far left), it's a heavy rayon rep suit, a smart one that takes in a baseball game, goes on a movie date or starts a trip with a mode-of-the-moment look. Then, presto...

... Penny and any other penny-wise girl can leave the jacket home and go off patriotically on a bicycle in the skirt. So far as fashion goes, they'll pass all the other cycling sisters on the road. The trick's in the new-type skirt buttoning: Flip the buttons one way to make it a tailored suit skirt; flip them the other and have a special trouser-skirt!

The skirt: In dark green and brown, \$4.98. The shirt: In natural, \$3.98. The jacket: In dark green and brown, \$5.98. All these can be found at Stern's in New York

(See next page for Penny's glamour date)

AS SMART AS A STAR

READER GUIDE TO FASHIONS

Presenting our new Fashions For You! Each month Photo-play-Movie Mirror takes one of its readers from real life, chooses miracle-working clothes for her, transforms her into a smart young-set style leader. Under the expert guidance of stylist Evelyn Kaye, we have scouted the market to find the best buys in clever clothes for young pay checks. Just see what they do for our Girl of the Month!



All heads turned to look at Penny when she went on her dancing date at the famous Meadowbrook, haunt of the big-name bands. She made her entrance in sophisticated black lace on yards of "swooshing" organza. Don't let the picture in a locket fool you. It looks demure but it packs a fatal wallop in any man's language!

Below: Penny got the thrill of her life when she was introduced to famous band leader Kay Kyser. He autographed her Meadowbrook menu: "Kay Kyser likes pictures with Penny!"

The dress: Black lace on pink or white: \$17.95



You can buy all these "Bright Beginner" fashions shown in "You Can Look As Smart As A Star" at Stern's in New York. Simply write, phone, or go there!

The truth about stars' pasts

You've read a lot of dreamed-up fiction about the stars' "backgrounds." Here are the plain—and sometimes humiliating—facts

BY "FEARLESS"



A tragic teen-age experience is never spoken of by Jean Arthur

Boyer won't easily forget one mortifying moment in Hollywood

THE past is like a pawnshop where the customers have hocked the present and can never go back to retrieve it. There the things that have been part of their lives—the funny things, the tragic things, the little human things—lie hidden away and forgotten on dusty shelves. But if those things had tongues they could tell revealing stories about their owners.

Let's look into the pawnshop of the stars.

Tucked away in a dark corner is a tragic memory in Jean Arthur's life that should soften her critics.

For as far back as Hollywood can recall, Jean has been inclined to be morose. Usually she remained by herself. Occasionally, when she would

come out of her shell, it would be only to sit silently in front of a record machine. While other guests laughed and had fun, Jean drank in the music and stared into space.

When she was still in her teens, Jean had a tragic marriage. Julian was tall, curly-haired, restless, irresistible in his happy-go-lucky way. His romantic charm appealed to the young girl who was a terrific romanticist herself. Very little is known of that marriage. It was short-lived. Julian died on a boat while holidaying off the coast of Catalina. Jean Arthur retired deeper into a private world of her own choosing. Today she is happily married to Frank Ross, one of Hollywood's youngest and smartest

producers. They live quietly and enjoy the companionship of a few close friends. But Jean will probably never be as completely emancipated as she has every right to be.

After the gallant way Clark Gable faced his recent tragedy, it's difficult to believe that a dress shirt could once have caused him so much unhappiness. It happened when Clark was struggling so desperately to get a break in pictures. Finally he got a job that required wearing a dinner jacket. In those days cameras hadn't progressed to the stage where they could photograph dead white. In order to appear white on the screen, dresses, shirts, sheets and pillow cases, curtains, tablecloths and napkins, all had

One act of Barbara Stanwyck's ended her Hollywood social career for years



Few people know of the black hour in Robert Taylor's past



to be dyed pale blue or pink.

Clark's face mirrored his unhappiness when he heard the cameraman's words: "You'll have to have that dress shirt dyed blue, Mr. Gable. It picks up too much light that way."

Clark pleaded, but in vain. It was the only dress shirt he had. In case he was invited out for an evening, he couldn't very well wear a blue shirt with his dinner jacket. He couldn't afford to go out and have another one made to order. Finally, Clark went to the director. It was okay with him, but the cameraman stood his ground. Clark's precious shirt came back from the wardrobe dyed a heavenly blue! Soon after that Clark got his big break. There have been many dress shirts since then, worn on red-letter occasions, but none of them does he remember so vividly as he recalls that baby blue dress shirt.

When stardom came to Dawn O'Day, she retained the name of the character she played—Anne Shirley. It had been a long, hard struggle. Anne and her mother, Mimi Shirley, breathed their gratefulness. The studio needed a home sitting to publicize "Anne Of Green Gables." Anne Shirley couldn't have been more delighted. The home address of the Shirleys proved to be

a five and ten cent store. The studio was bewildered. Quick checking disclosed that Anne lived *above* the five and ten.

It was a tiny apartment scrubbed to shining perfection. The bed was hidden behind a door in the wall. Here and there were homey bits of decoration. Potted plants in tin cans lined the fire escape. The most beautiful thing in the room was the shining light in Anne Shirley's eyes. It was her home. She was proud of it. Today Anne could still live there and still feel just as proud. The only difference between sweet Dawn O'Day who became Anne Shirley and Anne Shirley who became the divorced wife of John Payne is—Anne was happier *then* than she is now!

Back in Charles Boyer's past there is a moment he'll never forget. The studios were then making foreign versions of American pictures. Boyer had been brought over to speak in his French mother tongue. He didn't know a soul. He couldn't speak the English language. Very little attention was paid to him on the M-G-M lot. He was a miserable man. When foreign versions were discontinued, they were stuck with Boyer! *Stuck* with the man they paid a reputed one

hundred thousand dollars for one picture, just a few years later!

In order to get a little use out of him, Boyer was given the bit part of Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red Headed Woman." Boyer had to open the door and speak one line. That was all. The line was in English and it made him nervous. He fumbled with the doorknob. "Great scott," all but screamed director Jack Conway, "don't you even know how to open a door!" This—to a man who had starred on the French-speaking stage for fifteen years. Today Charles never gets a chance to open doors. They see him coming miles away and do it for him!

Those who remember Barbara Stanwyck in the past remember her as a most unpleasant and anti-social young lady. Barbara was new in Hollywood. Frank Fay was the main attraction in their family. Or so Frank felt and Barbara believed him. The first party they went to, Frank went into the other room and played poker with the boys. Barbara was left alone in a strange room filled with stranger producers' wives. She sat there in silence while they drooled over gossip. They tore their husbands' stars to bits and shreds. The next time Barbara was

invited, she took along a book. She sat and read the entire evening. Thus ended her career in Hollywood society for many years to come.

Very few people know of a certain black hour in Robert Taylor's past. Unprepared for the avalanche of popularity which had descended upon him, he was at a loss as to how to handle not only it, but the barrage of criticism that rode along with it. Things went from bad to worse. So did the roles he was handed to play.

Then one day a beaten Bob went out to the airport and bought a seat on the first plane leaving the ground. He didn't care where it went. He was through in pictures, so what difference did it make? When the door of the airliner was thrown open at Salt Lake City and all the passengers got out, it still didn't matter.

Bob walked the sprawling streets of the city in the valley of salt. Presently he came to the majestic Mormon Temple, then the statue commemorating the Miracle of the Sea Gulls which saved these hardy pioneers from the pestilence of the locusts. All about him were strength, simplicity—and faith. He began to feel his own strength and

faith returning. You didn't run away just because you were licked.

Robert Taylor took the next plane back to Hollywood—and fought it out.

Since "Johnny Eager" Van Heflin's success has been sensational. But it wasn't this way the first time Van tried the movies as a contractee at RKO. He was King of the B's and disliked that studio almost as much as they disliked him. Van didn't have a close friend in Hollywood. Night after night he stayed at home, his only company a colored servant who drove out here with him from the East and who used to stay up with Van and play cards!

OUT of Ray Milland's past come stories that should warm the hearts of movie aspirants. At one time Ray was so broke he was kicked out of his apartment on Sunset Boulevard. Another time he slept for six months on a couch in a friend's living room. In the midst of this haphazard existence Ray fell in love. And when two nice people fall in love, they want to get married.

Jobs came here and there. Nothing permanent presented itself. Ray de-

cided it wasn't fair to his wife. He'd have to find a steady job. So he applied to his father-in-law, then a successful Hollywood agent. Ray's first three days peddling flesh were about as inspiring as a trip on a merry-go-round. The fourth day a friend called him up. An actor had just arrived from New York. He didn't have an agent. Ray tore over to meet—Cesar Romero, today one of his best friends. Cesar agreed to give Ray a week's try at representing him. Bright and early Ray was up and heading for Paramount. Just as he was going out the door, RKO called. They had a part for him and no one else would do. Poor Ray! He did need the money. Man and agent fought it out. Man won.

Ray's part lasted a week. Luckily for Cesar, a part in a New York play called him back to Broadway. When Cesar eventually returned to Hollywood, the first thing he did was send Ray a wire. Ray received it on the set at Paramount where he is now a star. "If it's okay with you," wired Cesar, "I'm changing agents because I eat, too!"

THE END

The studio was embarrassed by what they saw in Anne Shirley's house



Cesar Romero is now a friend of Ray Milland's; he once was his employer

What About You?

(Continued from page 31) her mind about those bonds. Perhaps the picture of his going to war with an unquestioning faith in his country and himself and his future did it; perhaps it was the notion that by helping, even a little, to pay for munitions and surgical instruments and planes she would be helping to make Henry's job easier. Her motives are not really important.

But Mary fascinates me. I'm excited by the strength she represents, the strength of all the people like her across America. She's not amazing just because she's buying war bonds; patriotism isn't anything odd, and there isn't much to shout about when someone with extra money invests it in his own war effort. That's something you just do because you're an American, because it makes sense.

MARY'S not the only one of her kind. There was that wonderful, angry, intense old man living in a California old folks' haven when war broke out. He'd turned his savings into the institution so he could spend the rest of his life there, but he did have one dollar left—or rather a check for one dollar from the United States Government. Seems he'd lent a pair of binoculars to the country during the first world war and the check was an honorarium he'd received when they sent back the binoculars. The glasses had long since been sold, but he figured he could at least spend the last dollar he had in the world to help the new fight. He had to take the check out of its frame, first, before he cashed it and bought four twenty-five-cent War Stamps. It had been just a curiosity until 1933; then it had become a treasure, because one of the signatures on it was that of Franklin Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Consider a certain contract player at one of the larger studios. She got her first break about a year ago, but her salary was only \$75 a week and that didn't nearly cover her expenses in a town like Hollywood. One of the reasons they hired her, though, was that she owned a gorgeous crop of long, naturally red hair that fell to her waist and could be done in all sorts of exotic styles. Or it could be left free, when she was cast as a peasant girl.

She appeared one day wearing a bandanna over her head and the fabulous tresses were gone. The studio hairdresser clapped his hands over his eyes, howling in agony. "What on earth have you done to yourself?" he screamed.

She told him. She'd heard the make-up department was frantic about the wig situation because it couldn't buy human hair from Europe after the war began, so she'd sold them hers for a whopping price. The money had gone to fill her studio quota of bonds.

There's a nice Hollywood ending to this story. After the hairdresser had recovered enough to lift his comb, he accepted the challenge and designed a stunning coiffure for her; the studio couldn't use her in character parts any longer so she was given a romantic lead in one of the B productions. She was surprisingly good. Now the studio is talking a new contract.

One of my neighbors is a middle-aged schoolteacher, a spinster. She's always been lonely, even a bit sour about life; but she has managed to see herself through year after year of work because, by saving her money, going without luxuries—even desserts for dinner—she has been able to take a vacation trip each summer. This year, she planned to go to Mexico, and one day not long ago she deposited the final ten dollars that completed her fund. After she left the bank she stopped by a railroad agency, made reservations for the middle of June and then went to the home of an old school friend who is now the mother of four grown sons. Her visit was primarily one of sympathy, because three of her friend's sons were in the service and the fourth, the "baby," was about to be inducted.

Our schoolteacher had brought along an extra handkerchief, but instead of a weeping woman she found her friend fully rationalized and fiercely proud of the gift she was making to her country. It was a week before the schoolteacher could convince herself that she should make some sacrifice, even if she had no sons to send away; then she cut her proposed trip in half. And it was another two weeks before she gave up Mexico entirely, in favor of American victory.

The last I heard she'd joined a First-Aid class. She had discovered for the first time going to this class twice a week that she need be neither lonely nor unwanted. She gave up her vacation and gained a whole new life for herself.

BELIEVE, and Photoplay-Movie Mirror agrees with me, that these are the kind of people who ought to be talked about today.

These are the stories to tell to remind us that we are invincible, that in our fantastic American way we will do not only

the possible but the impossible too.

Such stories there are in your town, across your street or in your clubhouse. Not all of them considerably prove, as in the case of my red-haired friend, that virtue often provides more than its own reward. But the people who find a way to buy war bonds are shrewd, hard-headed, realistic people who know the worth of money and are satisfied with the bargain. The hearty, crisp-voiced old grandma who spiritedly gathers up the collection of gold trinkets and rings she has treasured for years, mutters, "Why am I keeping all this junk anyway?" and sells them in order to buy bonds, is paying, as she would a long-due bill, for the good life she has had. And she is making an installment on the same bill for her grandchildren. The housewife who, noticing the number of women being employed by the factory near her home, turns her back yard into a nursery and cares for the workers' babies for a nominal fee, is using her profits for bonds with the satisfied knowledge that she's securing her right to own a back yard and do with it as she pleases!

THE END



Do you know stories like these?

Write to me and tell me about them. You'll probably be able to do this in about 250 words. Send your letters to me in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. The editors and I will choose the best one; it will be printed in this magazine and the writer will be awarded a \$25 War Bond.

We may even send a complimentary copy of the winning story to Mr. Hitler, so he can see what he's up against.

Burt Lewis

SHE MARRIED A DOCTOR

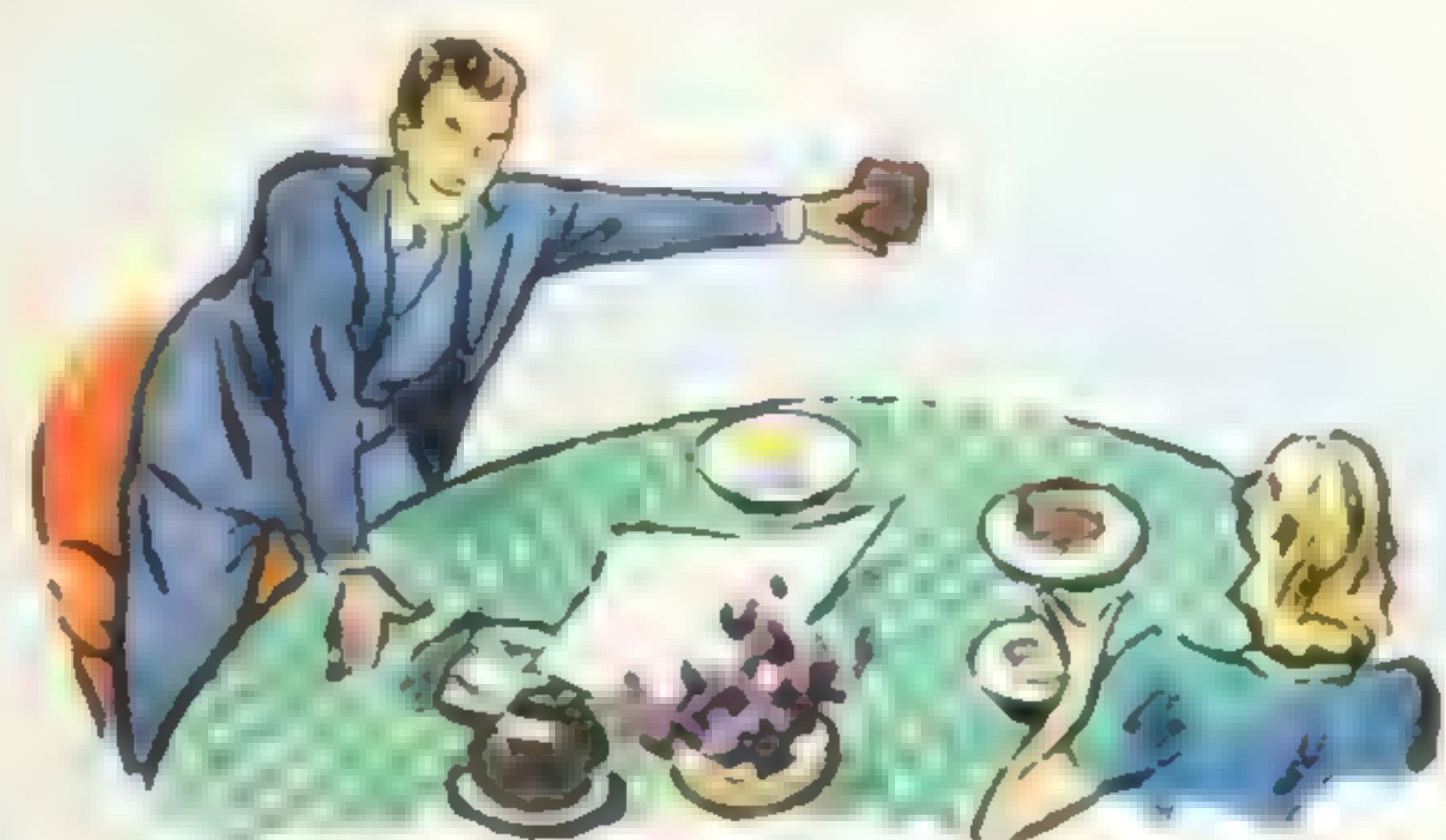


SHE: Dear, you look so *threatening*—and we said we'd *never* quarrel!



2 HE: What's threatening is this lack of vitamin C. We need lots of it—and *every day*, because the body can't store it up.

SHE: But I *always* plan my meals for vitamins—



3 HE: My dear, you have to plan especially for vitamin C. A food can be rich in other vitamins and have no C at all. It's scarce.

SHE: And besides, I read that it's easily lost in open cooking. What shall I ever *do*!



4 HE: Give us eight-ounce glasses of orange juice every morning, and we'll have all the vitamin C we need for the best of health—with a good start on A, B₁ and G, and calcium!

SHE: And nothing in the world *tastes* so good! Dear, you're wonderful!

THESE SWEETS SAVE SUGAR! In salads and desserts, or simply peeled and eaten, oranges satisfy the sweet tooth *without added sugar*. At home or soda fountain, fresh orange juice provides a quick and healthful *lift*. Mail the coupon for the free booklet of over 100 recipes.

From Natural Color Photograph

GET YOUR VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

Oranges make it the delicious way, too! In these times, the protective foods (fruits, vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meats and certain cereals) are *more important than ever*. Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C—and also give you valuable amounts of vitamins A, B₁ and G, calcium and other minerals.

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? Give your meals plenty of freshness by ordering oranges in larger quantities. *They are good keepers.* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from over 14,500 cooperating California growers.

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Paramount's singing star Betty Hutton and song writer Frank Loesser relax on the set of "Happy-Go-Lucky." Their good taste in music put them on top in Hollywood.

Pepsi-Cola's swell flavor is tops in good taste everywhere. At home or on the road—no matter where you are—you'll enjoy Pepsi-Cola's 12 full ounces, first sip to last. Only a nickel, too. Uncap a Pepsi-Cola today.



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Want to Play Gin Rummy?



Olivia de Havilland and George Brent burn the candle for the gin-rummy cause, score themselves on an approved score card (right)

SELF	OPPONENT
16	
	7
45	
30	
	19
12	
103	26
100—game	40—2 boxes
80—4 boxes	
283 winner's total	66—opponent's total
—66 opponent's total	
217—final score	

(Continued from page 43) then figures the value of his remaining unmatched cards. Suppose this value is 14, and suppose his opponent had knocked with 8, then the opponent would win the hand with a score of 6 points, or the difference between 14 and 8.

If one player knocks and his opponent ends up with the same or smaller count, the opponent receives the difference between the two scores, if any, plus a 10-point bonus. If a player knocks without

any remaining points at all, however (the way Ilona Massey did it in the picture on page 43), he is 100 percent safe; and in addition wins 20 points for "Gin," plus his opponent's score. Even if the opponent also ends up with zero, the other player still wins with 20 points exactly because he knocked first.

The winner of the hand deals the next, this continuing until one player reaches 100 points or more. At this point, the game is over and the total score is

figured out. Here's the way to do it

- Winner receives the difference in the totaled scores of the two players. (The player who first scores 100 points is given credit for any points he scores in excess of 100.)
- Winner receives a bonus of 100 points for "game"; if opponent has not scored at all, this bonus is double.
- Each player receives 20 points for each hand (or "box") he has won.

Little Miss Dynamite

(Continued from page 37) he said, "you shouldn't have come here. If you're going to be a star—and I have a hunch you are—we'll have to get used to the columnists."

"I never will," she blazed. "I don't want to. . . ."

TWENTY-FOUR hours Paramount had been searching for her. They had telephoned her house a hundred times. The private detectives they had put on her trail had just reported that her car had gone over a mountain side.

"You're holding up production," they said to her. "You've jeopardized an investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars because of a—*a whim!* We can't have people who do such things!"

"I'm not the girl for you then," she told them. "You'd better replace me with someone who doesn't care what happens to her private life as long as she gets ahead. I didn't ask to work for you, remember. You sent for me. I'll quit right away!"

That changed things. It was agreed Veronica would return as soon as she was able and, in the meantime, they would shoot the scenes in which she didn't appear.

And so it was settled—Veronica's way. All her life she's been a definite human being with her own ideas about what is and what isn't important and ready to protect the things she counts important at any cost.

She was born at Lake Placid, New York, on November 14, 1919, almost twenty-three years ago, and christened Constance Keane. Her father was a newspaper artist. Writers and artists, editors and reporters came home with her father for long week ends. Veronica was bred on these people's realistic and cosmopolitan point of view. Her parents, because of their extreme youth and their inclination, were, first of all, her friends. She was never treated as a child.

Ten years—between the ages of five and fifteen—she was a pupil at the Montreal Convent of the Order of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

"Life at the convent was more traditional than comfortable," she says. "We did everything the way it had been done here for two hundred years. The convent rooms were large and gloomy and a high cement wall topped with jagged glass surrounded the grounds. We children wore black shoes and black cotton stockings and dresses with long pleated skirts and high necks and long sleeves. In our rooms we had water basins and pitchers of cold water. Afternoons we walked out two by two, with nuns in attendance."

HOLIDAYS, though, were happy times. Veronica skied over Placid's white hills and skated on the frosty lake. She went, too, with her mother and father to Miami. They had a house there. They were in residence when the 1929 hurricane tore at Florida as if it meant to pull the peninsula apart.

"It's been two weeks since we've had the hurricane warning," said Mr. Keane one morning. "I think I'll take down the hurricane shutters and unleash the car."

Veronica, nine, looked worried. "I wouldn't, Daddy!"

"Why not?" asked her father. "Why not?" asked her mother.

"Well," she said "the Indians are gone from the Everglades. That means they saw a bloom on the sol grass. And that's a sure sign."

"Scientists insist the sol grass never

blooms," said Mr. Keane, picking up his tools. "They say the bloom on the sol grass is purely an Indian fancy."

Scarcely had the last shutter been stowed in the garage when the wind began to blow and the rain began to fall. They sat in the living room and listened to the wind scream around the chimney, tear the roof tiles away, rattle doors and windows. A coconut crashed through the window and sent glass splintering all over the floor. The ceiling began to sag and darken, but they didn't dare go outside to see how much of the roof had held. Then came a horrible grinding noise. . . .

They couldn't hear each other's voices for the howl of the wind and the down-pour of the rain. At last there was a lull. "Run for it," Mr. Keane shouted. "Wrap your coats around you and make for the nearest house that's still standing. That grinding noise you heard a few minutes ago was this house leaving its mooring."

"I believe Indians more than I do scientists," Veronica said, gathering her coat around her.

"You may have something there," her father agreed.

THEY rebuilt their house and life for the next six years was pleasantly uneventful. Then came 1934 when their world crashed. The collapse of several insurance companies left Mr. Keane a poor man. It wasn't long before his health, threatened for years, collapsed too.

They weren't grim about it. They weren't a grim family. They had a theory that very often ill fortune handled constructively can be turned into good fortune.

"We'll go to Miami and lie in the sun until Dad grows strong again," Mrs. Keane said.

When a girl with smoky blue eyes, gray-smudged, and long golden hair, and curves that have warm restraint, and a low voice lies on a beach in the sun and turns a pale golden tan it's inevitable that young men will take to lying in the sun on that beach too. And when young men lie on the beach in the sun it's inevitable girls will come along and join them, ever so casually. Veronica, in no time at all, found herself with a gang.

THEY were young and restless and apprehensive, the boys and girls in Veronica's gang. They had come out of school eager to get jobs and supplement diminishing family fortunes and had found there was no place in the world for them. Nights they drove out in their cars and tried to forget.

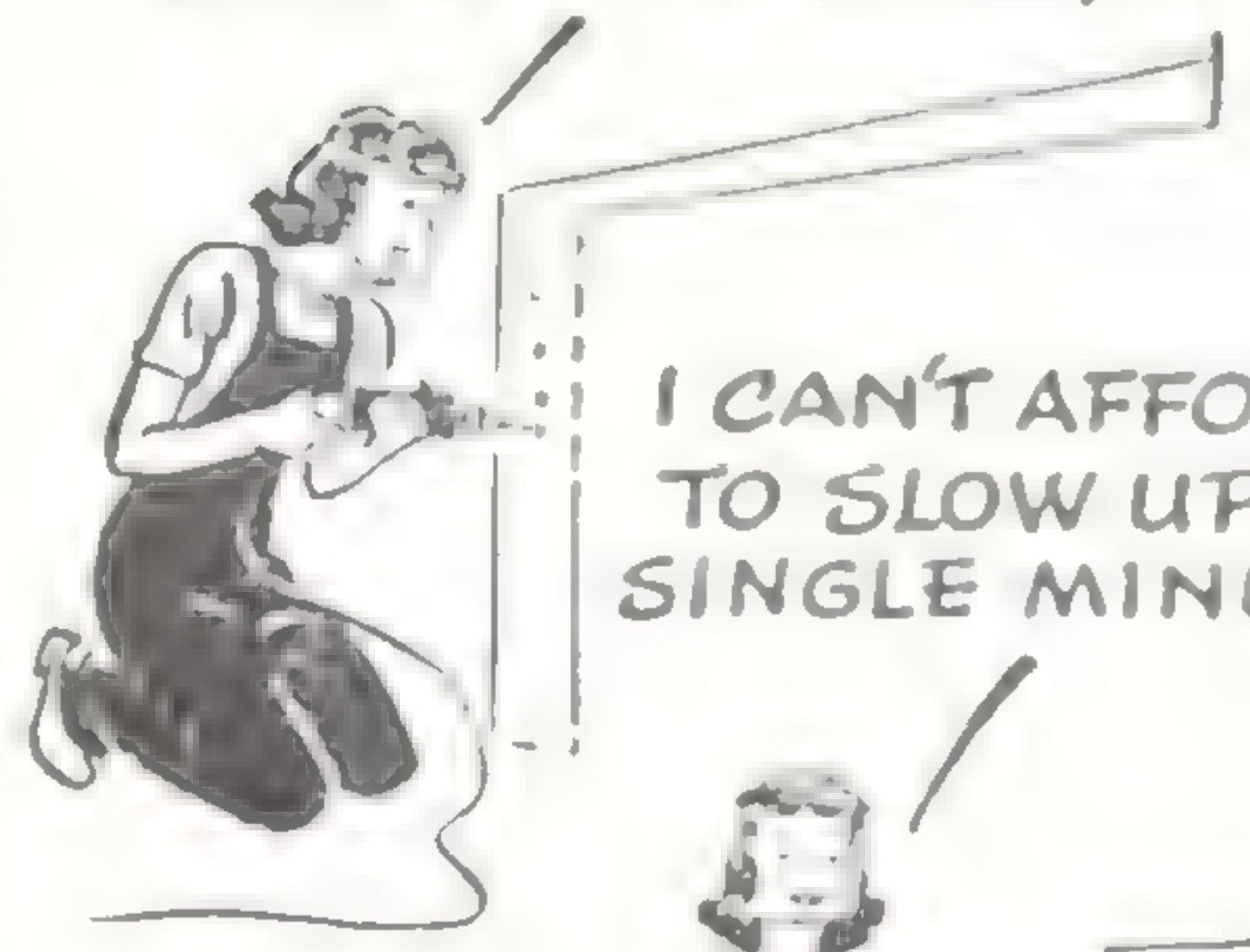
One evening a crowd, including Mr. and Mrs. Keane, had supper on the beach. They broiled steaks over a charcoal fire and roasted corn. Then cigarettes and coffee went the rounds.

"Mrs. Keane," said one of the boys, "on behalf of the crowd I'd like to ask you a personal question. What have you threatened to do with your daughter if she misbehaves. . . ."

Mrs. Keane laughed. "When she was small I did my best to teach her the difference between right and wrong. Now she's on her own. Now she's the one who'll be repaid or suffer for whatever she does or doesn't do."

Soon enough Steve Hannigan discovered Veronica. Steve Hannigan earns a small fortune every year for publicizing the Florida climate. He does this, largely, by placing photographs of pretty girls on Florida beaches in newspapers all

I WORK IN A
BOMBER FACTORY...



I CAN'T AFFORD
TO SLOW UP A
SINGLE MINUTE--

NO MATTER
WHAT DAY OF
THE MONTH IT IS,
SO BELIEVE
ME...



I NEED MORE
COMFORT NOW
THAN EVER.
AND WHEN I
HEARD --



THAT 3 OUT OF
EVERY 4 WOMEN
VOTED MODESS
SOFTER* I GOT
A BOX QUICK!



GLAD I DID?
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LOOKING FOR EXTRA COMFORT? Try Modess! You'll soon see why 3 out of every 4 women in a nationwide test voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying!

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All that shows on your closet shelf is a charming print pattern. Only Modess has it! And Modess gives you the Boudoir Box for both Regular and Junior size napkins. Still another reason to buy Modess—quick!

over the country.

Veronica went to work posing.

"This would be a good time to drive to California," Mr. Keane said at breakfast one morning. "It wouldn't be too hot or cold crossing the prairie or the mountains or the desert."

"Daddy!" cried Veronica and Mrs. Keane.

In the same hour they were packing. The next morning they were on their way. Three weeks later they were living in a little studio apartment in Beverly Hills.

Mr. Keane's health improved in California; they decided to stay.

"I soon got bored," Veronica says, "walking around the streets, pretty as they were, and twiddling my thumbs. So one day I went to RKO with a girl I had met who worked as an extra."

At RKO she saw girls who were satisfied to play bits and dream of the day a director about to cast a big picture would look towards them and scream, "Where have you been all my life!" She was harder headed than these girls. She decided the thing to do was go to school or work in a stock company and prepare herself for acting.

It was with the Bliss Hayden Players that Veronica served her apprenticeship. She played weary women twice her age and giggling schoolgirls. She worked hard and long. She learned how to use her voice. She got her dramatic bearings. Then she went back to the studios.

HER Bliss Hayden training gave her a quality. She stood out. Soon she was playing small parts. Soon she was in the \$66.50 a week class, but she really didn't get ahead too fast. Directors were forever insisting she curl her hair and then, seeing her with a modish coiffure, casting her in simpering ingenue roles.

One day she was chosen for a picture by Busby Berkeley. "I suppose," she told him, "that you want me to wear my hair up in curls too." She's not too gracious or politic when her patience runs low.

"Heck, no!" he said. "Curl your hair and you'll look like everybody else. I chose you because you look different."

Freddie Wilcox saw her on the Berkeley set, made a test of her, showed it to the William Morris office. They're big agents. They liked it. They thought, too, that Veronica had something and agreed to handle her.

John Detlie, a young set designer, was one of the men who turned to look at Veronica a second time as she walked briskly along the studio streets, her long taffy hair flying. But, together with the rest, he might have been part of the scenery for all the attention she gave him.

He got her address finally from casting and sent her flowers and a note saying he would telephone that evening.

"You take the call," Veronica said to her mother. Many times, while Veronica and her father had stuffed pillows into their mouths to stifle their hysterical laughter, Mrs. Keane had given some man she found too smooth or pressing such a freeze that he never had called again.

But John Detlie got no freeze.

"Hey there," called Mr. Keane, after listening to the opening of the phone conversation, "remember you're an old married woman!"

"You and I will never be grandparents," Mrs. Keane said, turning away from the phone, "if young men as charming as this John Detlie can't interest our daughter... I think that would be lovely," she spoke into the receiver again.

"I should think my daughter would, too. Tuesday at one for luncheon..."

Tuesday came and so did John Detlie. "She'll be out in a minute—unless she's completely crazy," Mrs. Keane told him as she opened the door. "Right now she's spying on you through the crack in that door down the hall. She wouldn't trust my judgment."

They went to luncheon at the Beverly Brown Derby. Mrs. Keane went too, on John's urgent invitation.

HOWEVER, Mrs. Keane didn't drive to Ocean Park with them practically every night that week and ride on the merry-go-round and consume big candy apples and then drive home over hills soft in the starlight. She didn't go swimming with them the Sunday following. She didn't swing with them in the public park, of all places.

She sat home with her husband and talked of the new warmth in Veronica's voice and Veronica's eyes and of all the fresh, clean things John Detlie's smile made you think about. "I always knew when Veronica cared she would care



Pinned down for victory: Frances Gifford of Paramount's "American Empire," wears the emblem of the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee of America. Price \$1. Write Committee at 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

suddenly and tremendously—like this," she told her husband.

Saturday morning, a few weeks later, while Veronica was washing her hair for a date with Johnny, the phone rang. She answered it with a towel wrapped high about her head.

"Miss Keane," said a voice, "this is Arthur Hornblow's secretary at Paramount calling. How tall are you please?"

"Five feet, one inch," Veronica said.

"Thank you," said the voice. "Good-by."

Fifteen minutes later, while Veronica was still explaining to her parents that the movies were a madhouse, Arthur Hornblow himself telephoned.

"Will you come over, please, Miss Keane," he said, "as fast as you can?"

She wrapped a turban around her dripping hair and ran for her car.

The Hornblow office was jammed with all kinds of people and apparently they had gathered there to look her over.

"We've just seen the test they made of you over at Metro," Arthur Hornblow said.

"Oh, really," said Veronica.

"Yes," said Arthur Hornblow, "and we want you to take this script home and

read it over the week end."

A girl thrust the script of "I Wanted Wings" into her hand.

"I wonder," she said to John that night, "how many girls in this town are reading scripts of 'I Wanted Wings' over this week end—and hoping?"

They were in John's car headed for a little restaurant where you dine on a terrace that overlooks the Pacific and the lights of the little towns along the crescent shore, where candles on the tables flutter in the soft breeze and the darkness is sweet with jasmine.

The next morning they went to the beach to lie all day in the sun and dive into the breakers and stop for an early dinner on the way home and talk and talk, always unaware there was any world beyond each other's eyes.

"What's the part like—now that you've read the script?" Johnny asked.

"It's the girl's part," she said incredulously. "If I get it they'll call me a Hollywood Cinderella. Nobody will remember all the pictures in which I played sweet ingenues—which is just as well! And all the work and study I've done and the training I had with the Bliss Hayden Theater will be forgotten. But of course I won't get it—it's ridiculous even to think about it."

"I'm glad you haven't gone overboard about it," he said gently. "You get your heart broken if you go overboard in this town."

She said, "You get your heart broken if you go overboard—period!"

"You won't. I promise," he said.

She didn't know what to say then. She didn't want to take him more seriously than he meant to be taken, perhaps; say, "I'd love to marry you Johnny. And I don't believe in long engagements."

So she said instead, "They never would have considered me for such a hard-boiled role if I'd made that test with my hair curled. I look so sweet and simple with my hair curled."

"You're terribly sweet," he said, "but no one could accuse you of being simple."

"Thanks, twice," she said.

She found a nurse and doctor and priest with her father when she got home.

"His lung collapsed," the doctor explained. "It's pressing against his heart, unfortunately, and he's in great pain. Your mother's hysterical from the shock of the attack. We've put her to bed in the other room. I'm glad you've come. He's been asking for you. And above everything else we must keep him happy and quiet."

All night Veronica worked with the nurse. Her father's bed had to be changed again and again. He had to have glucose and morphine injections and he was too weak to bend his arm. He had to be reassured. So did her mother.

She tried to give her mother some of her strength and some of her courage. "Daddy's going to get well," she said. "You must believe that, you just must..."

Five o'clock in the morning her father fell asleep.

"You lie down too," the nurse told her. "I'll call you when he wakes."

She called her at seven. At ten Paramount telephoned.

"You're due here for a wardrobe fitting—right now!" said the voice. "We're testing you for 'I Wanted Wings' early this afternoon."

Phenomenal is the word for what's about to happen to Veronica Lake. Watch for the sensational conclusion of her life story in

September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream *every* day. Pond's is so light and silky *my skin just loves it*—and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(right) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.



ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S

This is Ann Hare's simple daily skin care:

She slips Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat. She pats with deft little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

She *rinses* with more Pond's—for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues it off again.

Do this yourself—every night, for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why society leaders like Mrs. John Roosevelt, Mrs. Ernest Biddle are so devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Why more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar *today*—at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical—the lovely *big jars*.

How Clark Gable Is Conquering Loneliness

(Continued from page 34) tant human being in life to him and there wasn't one thing he could do about it, except take it.

His instinctive reaction, therefore, when he had finally got through the funerals of Carole and her mother and Otto, was to join the Army. He told his closest friends, Howard Strickling, head of M-G-M's publicity department, Al Monesco, the racing driver, and Harry Fleishman, his favorite hunting companion, that he couldn't possibly face a camera again. Reality made play-acting impossible. The world was a horrible place, with America a little more than its first month in the war, and all he wanted was direct action, a chance to take a gun and get out and get his private quota of Japanese soldiers.

It may have been Strickling who, knowing that work would eventually prove an anodyne, murmured at that moment that enlisting was a wonderful thing but could Clark wait long enough to finish the picture on which he had been working prior to the tragedy.

"I'll go back just long enough to finish this one picture," he finally said to Strick. "You'll have to get them to change the title, however. I couldn't walk on a set with those words before me."

The title had been "Somewhere I'll Find You." They changed it to "Red Light."

The nerves of the entire cast and crew were taut as harp strings the first morning Gable returned to work. But if you didn't look too closely and ignored his thinness, he was just the usual Clark, with the same flashing smile, the usual jaunty wisecracks. He kept his smile on all day, too, and never once blew up in a scene. The only way he deviated from his normal routine was at lunchtime. His custom had always been either to eat at the big table in the main M-G-M dining room at which the directors and writers gather, or to go to the other side of the dining room and sit on a high stool at the counter where the crew eats. This first day he retired to his dressing room and ate alone. That is still true. He hasn't yet returned to the commissary for a meal.

THAT night Al Monesco went home to the Encino house with him. "I've got to get out of here," Clark said. "Sunday I'll go look for a new place."

"You bet," said Al. "I'll help you." He did help, too. On Sunday he drove Clark all over the San Fernando Valley and every place they looked at, he'd point out the advantages. He told Clark there would never be a thing on any of these ranches to remind him of Carole, never a stable where they had hung up their tack after their long rides, never a barn where he'd remember the first cow he'd bought, which hadn't given enough milk, and how, when he'd sent the animal back to its original owner, Carole had said it must be the most humiliated cow in all California. He kept pointing out these advantages. Gable finally gave him a look from beneath those brows of his.

"So okay," he said, very sharply. "So, turn around and I'm not leaving the old house."

It was the following Monday that Clark sent for Larry Barbieri, the publicity man who had first known the truth about Carole's death, and asked him to lunch with him. Larry went over to the dressing room, half frightened by the request, more frightened when Clark asked him to retell every detail of that first night. But Larry did talk and then Clark began

talking back to him, asking and answering questions, and the lunch hour flew by, and the early afternoon. The set waited, but no one disturbed them.

It got to be three o'clock and Larry was thinking that there would be no more shooting that day, when suddenly Gable became conscious of the time. He rushed out to the stage and quickly went into a scene. Apparently, that talk about Carole had worked some release and that afternoon for the first time since the tragedy his acting regained its old suavity. The scenes taken then were actually the first Gable scenes that they printed.

Things were much easier after that until the day that Carole's will was probated. Except for a trust fund for her brother, Carole had left all her money to this man she had loved like a god. He came back to the studio in one of his moods of terrific depression. Magnificently concealed though it is, there has always been this sombre mood deep within Gable, which is the heritage of his Dutch blood. That night he was



Clark remembers Carole's laughter, her jokes, that funny little story about the "humiliated" cow

in one of those lows and when, a day or so later, the battle of Macassar Straits began going not so well for us, he first began talking of going into the Navy.

It was then that his devoted gang really gave it to him. "You know how old you are?" he was asked. He thundered at them that he perfectly well knew. He was forty-one and so what. They retorted by saying the average age of Navy recruits was nineteen, the average Army recruiting age a year or so older. In other words, they said brutally, he'd be surrounded by boys young enough to be his sons and did he think that he could hold his own physically against them?

It is a strange phenomenon, but any psychologist will tell you that the greatest sense of grief from a death is frequently felt three months after the event. Gable hit this period in mid-April. It was during it that a Hollywood member of the Signal Corps talked to him about the possibility of his getting a commission in this branch of the service. Gable brooded on this in silence for days, finally announced that he now felt he should stick to acting unless Washington

definitely called him for some specific war work. Actually Washington had already let it be known that what it most wanted of Gable was for him to keep on acting.

M-G-M quickly submitted a trio of scripts to Gable for his next picture. Interestingly, the one he chose to do first was one dealing with life-after-death, the first essay he has ever made into the supernatural. After that, he goes into a highly romantic, a most poetic role in "The Sun Is My Undoing."

But the greatest proof of Gable's courageous snap-back is the fact that when Metro, who had been sold on the title "Somewhere I'll Find You," approached him recently with the idea of releasing his present picture under that original title instead of the second-choice substitute, "Red Light," he was not too disturbed. You may, after all, see Clark Gable playing in "Somewhere I'll Find You" and you will know then that he has made himself strong enough so that he can no longer be hurt by a few unimportant words.

Meanwhile he has seen to it that every fan letter of sympathy that reached him—and they came in the literal hundreds of thousands—has been answered and he has begun to go out a little to the houses of those friends who understand him and where he can feel relaxed. He now goes for dinner with Howard Strickling and his vivid wife, Gail, or with the Walter Langs, where he laughs at the gay wit of Mrs. Lang who used to be Fieldsie, Carole's closest friend and confidante, or with Phil and Leila Hyams Berg, Phil, who is his agent, and Leila whom he's known ever since the first day he walked on the Metro lot.

One thing the Government has promised to let him do (and he is immensely eager to get at it) and that is to make a series of short subjects to be shown to the service lads. What they will be on, when and where they will be made, he himself doesn't know and he isn't asking. He just wants to do them. As for Bond buying, the day after we went into the war, he bought the full quota that any individual is entitled to buy in any one year. He got his 1941 quota on December 8, his 1942 quota on the second of January. He's got standing orders at his bank to buy the top limit for him if at any time this ruling may change.

Clark loved Carole with the passion that only a strong man of temperament, intelligence and imagination can love the woman who inspires the best in him. She was a superior, beautiful, laughing, generous person, this Carole, and Clark knows he can never replace her image within his heart.

Yet he is, for all that gleam in his eye, for all that persuasive smile of his, a domestic man, who loves his home and thus inevitably, I believe, there will be another chapter to his life story. And like all people who triumph over the events that could have defeated them, he's coming out of this stronger than ever.

Personally I like to think about a story he told me years ago, about how, when he was first learning to act, he had to learn to smile. It wasn't natural to him, until one day somebody told him that only the brave smile well.

He's smiling now, carefully and deliberately, and he intends to keep on smiling. It's an attitude to keep remembering these days of 1942.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



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APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

What Hollywood Thinks of Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 39) go out to the location with us. We were expected on the set about ten.

"Gary didn't show up until ten-thirty. The driver tried to hurry him into the car. But Cooper couldn't be stampeded and wanted to know. 'Where do we have breakfast?' And then, with everybody hopping around trying to get him started, he had a nice quiet breakfast of pretzels and near beer.

"It was twelve when we arrived at the field and Gary was through with the picture by three and on the train for Hollywood at seven. Figuring he was all washed up in pictures, he said, 'This is the shortest movie career a guy ever had for so long a trip.'

"But Gary's career was far from over. His remarkable performance in the bit in 'Wings' so impressed the front office that when I got back to Hollywood he was playing opposite Clara Bow in 'Children Of Divorce.'

"There isn't a tough guy in Hollywood as immovable as old Long Tack, once he gets a notion. Yet he's always open to suggestions. You don't have to be important to get his ear. He'll thank a bit player or an extra for a tip any day."

LEFTY O'DOUL, famous big league ball player hired to coach Gary for his Lou Gehrig role in "Pride Of The Yankees," was eager to give his opinion

Lefty says: "I think Gary Cooper is the most human human being I've ever known. In my baseball career I've met a lot of people. But not one of them was as thoroughly democratic as this lad. Unless it was Lou Gehrig—whom Gary is so very much like.

"I went up to Sun Valley with Cooper. He wanted to get away to a spot where we could have a good workout. But that guy can't get away from his popularity, no matter where he goes.

"One day a bunch of soldiers showed up. One of them, a sergeant, came over to Gary and saluted. 'Regards from one sergeant to another, Sergeant York!'

"Gary nearly brained himself trying to salute with a bat in his hand. That led to the soldier's asking Cooper if he would pose for a picture with him. Gary

did. With him and with every other fellow in the group.

"Cooper liked to chew the fat with Spike, the fellow who had charge of the horses at the hotel. He and Gary used to work on Western pictures together in Hollywood. They'd talk about horses, hunting and guns. Cooper is crazy about guns. I don't guess I can teach Gary to field or bat like Lou Gehrig, but I'll gamble that the real Sergeant York would have a heck of a time outshooting this long-gearred guy from Montana."

Gary's mother, Mrs. Charles Cooper, volunteered this:

"When he was a boy Frank (Gary's real name is Frank James Cooper) would go off into the hills, walking or shooting, with the Indian boys. We lived on a ranch forty miles northwest of Helena and the Indians who worked for us had children about Gary's age. Those Indians never talked much—and Frank would spend hours with them without speaking a word.

"Gary is miserable if he attracts attention. So he does his charity work by proxy—through me. I belong to more charitable organizations than any other woman out here. Because I'm acting for Gary, too. He never speaks of the charities, except to ask me, jokingly, how my naughty girls are. I'm interested in the Minnie Barton Home for wayward girls. You know Gary has his own quiet sense of humor."

So Boots Dunlap says. Boots used to work with him in Yellowstone National Park, long before Gary dreamed of going into pictures. Boots is a special police officer at Warner Brothers studio and still sees quite a lot of his old pal.

"Frank Cooper and I," says Boots, "were gear-jammers together in the park. We drove busses and spied for the tourists. Frank worked there during the summer while he was at Grinnell and we called him 'The Sheik.'

"Frank was a fine driver, but not much of a spieler. One fellow claimed a mountain was a better talker than the string bean that drove them—because you could at least get an echo back from a mountain.

"One pair of schoolteachers certainly

got their money's worth, though. They came back all excited about the fascinating young fellow that drove them. This young fellow had told them about being born near Cody, but never getting into town until he was seventeen. "When we asked them who the driver was they pointed to Frank—leaning up against a post and chewing a straw. He never cracked a smile and looked as innocent as a prairie dog, though he'd gone to school in England and managed to get around the country pretty well. He said the teachers had roweled him till he had to tell 'em something. And when Frank decided to tell—he told."

JOEL McCREA, one of Gary's closest friends, says the most satisfying thing about Gary is the fact that he never changes but is always the same easy-going, friendly, understanding pal.

At the time we asked Joel to tell us about Gary for this story, however, he had a grievance against Cooper. He complained that "Long Tack" wasn't living up to his end of a bargain.

It seems that a long time ago Goldwyn studio made a cutaway coat for Joel to wear in a picture. Soon thereafter, Gary had need for such a coat and borrowed it.

As Joel and Gary are as alike physically as they are mentally, it was a perfect fit. So from that time on either of the two who had use for the coat wore it.

Then Joel had need of it in "The Palm Beach Story." But when he called for the coat he was told Gary had ruined it during the making of "Ball Of Fire." So Joel was being fitted for a new coat—and claimed that Gary ought to be at the tailor's instead of him.

But what Joel didn't know was how his coat happened to be ruined. Irving Fine, the publicity unit man for the picture "Ball Of Fire," told that.

"One day we were shooting on location, up at Sherwood Forest. So Gary took a rifle to get in a little hunting. We used Gary until late afternoon. Then he grabbed his gun and set off—dressed in the cutaway coat and a high hat.

"In an hour or so he was back again—looking stranger than ever. His hat was gone and his coat was in shreds. While he was prowling through the woods he somehow knocked a hornets' nest out of a tree. He knew he could lose the stinging pests by running through bushes. In doing that he also lost most of the cutaway coat. Fortunately, we didn't need it any more in the picture."

Unfortunately, Joel McCrea did!

"I GOT a squawk about him," volunteered the man who cleans up around the stage. "You ought to see his dressing room since he's taken up carving. I have to wade in shavings up to my knees."

"Yeah—you got a squawk," jeered Irving Sindler, Goldwyn property man. "Who's the guy that's been getting the carpenters to give Coop the best wood? You have. Say, you'd clean up shavings up to your neck and like it, if Coop did the whittling."

The other's grin indicated Sindler wasn't far off.

"I'll tell you this," Sindler continued. "Coop doesn't make any fuss about what he's going to do for you, but he always delivers. And all the while he's so unassuming."

Unassuming is about as good a one-word description as can be written of Gary Cooper. And it is also the reason for his popularity with all ages and sexes.

THE END



Just to prove a breath-taking point in the story beginning on page 56. Noted Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Hyman Fink: "I almost got a picture of Howard Hughes the other night. Caught him with Lana Turner at the Little Troc. As soon as I walked in Hughes jumped up, took my camera away from me and said, 'Here, you sit down next to Lana. You don't get my picture, but I'm going to take a picture of you!' And he did. He refused to go near the table till I left the place!" Left to right: Lana's mother, Ben Cole, her manager, Lana and Fink

"Romance and lovely skin just seem to go together"

MARLENE DIETRICH

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A SOFT TOWEL.
NOW YOUR SKIN
FEELS **SMOOTHER**,
HAS SUCH A **FRESH**
LOOK. LOVELY
SKIN WINS!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use it**

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

Highroad to Hollywood

(Continued from page 52) have luncheon with Miss Marie, the fashion editor. She wants to talk about stills of you for the magazines."

Julie assured Sophie she would be in the commissary by one. And then she dared to mention something very much upon her mind.

"Do you suppose there's any chance," she began, "for me to see some Hollywood houses? I promised a . . . a contractor friend back home that I'd tell him about them," she explained.

"If you mean the red-haired contractor who bade you farewell with an orchid," Sophie smiled, "Bettina told me all about it. We'll see what we can cook up."

She reached for her telephone and called the Fashion Department.

"Miss Marie," she was presently saying, "I've just asked Julie Burnette to meet you in the commissary at one o'clock. And don't you think it would lend a nice note to her fashion shots if they were made in the homes of the stars? Say on Miss de Havilland's sun deck and in Jim Cagney's playroom and beside Bette Davis's oval swimming pool? . . . You'll arrange it? Good."

"That should take care of your contractor," Sophie remarked, as she replaced the receiver . . . "Now run along to the Wardrobe Department."

Julie made her way across the little park with its fountain and vivid flower beds, thinking back to less than one week ago when she had been just a fifteen-dollar-a-week theater usher in Gladstone, Ohio, with Hollywood and all its glamour only something to dream about!

It may have been the thrill of her wardrobe fitting, or it may have been that she wasn't yet quite sure of her directions about the lot, but after she had finished fitting costumes and was on her way to meet Sophie and Miss Marie in the commissary, she found herself hopelessly lost, found herself, in fact, *outside* the studio gates rather than *inside*!

With twenty minutes to spare she was about to locate the main entrance, there to talk her way in again, when she heard her name excitedly shouted out from across the street. Scott Hendricks!

The girls were as overjoyed to see each other as though they had been friends for a lifetime! Indeed it seemed *all* of a lifetime since they had bidden each other good-bye in Chicago.

Scott had arrived this morning and had gone directly to Castle Argyle where she had found the key to Apartment 706, left for her by Julie. She had been in Hollywood but a brief four hours, but had already found out enough about the problems attendant upon becoming an extra in pictures, to feel that it would be simple, by comparison, to try becoming Grand Mogul of Siam!

The first shock, so Scott relayed, had been her discovery that in order to work in pictures, even as the most insignificant extra, it was necessary to become a member of the Screen Actors Guild, to the tune of fifty dollars membership fee and four dollar first-quarter dues. Once you managed the complicated requirements for this, you were expected, as an extra in good standing, to telephone Central Casting at fifteen-minute intervals from five a.m. to eleven p.m. every day, upon the slim prospect that sometime the answering operator would change her mechanical reply of "No work," to the information that you were to report at one of the studios for a day's engagement.

But there seemed small chance ever to

get as far as the telephone calls, for, since there were already seven thousand registered extras, admittance to the Guild seemed all but impossible. Not only must your photograph, your personality, your acting experience and your ability in general be approved by the Board, but as a preface even to this, it was required that you have at least three letters from studios recommending you as so exceptional that pictures would be better off if you were part of them.

"SO there it is," Scott said to Julie, continuing the story that night when the two girls were curled up on the great soft davenport in Castle Argyle's living room. "You can't get work in pictures without letters from the studios saying that you are exceptional, and the studios can't possibly know you are exceptional, until you have worked in pictures! The whole thing seems impossible," she declared, "unless, as in a case like yours, some studio makes a real bid for you. Nevertheless," she added with spirit, "I didn't come to Hollywood for the fun. It will be a long, cold day before I give up!"

So today became tomorrow and tomorrow became the next day, discourage-

.

ARE YOU A FAN OF

Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier,
David Niven, Richard Greene?

Then don't miss—

ANNA NEAGLE'S LONDON DIARY

The most gripping account
to come out of the war
from the pen of a star
In the September Issue

.

ment and disillusion combined with bright hope.

For Scott there was the joyful surprise of discovering one chance for admittance to the Guild which she had not at first comprehended. It seemed that extras were desired in every trick profession so that any director's call, however extraordinary, might be filled.

Since there were girl unicycle riders, girl stagecoach drivers, girl net-fall specialists, girl herders of wild cattle, etc., etc., ad infinitum, it seemed far from likely, on first thought, that anybody could offer any trick which would be a new one. But strangely enough this small possibility became Scott's opportunity, for having spent her childhood in Switzerland, she was an old hand at ski jumping, a qualification which, in view of her sex, did indeed accomplish the impossible, and win her the coveted membership.

She realized only too well that this was just the beginning of a long and weary routine but even so it was a beginning, and with renewed spirit she entered into the business of dialing Garfield 3711 at fifteen-minute intervals every day.

Meanwhile, reporting daily at the Warner lot, Julie became ever more eager to become part of this world of make-believe. Each day upon the set found her daring to feel more sure that she was going to win the coveted chance to be-

come an actress under contract, in line for small roles and traveling by this route to bigger ones. She began to dream of it in no indefinite terms, especially when Mr. Trilling informed her that she was to stay on for a few weeks of special coaching in Sophie Rosenstein's classes.

NOW and then she let Scott share one of Tod's letters. She had long since displayed his picture.

"Nice and tall," Scott had commented. "And sandy hair is my favorite for a man. Are you engaged to him?"

"Well, I . . . I don't know," Julie had replied honestly enough. She had been doing a good deal of thinking lately about how she would fit her old life and her new one together; in other words, what did she want to do about marrying Tod? But it was quite true that he had never actually asked her; she was simply taking it for granted that he was taking it for granted!

Meanwhile, there was Curt Melbourne; the joy of flower boxes bearing his card, the fun of dinner dates, his interest always frankly flattering, his eyes saying more than eyes had ever said to her before. . . .

And so winter became spring. And one noontime Miss Bette Davis dropped in at the portrait gallery to pick up a pair of gloves she had left there the day before.

"I was sorry to hear about Julie," she said to Curt. "Too bad she isn't to remain on the lot . . . she's a sweet youngster."

Curt didn't know what Miss Davis meant. After a moment he asked her.

"I thought you would have heard," she replied. "In Steve Trilling's office just now, they were arranging for her to be returned home. It seems they have hoped the Studio Theater classes would develop her sense of emotion and her ability to act, but it hasn't seemed to work out."

Suddenly Curt's door opened and Julie stood upon the threshold, no tears in her eyes for the first long second, then they came with a rush!

"Hi there, Missy," Curt said with his usual grin. "Looking for a nice big handkerchief?" He hastened to produce one, as he went to meet her. "Glad you came straight to your Uncle Curtis. I've just heard the news."

"You must think I'm a terrible baby to be crying about it," Julie apologized.

"I, for one, don't think so," Bette Davis assured her. "But in your case how can Hollywood possibly be important? Didn't you tell me about a chap in Ohio who's building your ideas into a house? I know of but one reason why a young man asks a lady to design his house," she said with her vivacious smile.

"But I don't want to give up," Julie declared. "If it's true that an actress learns emotion by shedding tears, I'm improving by the minute."

"But can't you improve in Ohio?" Miss Davis suggested . . . "Just last night I was thinking about how California has no springtime; no crocuses or pussywillows. Each year I hate to be missing them. Would you like to come over on the set with me?" she invited. "I don't imagine you've had lunch. I'll send for some."

But it was Curt who replied.

"I think I'd like her to stay here for a while, if you don't mind," he said. "There are one or two things I'd like to say about Hollywood versus Ohio."

Romantic proposal? Fatherly advice? What is Curt going to say to Julie in this crisis? Continue this exciting true-to-life story in

September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

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Keep your fingernails pretty, with Dura-Gloss. In these busy days, Dura-Gloss is better than ever. Its extra *sparkle* and *life* make you feel proud and confident. The way it *stays on* your nails is a real joy when your hands are hard at work. And the fact that you get this superlative finger-tip cosmetic for only 10¢—that's a big help, too, when you're buying War Bonds. So keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss!



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20 Questions I Dare Hollywood to Answer

(Continued from page 29) on the knees of the gods, as those things always are.

2. *Why does Lana Turner go in for musicians?*

Well, that's a lot of eyewash. Lana doesn't care whether they play a trumpet, clarinet, beat a drum, write music, or sell insurance. She just likes men. Let me add, attractive men. In one week she's reported to have been engaged to four different men and to have "eloped" with two others. No one can tell what she's going to do, not even Lana. There is an impulsive child of nature if I ever saw one. Maybe that's what makes her so attractive on the screen. Take the matter of the color of her hair. The studio had a heck of a time keeping it the same for the duration of one picture. Then her clothes. She loved red. Her fire-wagon automobile matched her blouse. Well, that's all kid stuff, but that's what she is. And here we go on the supposition that she's grown up. Give any kid all the money she wants, all the publicity, the finest parts, all the greatest stars in the movies to play opposite and the adulation of millions of fans—and what can you expect? Anybody's head would be turned. But give Lana time—she'll settle down. Maybe with a string of ex-husbands, but she wouldn't be the first one to do that, either.

3. *Will Paulette Goddard continue her upward climb?*

Who's to stop her? Certainly not Paulette. Certainly not her studio. They've given her a new contract. And certainly not Paulette's ambition.

4. *Why didn't Orson Welles marry Dolores Del Rio?*

I may be just an old meanie, but I believe the difference in their ages had something to do with it. Isn't she eleven years older than he is? And up to now, she's had a very full life. Orson is really just beginning his and no one knows it better than Orson.

5. *What's happened to the career of Don Ameche?*

I wish you'd tell me!

6. *Why is Dorothy Lamour always in love but not married?*

Offhand, it would look like the sad case of the girl who's "always a bridesmaid but never a bride"—for one or another of the unhappy reasons the magazine ads are always telling us about. But, of course, you can take one look at Dottie and quickly dismiss that angle. And it's not because she's "a girl that men forget" either. Dorothy's beaux are as persistent as all get-out and the way they feel about Dottie I don't think there's a one of 'em that would object to being "Mr. Dottie Lamour" if Dottie would just say "Yes." And still those wedding bells don't ring. Here's how I dope it out. Everybody's fond of Dottie. She's a sweet kid—and she's still a kid emotionally. Sure, she's fond of men. She likes masculine attention, all the little romantic trimmings—flowers, moonlight, soft music, et cetera. These are the things she loves—not any particular man who provides them. And as long as a romance stays at this stage, Dottie's happy as a lark. But when her beau gets to the serious stage and wants her to face such practical problems as managing a home, hiring servants, community property details, he brings her down to earth with a dull and sickening thud that spoils her dream—and romance flies out the window. You see, Dottie's had many responsibilities and hardships

and was cheated out of those carefree schoolgirl romances. She frankly enjoys the life her money makes possible for her and she's probably making up now for what she missed. It's ten to one that Dottie can't go on like this forever. One of these days the right man will come along and say, "That's all very well, my girl, but it's time you settled down, and I'm the guy you're settling with." Dottie will love it!

7. *Why won't Ginger Rogers wear make-up on the screen?*

Well, if you had a lot of freckles and photographed like a kid of twelve, would you sit down before a mirror at seven-thirty in the morning and have your face all smeared up with grease and powder? No, you bet you wouldn't. Neither would I. But I can't get away with it. They get a look at this old puss and say, "Cover it up, boys, and try to make it look young." And here Ginger, who's of age, mind you, puts nothing on hers and looks twelve!

8. *Why does Vic Mature think he's a genius?*

I'll bite. Why???

9. *What happened to the Hedy Lamarr-George Montgomery romance?*

Well, plenty. In the first place, George has a very large family to support on a very small salary and while he's young and good-looking, he's just about as sophisticated as your Aunt Fanny (no reference to any living person) and Hedy's been around plenty. She's been brought up on luxury, had every whim satisfied. Hedy's a home girl up to a certain point—she's also a good business woman. The fact that the night they broke their engagement she went right back to dining with John Howard shows that her heart is still intact. If there's any torch being carried it's not clutched in her pretty little hand.

10. *Will Jean Gabin and Marlene Dietrich marry?*

Well, will they? Go on, tell me! I dare you.

11. *Will Ann Sothorn marry Bob Sterling?*

Well, she has practically a year to wait for her final divorce. By that time he'll be well incorporated into the Army and, by that time, anything could have happened. If she were free to marry him now, I think there'd be wedding bells. But a year from now—oh, baby! Wouldn't I like to know!

12. *Will Teresa Wright be a star?*

Definitely yes. She's one of the finest young players I've seen. She had sense enough to turn down picture offers for a year and a half, because Sam Goldwyn was on a sitdown strike with United Artists and wasn't making pictures—and she wanted to be under his management. He saw her first in "Life With Father"; but she waited until he produced "The Little Foxes," which gave her the part she wanted. Her performance in "Mrs. Miniver" is something to shout about and even Gary Cooper, fine actor that he is, had to do some real trouping to keep up with her Mrs. Lou Gehrig.

13. *Why does Katharine Hepburn keep Hollywood guessing?*

Because Katharine has the kind of a brain that clicks even while she's sleeping. And we've been lying out in the noonday sun so long that ours don't even work sometimes while we're awake. Then, too, Katharine's a lady born, and that always intrigues Hollywood.

14. *Why does Bob Hope advertise Madeleine Carroll instead of our native beauties?*

Your guess is as good as mine. I'm going to answer this one if I can. First, I think, it's because she is a pretty woman—and, of course, no one in Hollywood hates publicity. Whatever Bob's reason for starting the gag in the first place, it's made her one of the best-known women in America.

15. *Will Madeleine Carroll marry Stirling Hayden?*

I don't think so. Stirling's young, handsome, virile and impressionable—and got such an inferiority complex when he became an actor that he walked out on a contract which contained everything. What the war will do to him, no one can tell. But it's going to take an abiding love and a great deal of tenderness for those two to reach the altar.

16. *Why will Bette Davis play anything, no matter how hideous the role makes her look?*

Because, my friends, Bette Davis is an actress. She'd rather act than eat. And anyone with that instinct will sink her own personality into a good part, just for the feeling of pure joy she gets.

17. *Why is Norma Shearer about to retire?*

Is she?

18. *Why does Veronica Lake wear that lock of hair over one eye?*

I can understand why she did at the start of her career. If you want to crack Hollywood's shell, you have to do something startling to make people notice you. The gags that movie-struck kids have thought up to attract the attention of the right people out here are too numerous and bizarre to describe. Veronica was accustomed to using her bean. She figured out that it's the simplest and most obvious trick that often turns the deal—and what could be simpler than letting her hair fall down as nature made it, with a lock covering one eye? In a town where glamour girls are always outdoing each other with elaborate hair-dos, such simplicity as this was as startling as an air-raid siren—and got as quick attention. But Veronica's got herself established now. She proved her mettle in "I Wanted Wings." We all know who she is and like what she can do. So why can't she relax and be herself?

19. *Why isn't Olivia de Havilland the big star her sister Joan Fontaine is?*

In the first place, Joan's been the luckiest girl who ever came to Hollywood. Let's count the parts she's had, after she was dubbed a failure: The only really sympathetic part in "The Women," amongst a bevy of meowing cats; "Rebecca"; "Suspicion"; "This Above All"; "The Constant Nymph"; and, coming up, "Jane Eyre." Any one of those would make any girl a star, if she had the vestige of good looks and a grain of ability. Joan's got them all in quick succession and can act, too. True, Olivia hasn't done badly. She's had *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind," "Hold Back The Dawn"—and, with that, she got Charles Boyer. But sister Joan got Brian Aherne as a husband. You just watch Olivia's smoke when she gets a husband.

20. *What would happen to Hollywood if Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Dumbo and Bambi got caught in the draft?*

Brother, my tears would form a Niagara and blot out all these words—and then you'd have no story!

THE END

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

When I go to a movie, I try to see just what it is that gives each actress her poise and charm.

I'm interested in how the actress looks when she walks, when she sits down, or when she simply stands. How does she carry her purse? What does she do with her hands?

The movie stars make charming presentations of the right styles, the proper make-up and coiffures.

In the better pictures, I hear the right kind of pronunciation and diction.

In short, every movie has become, for me, a double feature—a source of entertainment and a source of knowledge.

THELMA PORTER MCINN,
Canyon, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Come On, Boys, Get Together!

AM writing this information for Myrna Loy to notify her that after a terrific balloting session held here by my buddies, we have nominated Myrna Loy as our favorite actress. By a large majority Miss Loy easily defeated Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Claudette Colbert and Ann Sheridan. I did plenty of campaigning on my part to prove how much Myrna Loy is superior to all these glamour girls (?). I myself have been a Myrna Loy fan for ten years—that's when I first got a crush on the very charming ex-Montana damsel. She ought to know about this "silent love" of mine for her. I regret that it's not possible for me to see Myrna Loy and tell her how much I admire her.

PVT. JACK BARR,
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Here's another point of view:

\$1.00 PRIZE

AS a buck private in the United States Army, I've had a chance to see first-hand what sort of movie tastes United States service men have. Do you know who is the Army's favorite actress? No, not Ann Sheridan (although she is well liked) but none other than Joan Davis! Her brand of comedy is an effective cure for loneliness and homesickness which are prevalent in many Army camps. Soldier boys like to have fun; the type of picture Joan Davis appears in is the answer.

So Joan Davis rates a twenty-four-gun salute from every Army camp!

PVT. ANTHONY PERRY,
San Jose, Cal.

HONORABLE MENTION

DOOR stupid Hollywood! What, pray tell me, is the matter with an industry that looks down its nose at a really potential star like Robert Stack and tries to cram swell-head Mature down our throats.

WHIT L. GALLMAN,
Pittsburg, Pa.

MORE of Betty Grable in dramatic roles! Ginger Rogers, after switching from dancing to dramatic parts, won the Academy Award. Why not give Grable this opportunity?

EVELYN KELLY,
Greensboro, N. C.



"I'm Going Back to FELS-NAPTHA..."

... Dad's shirts lasted longer than this. They stayed white, too. Mother *always* used FELS-NAPTHA soap . . . can't remember why I changed . . . too much bargain-hunting, I guess. Well, this shirt's no bargain, now . . .

the Golden Naptha Soap"

The way things are today, *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap is, more than ever, a *real bargain*. There's no better—or safer—way to dislodge ground-in grime, or remove destructive perspiration stains. The Fels combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap does a thorough job—in a jiffy—without harsh, ruinous rubbing.

This young woman will find Fels-Naptha a better soap than she remembers. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing the wear and tear of washday . . .

By the way—have you tried *today's* Fels-Naptha Soap?



Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

They All Kissed the Bride



LUXURIOUS SECURITY FOR

Freak Summer Loveliness

—WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!

YOUR BATH has relaxed you, lulled you. Staleness has been whisked away. Your whole body is fresh . . . lovely.

NOW—make sure of summer loveliness! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Compare it with other talcums . . . note Cashmere Bouquet's lack of grit, its silkier feel, its exquisite face-powder softness. See how it dries moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a satiny film to protect you against chafing.

AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX . . . Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to you the fragrance men love . . . lingers, so body odor won't brand you as the "lady who forgot."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

(Continued from page 42) continued to drink it until the sound of babbling voices told him that the ceremony was over. Suddenly through the doorway he saw the ominous figure of the detective he had punched. Bidding the bartender a hasty good-bye, he made his way into the foyer where the guests were forming in line to kiss the bride. Unobtrusively he slipped into line, watching the detective approach Margaret for further instructions. When the moving queue deposited him in front of Vivian, she kissed him automatically.

The kiss came as a complete surprise, but after the first shock he began to enjoy it. For long moments he held the bride in his arms, kissing her thoroughly. When he released her at last, he saw that the detective was still waiting for him and he hastily stepped back into line again.

Margaret placed a restraining hand on the detective's arm.

"I think I know who he is," she said grimly, watching him approach the bride again.

This time his kiss left Vivian breathless and the rest of the guests buzzing with shocked surprise.

"I know I know who he is," Margaret decided. "A hoodlum named Joe."

Efficiently she instructed her maid to bring "Joe" to her upstairs sitting room; gave brief orders to the detective and went on ahead to prepare some marked money with which to buy back the letters Vivian had written.

AS "Joe" entered the room, the now-familiar sensations seized her again. "I asked you up here because . . ." she began desperately.

He came close to her. "Why, Baby," he murmured, "I didn't know you cared! Is it possible you feel the way I do?"

"I don't even know how you feel," she pointed out frostily.

"I feel as though one of M. J. Drew's trucks hit me—you know, the big ones."

"The Drew trucks don't hit anybody; we have the lowest accident rate in the country," defended Margaret indignantly.

"I like loyalty in my women, even when it's loyalty to M. J. Drew," he applauded. "Why, I'm even prepared to like her. After all, the old fluff brought us together. But why discuss that tired character?"

He came closer to Margaret and she backed away, flinging the package of money at him.

"Here's your money!"

He looked at it, bewildered. "My money? Why, there's a thousand dollars here."

"And that's all you're going to get!"

"You're making a mistake, Baby," he told her softly. Margaret moved further away.

"Well, what do you want?" she demanded.

"What does any man want?" She backed up against the door and he followed her. "A woman of his own. A home, babies. . . ."

Frantically Margaret signaled for the detective. He rushed in, crying, "What happened, M.J.?"

"M.J.!" The young man looked at her aghast. "You're M.J.?"

"The tired character," admitted Margaret sweetly. "The old fluff."

The detective seized him. "Let's tell it to the District Attorney," he said as he dragged out his victim who was still muttering "M. J. Drew—M. J. Drew—Babu!"

The following day in her office Margaret returned to the problem of Michael Holmes. Mr. Crane, of the Personnel Office, tried to get her to choose the loving cup which was to be awarded at the Dance Contest, a feature of the forthcoming Drivers' Annual Dance, but Margaret's secretary interrupted.

"There's a man here says he's Michael Holmes."

Hastily Margaret got rid of Crane and told the secretary to send Holmes in. Sharp invective rose to her lips and died there as she gazed into the eyes of yesterday's uninvited wedding guest. At last she asked weakly, "How did you get out of jail?"

"Your lawyer got me out," he grinned.

The secretary burst in, apologizing for the interruption and handing Margaret a small package.

"There's a man outside who says this is important and he wants to see you."

MARGARET tore open the packet. Inside were Vivian's letters. She looked at the man before her, then at the letters and back to her caller again.

"Then who are you," she demanded.

"I'm still Michael Holmes," he assured her. His grin widened as he pointed to her knees. "What's the matter—your liver gone bad again?"

"Wait here," Margaret ordered desperately. "I'll be right back."

She left her office and rushed down the hall. Joe Krim, who had been waiting in the secretary's office, followed her, explaining earnestly that he had brought back Vivian's letters and wanted them returned to her with his love. Margaret listened to his incoherent explanations until they reached the office infirmary, where she dismissed him abruptly and hurried inside.

"Dr. Cassel," she demanded breathlessly, "when you examined me ten days ago, my liver was bad, wasn't it?"

"You could win blue ribbons with your liver," the doctor told her at the end of a thorough examination. "What made you think you were sick?"

"Dizzy spells—sudden weakness in the knees."

"Perhaps you experienced some sort of emotional shock?"

"Nonsense," she denied firmly. "Please give me something."

Dr. Cassel took a bottle of pills from the medicine chest. "These will act as a sedative. Take a couple whenever this symptom occurs. However," he warned, "too many will result in drowsiness."

MARGARET hurried back to her office to confront Michael. Purely as a precaution she took two of the pills first, but it was needless. Michael had gone, leaving word that Miss Drew might see him at his home after nine o'clock that evening if she wished to discuss anything with him. Margaret considered the situation wryly. She had very little choice. Michael Holmes had adequate basis for a law suit on charges of assault, defamation of character and false arrest. Somehow she must get him to sign a legal release, or it might involve the company in expensive and undesirable publicity.

"Besides," she assured herself defiantly, "what have I to be afraid of?"

That evening Margaret rang the bell of the old brownstone house where Michael roomed with Johnny Johnson and his wife Susie. Johnny opened the door.

"He's on the second floor," Johnny replied in answer to her query about Mike.

Margaret thanked him and turned to

go upstairs. Then she stopped.
 "Could I have a glass of water?" she asked.

Susie brought the water. Johnny introduced them. "Susie, this is Mike's girl friend. He told me you'd be coming around tonight," he added with a friendly grin as he handed Margaret the glass. Weakly, she took two more pills.

At the top of the stairs she hesitated, took the bottle from her purse and shook some pellets into her hand. After swallowing quickly, she knocked at the door. Mike, wearing his dressing gown, ushered her in.

Margaret found it difficult to talk business. Mike just wasn't interested. When she mentioned money, he flung open the windows of his balcony. Below on the river, the moon was silver. In quiet desperation Margaret clapped more pills into her mouth. The mournful sound of a boat whistle drifted into the room.

Mike came close to the couch and leaned over her. "Know what that is, Maggie?" he asked softly.

"The name is M. J. Drew and that's the whistle of a dirty old scow," she told him scornfully.

"Oh no—it's the sob of a girl weeping for her man—her man who's gone down to the sea in a ship and not come back. She's crying for what once was. It's the tears of memory. . . ."

His voice was low and compelling. Margaret slipped behind the table. "Is this your business mood?" she demanded.

Mike stared at her. Suddenly he slapped the table with his hand.

"You're afraid!" he cried. "You're afraid of men! That's why you're afraid to get out from behind that table."

"I'm afraid of no man," she denied proudly.

Slowly he advanced to her. She stared at him without moving.

"Put your right hand on my shoulder," he commanded softly. "Put your left hand on my other shoulder." His arms were around her then, her head upon his chest. Tenderly he lifted her face to his. Her eyes were closed. He kissed her, releasing her at last. Only a soft snore answered him. M. J. Drew was sound asleep.

THE morning was horrible for Margaret. She awakened to hear Mike singing, in the other room, "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby." She looked at the room she was in; she touched the Murphy bed she was in. Finally she gazed with sick suspicion at the pajamas she was in.

She refused breakfast when Mike brought it to her. "How could you be so mean as to . . ." she accused. "When I—I came here in perfectly good faith."

Light dawned in Mike's eyes. "Wait a minute! I think I know what you mean."

Mike flung open the door. "Susie," he bellowed.

Susie hurried in. "Well, now," she said soothingly to Margaret, "you look rested. I never did see anybody so tired. You never moved when I undressed you."

"Morning, Mike—Maggie," Johnny greeted them, cramming the rest of his breakfast into his mouth as he came in. "Gotta run to do or die for the good old Drew Company. If I'm tardy," he explained to Mike, slipping on his leather jacket, "I'm going to explain to vinegar puss, laughingly known as the boss of the Drew Trucking Lines, that I had to sleep with a friend of mine who not only tosses in his sleep but calls you Baby. Why don't you marry the guy soon, Maggie?"

Mike stared after Susie and Johnny as they hurried out. He turned to Maggie. "I suppose you'll have him fired."

Are you sure of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.



Put FRESH #2, this new double-duty cream under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!

Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!



FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is! You can use it before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
5. Revel in the fact that FRESH #2 won't rot even delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST! If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund your purchase price.



FRESH #2

THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM THAT REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR



... with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the same sleek, streakless leg make-up that English girls have been "going wild about" ever since silk hosiery disappeared for the duration.

This "wonder" product gives stockingless legs real eye-catching glamour, imparting the same velvety-smooth attractiveness to the legs that it does to the face, neck and arms.

Smooth it on in a jiffy . . . you'll find that it's comfortably cool, looks like sheer silk and won't rub off. It's waterproof, too!

Just "pour yourself a pair of stockings" today with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP . . . and forget runs, the high cost of silk stockings and all the other war-time hosiery headaches.

Ask for the special hosiery shades—*Rose Beige* and *Golden Mist*.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it!.. Try it!.. You'll love it!

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

50c, 25c and 10c at cosmetic and hosiery counters everywhere

For an exquisite all-day powder base or for harmonizing face and leg make-up . . . use one of these flattering shades:

Peach • Rachelle • Brunette
Suntan • Hawaiian • Nut Brown



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She ignored his question. "Call my office later and we'll arrange about the release."

When she reached the office Vivian was waiting for her.

"You know, Margaret," she babbled, "the strangest thing happened to me as we started on our honeymoon. When Stephen and I got into the car and he said: 'And now, young lady' . . . Well, not only did my knees shake, but I trembled all over."

"Why did you come back so soon, Vivian?" asked Margaret, starting to change into the business clothes her maid had brought her from home.

"Oh, he just looked at the financial page of the newspaper, made some phone calls, and . . ."

"Oh, he came back because of business!" Margaret's approval was evident in her voice.

MIKE strolled in unannounced, with the air of one perfectly at home.

"Why, Maggie," he chided, "don't you ever have any clothes on?"

Crimson with embarrassment, Margaret slid a dress over her head and sent Vivian home.

"By the way," asked Mike, "have you fired Johnny yet?"

"Suppose," Margaret suggested icily, "we just discuss the price you're placing on that release."

"The price is nothing."

"Nothing?" she echoed in amazement.

"Surprised, aren't you? Surprised there's something money and influence can't buy. That's just why I'm giving it to you. I want you to know that. I particularly want you to know that when you go to fire Johnny." He moved to her desk. "Is this the release?"

She nodded and he sat down. "I'd like only one promise before I sign. It isn't much. If I can borrow the money, will you have dinner with me tonight?"

"Of course," she agreed.

"And tomorrow night?"

"I think it's very gracious of you to ask me two nights running."

As he signed the release Margaret picked it up and locked it in a drawer. Then she turned to him coldly. "I've just remembered I've an important appointment tonight. I'm so sorry."

"I suppose," Mike said ruefully, "this is what's known in business as shrewd trading."

"If you feel cheated, you may drop by the cashier." She spoke authoritatively into the dictaphone. "Hoover, a Mr. Holmes will be by. Give him a thousand dollars and charge it to my personal account."

"Maggie," Mike said softly, "you ought to learn to play. Somewhere under all the layers of Drew common stock, preferred stock, seven percent bonds—there's a girl." He ignored the wrath on her face. "The world's full of people, Maggie. Most of them are not very successful—some of them are even failures, but they're warm people, brave people, people full of hope and dignity and love."

"Will you shut up and get out!" she shouted furiously.

"I'll get out," he agreed, "but I'm the kind of a guy that never shuts up. And, by the way, better take a look at the signature on that release."

The door slammed behind him and Margaret flew to the drawer. On the release was written boldly, "Benedict Arnold."

That night Margaret went again to Mike's house in Brooklyn. Mike wasn't there. He and Susie had gone ahead, Johnny told her, to the Drew Trucking and Bus Lines Employees' Annual Dance.

"You can go with me," he offered. Looking at her appreciatively, he added, "I'll do my best to remember Mike's my best friend."

DISREGARDING her protests, he helped her into the cab of his truck. For the first time, Margaret saw one of her own spotters in action, for she had always insisted that the No Riders rule be strictly enforced. The spotter warned Johnny grimly that he would be reported for using the company truck for pleasure and made Margaret get out in the rain, regardless of the damage to her gown.

"That's M.J. Drew for you again," raged Johnny. "Good thing she isn't going to the dance—I'd put ground glass on her hot dog."

The dance was a success for everyone but Margaret.

"I don't care for frankfurters," she informed Mike frigidly as he offered her one.

"Don't tell me you dislike them, Maggie. Nobody dislikes them, not even the Queen of England. But then," he pointed out, "she takes time off from the business of being a queen to be a woman!"

So Margaret ate hot dogs, washing them down copiously with bright-colored soda pop. At that, she might have survived had not Johnny seized her for his partner in the Dance Contest.

While Mike and Susie watched enthusiastically, Johnny was cooking with gas on the dance floor. He twirled Margaret in circles; he spun her in the air; he tossed her over his shoulder and caught her just as it seemed certain she must crack her skull open. Crane, one of the judges, mistaking her frantic signals for rescue, decided that she wanted to be chosen the winner. After all the competing couples were tapped off the floor, Johnny and Margaret remained in their fantastic frenzy.

"Hold onto your bustle, Baby," Johnny encouraged her. "It's the last lap."

Crane came over to them with a benign smile on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen—the winners!"

JOHNNY took the applause of the crowd, beaming. Margaret slumped weakly to the floor. She was never quite sure how she came to be on the couch in Susie and Johnny's apartment, swathed in shawls and hot-water battles, but Johnny was feeding her something from a jug—something soothing and strangely warming.

"It started out being blackberry brandy," he explained. "Pop kept adding to it. It kills pain in two seconds flat."

"All she had was a little colic," Susie assured Mike.

"Yeah," grinned Johnny. "You shoulda held her over your shoulder and patted her back after feeding her—that brings up the air." Margaret took another swallow from the jug and Johnny sniffed at it curiously. "I missed a can of floor wax just before Pop died. Wonder if he put it in here."

After several more drinks, Margaret turned to Johnny expansively. "Johnny, you're a wonderful host and a charming fellow. Tomorrow I'll see that you get a five-dollar raise—no, make it ten—and I shall fire that inspector who was so nasty to you."

Johnny was duly appreciative. "And to show you how much I think of you," he announced, "I'm going to buy the Brooklyn Bridge and have it stretched from Mike's house to yours, so when you want to see each other you won't be held up by traffic."

Margaret nodded and her head nestled

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

against Mike's chest.

"When they deliver the bridge tomorrow, please see they don't wake me up."

Mike drove Margaret home in the truck, with Johnny and Susie asleep beside them. The intricate harmony Mike and Margaret worked out on "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby" didn't disturb them. When they arrived at the house Mike woke Johnny and then carried Margaret carefully into the house.

Johnny, backing the truck out of the driveway, saw a watchman and hailed him.

"Say, what is this joint—Radio City?"

"This is the Drew estate," the watchman informed him, "and that was M.J. Drew, of the Drew Trucking Lines."

Johnny moaned and collapsed quietly against Susie's inert shoulder.

IN the upper hallway Vivian met Mike, still with Margaret in his arms, and assumed that he was an out-of-town client Margaret had told her about.

Mike stood Margaret delicately on her feet. "I just want to see how you look standing up."

"How do I look?"

"I like you better this way," he decided, and swept her into his arms again.

"Margaret," Vivian cried, scandalized, "you said he was a married man!"

"What's wrong with married men?" argued Margaret. "You're living with one yourself."

Without replying, Vivian hastened downstairs to meet Stephen, just coming in. He stopped short at the unusual sight of Margaret in a man's arms.

"He's a man from out West," Vivian explained hastily. "He has millions—big business merger with the Drew interests. You know how Margaret is about business—she's humoring him."

"Lovely way to do business," murmured Stephen. "I must remember it."

Mike carried Margaret into her room and placed her again on her feet. His arms lingered around her and she clung to him.

"Am I a business deity, Mike?" she asked plaintively. "Just something to keep in trim for the good old stockholders?"

"You're the twinkle of a million stars; you're a crystal goblet filled with rare wine," he assured her fervently. His arms tightened about her. Then he moved her gently away.

"Go to sleep, Margaret." Afraid of himself, he tried to escape, but her arms were about his neck, her cheek against his. Slowly she drew him down to the couch beside her.

"The years without you, Mike—the awful, awful years . . ." She pressed her lips to his. His head was heavy against her chest. Suddenly, indisputably, it was Michael who had fallen asleep.

When Mike awoke the next morning, clad in the cook's negligee, tucked into Margaret's bed, Johnny Johnson forced his way into the room. Furious words flowed from his lips. Mike looked at him in bewilderment.

"I don't get the hang of this," he said painfully.

"You don't?" stormed Johnny. "Well, I'm talking about the guys you were supposed to write about, to let people know about—the little guys, the U.S.A., the guys you ate with, drank with and laughed with, last night. The guys you sold out this morning! The guys with the cans tied to their tails!"

"Cans?" repeated Mike dully. "You were fired this morning?"

"Yeah," answered Johnny hotly, "me and twelve other guys that used their trucks to go to the dance in. And my

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opinion of anybody who sells out his friends for a skirt . . .” With an eloquent look at Mike's surroundings and attire, he turned and left.

Numbly, Mike finished dressing. Mrs. Drew and Stephen Pettingill found him just as he was leaving. Still thinking him to be a millionaire from the West, Stephen told him frankly that he needed a thirty thousand dollar loan in order to reopen his father's steel mill. He had posed as a wealthy man in order to win Vivian, whom he loved deeply and who now returned his love, but none of the family dared to ask Margaret for the money.

“You'll employ truck drivers in this mill of yours, won't you?” Mike asked.

“Yes, but you can't employ men in a closed mill,” Stephen pointed out.

Grimly Mike made out a check for thirty thousand dollars. He patted Mrs. Drew's shoulder as he handed it to her.

Margaret met him at her office with a misty smile. On her desk the cup from the Dance Contest sparkled.

“Thank you for last night, Mike,” she whispered. “I'll never forget it.”

“Neither will a lot of others,” he replied bitterly, tossing the release on the desk.

“There's your release—signed—and by my own name this time.”

“Why, Mike,” she told him gently, “you know that isn't necessary.”

“Don't you think you'd better read it?” he suggested briefly.

She looked at the figures on the paper uncomprehendingly.

“I—I don't understand. . . .”

“It's very clear,” he snapped. “Thirty thousand dollars. Money—the stuff they print in Washington.”

“You're joking . . .” she said at last.

“Where do I find the cashier? Our little interlude will make very interesting telling—among the boys in the back room.”

Disbelief mingled with pain filled her eyes and her fingers trembled as she flipped up the dictaphone key and ordered the cashier to pay Mr. Holmes thirty thousand dollars.

Margaret moved through the rest of the day in a strange mixture of heady dreams and sickening reality. In the middle of a conference, all she could hear was Mike's voice in her ear, murmuring, “You're my beautiful baby.” It wiped out the figures of reports; it drowned the words spoken by directors. And always it was followed by the derisive echo: “Sold out by your own love-sick infatuation!” Even Dr. Cassel couldn't help her now.

At home that night on her way into a board meeting in the library, she met her mother. Tentatively Mrs. Drew approached her.

“That rich man from the West you're merging with . . .” she began.

“He's no rich man from the West. There's no merger. There's nothing,” Margaret answered her bitterly, “but a stupid situation which Vivian got us into—which cost us thirty thousand dollars.”

She swept into the library and Mrs. Drew gazed after her, realization dawning at the mention of thirty thousand dollars. With sudden determination she followed Margaret into the meeting.

“Mother,” Margaret said sharply, “I must ask you to leave.”

“You can't,” replied Mrs. Drew calmly. “I'm a stockholder and I can sit in here and find out just how my business is being run.”

“Are you ill, Mother?” demanded Margaret in desperation. “I've been able to run the business to everybody's satisfaction before this.”

"I don't know if you're capable, Margaret. After all, a woman who loves a man and can't trap him is. . . ."

"Mother! As a stockholder, I can't prevent you from being here, but I can insist that you confine yourself to the business of the day."

"The business of the day, Margaret! The business of love is always a woman's business, day and night. Now this Michael. . . ."

"I don't want his name mentioned in this house," Margaret tried to order sharply.

"It's being mentioned every time your heart beats," Mrs. Drew answered softly. "Listen to it, Margaret—it's saying 'Mike, Mike, Mike'"

"But didn't he know I'd reinstated the men?" Margaret cried in defense. "Didn't he know they were discharged against my wishes? Didn't he know I was giving Johnny an increase? Didn't he. . . ."

"Go ask him, Margaret," interrupted her mother.

Margaret flung her arms about Mrs. Drew. "So you're silly and stupid!" she exclaimed. "Why, you're as wise as the ages, darling—I'm the dope!" Without further waste of time, she set off on a run to find Mike.

BUT Mike was nowhere to be found.

At last she came dejectedly to the garage where the Drew trucks were roaring into the street and told the foreman she wanted to talk to the men. His eyes widening in surprise, he called to them. Sullenly they left their trucks and gathered in the center of the floor.

"I'm looking for Michael Holmes," Margaret announced. "He's disappeared."

The men were silent.

"Why won't you answer me?" she begged. "Why won't you talk to me?"

"We talked to you before," shouted one of the drivers belligerently, "and you know what happened to some of us!"

"If Johnny and the others hadn't been employed somewhere else, I'd have taken them back," Margaret insisted. "You must believe me. Where's Mike?"

The drivers faced her in stony silence.

"I know you're good, loyal friends of Mike's—you're proving that. And you're proving something else—that I was wrong. You're everything Mike said you were—warm, brave, honest people. I'm begging you to tell me where he is!"

The silence seemed to shout at her and tears came to her eyes then. "I know I'm on the other side of the fence," she said honestly, "but is love some sort of emotion that's reserved only for the proletariat? I love Mike Holmes and all your ideas of class distinction aren't going to keep me from loving him! You may not tell me where he is and I may never see him again—but I'll love him just the same, in spite of you and the New Deal!"

"Are you on the level?" asked one of the drivers suspiciously.

"What do you want me to do to prove it?" she cried hysterically. "Name it—I'll do it. . . ."

The driver led her to a truck and opened the rear door. "Get in."

She hesitated. "Why can't I ride up front?"

"We're not allowed to carry riders. Get in."

She crawled into the rear and the driver slammed the door. As the truck ground slowly out of the garage the men looked at each other with delight. From the rear of the truck came two voices blending happily. "Oh, you must've been a beautiful baby—you must've been a beautiful doll. . . ."

The End.



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(says Nelson Eddy)

And the way she never says, "I told you so!" even though she has been proved dead right in an argument, but only smiles, sweetly tolerant of your own ignorance. Gets a man's goat.

And the way, when she "blows" a line (which I must say she seldom does), she merely says very calmly, "I guess we'll have to do that over again." When I "blow" a line, I'm ready to tear the set apart!

And the entertaining way she has with interviewers! She rattles on, giving 'em wonderful copy and they go away raving about how interesting she is, how smart and well-informed. Me—I'm tongued-tied in comparison. The interviewer finally gives up, saying to himself, "That Eddy! I suppose he tries—but give me Miss Jeanette MacDonald! *There is a savvy gal!*"

THE END



The Eddy-MacDonald team takes time off from "I Married An Angel" to chuckle over what they said about each other here

(says Jeanette MacDonald)

And the way he'll come around, laughing like everything at some joke he has heard, but when I am all ready to hear the joke and laugh, too, will suddenly inform me he can't tell it to me!

And the way he can go off to a football game on a Saturday afternoon while I have to stay at the studio for fittings. And how he always stops in Wardrobe to crow over me, before he leaves.

The way he doesn't say anything when he sees me wearing pink, which color I know he doesn't like, but just maintains a sort of pained silence. If he would only say something, then I could answer back!

And the way, when I am discussing a book I've read, he'll look down at me and remark with exaggerated surprise, "Why Miss MacDonald, you have brains as well as looks!"

And of course, there is the easy, breezy way he talks up to interviewers, giving them all kinds of interesting things to write about him, while I never seem to think of *anything* clever to say! That easy poise of his, especially, makes me green with jealousy!

THE END

[illegible]

Joan Crawford Tells What Women Live For!

YOU MAY SCOFF at the idea that a girl working on her second million dollars could have a void in her life. Yet Joan Crawford did. She has changed her whole way of life because of it. She says, simply, "I wanted someone to love." How she found the satisfaction that every woman must have before her life is complete is told in an exclusive article in *Stardom*—a scoop with the first pictures she has since permitted of herself at home. Share this experience—in August *Stardom*!



FACTS

Learn why Lana Turner wants a real-life love . . . Let Lucille Ball tell you how "I Tamed a Latin!" . . . Carole Landis exposes the 'men she loves to hate!' . . . The woman who discovered Gary Cooper tells how to make yourself movie-star material!

FICTION

The mighty melodrama, the pulsing excitement, the giddy passion of Orson Welles' new film, "Journey into Fear," are captured in the fiction version in Stardom. Also: A hilarious short story co-authored by Victor Mature!

PHOTOS

Heavenly color portraits of Dolores del Rio, Lana Turner, Lucille Ball! Photos of Mickey Rooney's antics with his new screen sweetheart. See how an enlisted star's girl keeps him happy since he's in the army!

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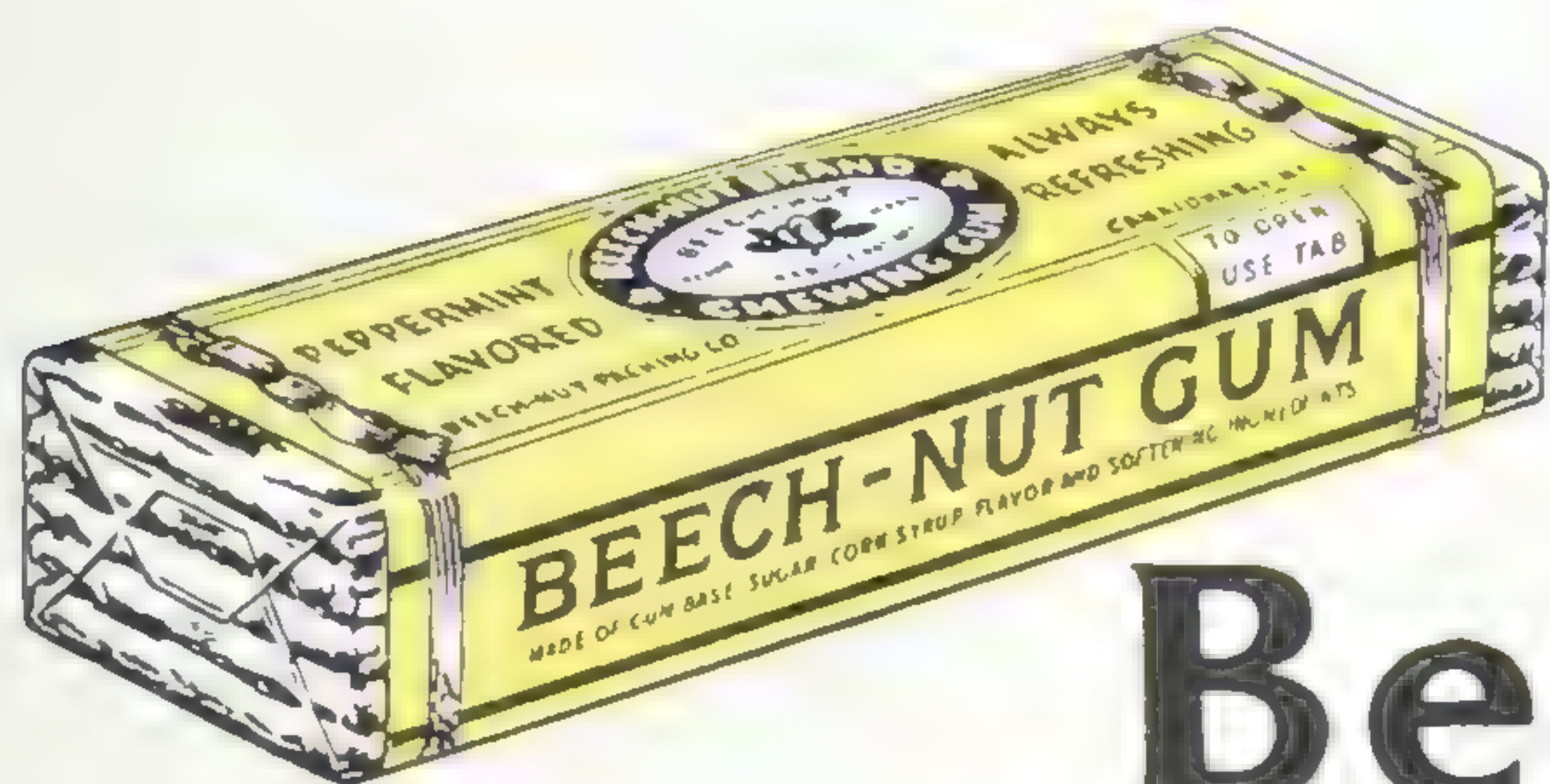


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even in 1911, when bathing beauties looked like this, they found the fine distinctive flavor of Beech-Nut Gum refreshing and long-lasting.

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that same delicious flavor makes whatever you're doing more pleasant. Try a package today.



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package... with the red oval

Hollywood's Secret Heartbreaker

(Continued from page 58) half-sister of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, now married to Bob Topping and thus Sonja Henie's sister-in-law, lost her dark poise once upon a time because of him. So did that sophisticate of sophisticates, Marian (Timmie) Lansing, who later became Mrs. Peter Arno and now is married to a former aide of the Duke of Windsor. And back in 1935, when she was only fifteen years old, Ruth Moffett, daughter of the FHA administrator, learned about love from the rangy Lothario from the plains of Texas.

If girls had sense they'd run from Howard as from a typhoon. But girls don't have sense where men are concerned, especially men like Howard.

He inherited seventy-five million dollars from his father when he was nineteen years old. But he's never been the proverbial millionaire's son, satisfied to live in lavish indolence.

"The oil drill business is my father's business," he said. "I must do things on my own."

At twenty-one, watching a dull movie in Dallas, Texas, he declared: "I could make a better picture than that!" So have we all! But a month later Howard was in Hollywood organizing his film company.

He knew nothing about making pictures and he said so. He had a habit of shrugging his shoulders and saying, "What do you think I should do here?" Hollywood asked, "Have you met the chump from Texas?" No one guessed Howard was the boy Jimmy Stewart since has played on the screen, the boy who's simple and naïve on the surface but shrewd as a trap underneath.

His first production, "Two Arabian Knights," took the Motion Picture Academy Award for 1927. His second picture, "Hell's Angels"—on which he gambled two million dollars—made screen history and turned Jean Harlow, a nobody whom he was ridiculed for starring and placing under a long-term contract, into a screen sensation. Then he dared make gangster pictures. He brought Paul Muni to the screen. Pat O'Brien too.

It remains to be seen, after a long holiday from picture-making, if he'll come through brilliantly again with "The Outlaw" and hatch another star in Jane Russell.

WORK and romance are two things Howard likes to keep separate. He isn't likely to have a personal interest in a girl who works in his pictures. Says Jane Russell, who admires him tremendously but impersonally:

"I expected a man with Mr. Hughes's money and fame to be ritzy. But he isn't. He pays no attention to the way he looks. He used to wear old white flannels to the studios and a shiny blue suit with a hole in it.

"He has more patience and energy than anyone I've ever known. On a shot where I kiss right into the camera he had a definite idea about what he wanted. We worked on that shot for three days. And lots of times when we all left the studio exhausted he would go over to his Glendale factory to work on a plane."

Motion pictures aren't Howard's major interest. Airplanes are. In ships made by the Hughes Aircraft Company, the construction of which he supervises to the least detail, he's broken speed records,

pioneered through the stratosphere, won the Harmon Medal for his contributions to scientific flying and encircled the earth.

"He has considerable genius," according to Olivia de Havilland, who ought to know, "and infinite charm."

Olivia and Howard met in November, 1938, a few days before Thanksgiving. She was in northern California on location. As a plane flies she was about an hour from her mother and home in Saratoga. By train it was a long way round.

"Howard Hughes is flying up this afternoon," one of the company said. "Why not ask him to fly you home?"

High color rose in Olivia's cheeks. "I couldn't! I don't know him! Besides, Howard Hughes has many more important things to do than to fly me home!"

Howard decided otherwise.

IN the same hour he and Olivia met they were flying over California's brown hills and fertile valleys. She planned how she would write her cousin, Jeffry de Havilland of the de Havilland motor family in England, all about it. He'd been none too impressed with her stardom, saying only it must be a great lark. But when he heard Howard Hughes had flown her home for Thanksgiving it would be different.

Howard marked Olivia's eyes moist and shining as morning flowers with the dew on them. He marked her face, delicately turned. He marked her mouth, like ripe fruit.

A few months earlier, encircling the earth (while Katharine Hepburn sat beside her radio, day and night, waiting word of him) he had looked out calmly



A DAB A DAY

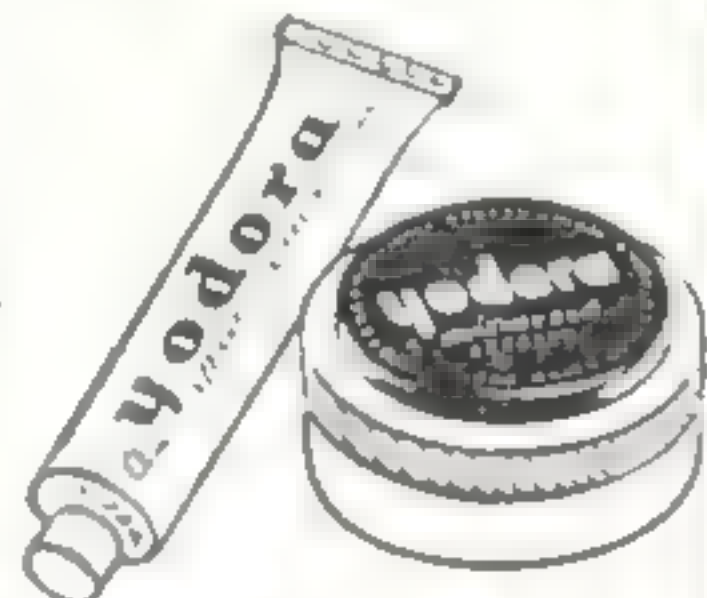
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over dark continents and deep oceans. But as he asked Olivia, "When can we see each other again?" his eyes weren't calm at all, they were desperate.

When and while Howard cares he cares tremendously.

The Hughes-de Havilland romance had no publicity.

When Howard and Olivia went out together it didn't take them long to get out of town. His car is geared for a man accustomed to the speed of flight. He would think he were riding on the back of a snail if he kept the pace of other cars on the road. Like his father before him, who had a "fine fund" on deposit at the Houston police station, Howard has speed in his blood.

EVEN if the photographers had discovered Howard and Olivia together it isn't likely they would have snapped them. Howard has the lens boys on his side. He flies them wherever they want to go. Following a heavy romance, during which they've let him alone, he wines and dines them at the Coconut Grove. And, taking them into his confidence, he wins them over completely. "I appreciate you fellows understanding I'm not a playboy, that I'd lose standing in the oil tool business if I were photographed with girls at night clubs," he tells them.

The winter Olivia and Howard were seeing each other she was working in "Gone With The Wind." One day, lunching with her in her bungalow dressing room, we suggested a magazine story telling how she and Howard had met and what they meant to each other.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'd be proud to talk about Howard. You know that! But I can't. I can't risk having him think I'm using him for publicity. That would hurt him!"

Olivia's pale brown hair was caught in a snood. She wore the somber grays and garnets of "Melanie." But her eyes were starry bright and her voice came full and quick. Looking at her, listening to her, you knew her life was warm with love. Her days were filled with satisfying work while she created one of the loveliest portraits ever given to the screen. And, her work done, she went home to a house filled with Howard's flowers.

THEN, quicksilver again, Howard was gone. Business took him to New York where he saw Katharine Hepburn once more. From there he flew south. In Florida he was seen with half a dozen beautiful girls in half a dozen famous cafes.

It's strange Howard's never been sued for breach of promise and stranger still that, almost always, he salvages a worthwhile friendship from the romantic ruins. Other Hollywood wolves would like to know how he does this. They shake their heads over him, individually and collectively.

Today Howard and Olivia are the most loyal friends.

When she was ill at Santa Fe it was to Howard she telephoned. "I have appendicitis," she told him. "If they have to operate—and I think they will—I'd prefer to be home." She laughed, that warm, young laugh. "Some of the nurses here, Indians, are terrific movie fans. I wouldn't trust them not to snip a little extra piece for a souvenir. Could you help me get a plane somehow, Howard? I've tried to charter one but they're all grounded."

"By the time you get to the field a plane will be waiting," he promised. Then, "Be sure they bundle you up good and warm," he said.

The plane he had released was on the runway warming up when she reached



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the field. That night she found her room in a Los Angeles hospital filled with flowers. He telephoned a few minutes after she got in, to make certain she had everything she wanted. The next morning he was at her bedside.

Recently, at a party, Howard was criticized for being a "penny pincher." Olivia flew to his defense. "I've known him to be more than generous—often!" she told his critics. "I remember one evening when a shabby young man approached the car to ask for help. The traffic light turned. We had to go on. But Howard drove around the block, parked—with some difficulty—found that fellow again, gave him five dollars and promised him work at the factory.

"And you must admit," she concluded, triumph bright in her eyes, "that Howard deserves more credit for doing a thing like this than most of us would. A man with his money and his position is approached constantly and disillusioned many times, I'm sure."

HOWARD, like most people, is uneven about money. Because he's as rich as he is, his economies seem more drastic and his extravagances are more lavish. The gifts he makes girls often are worth a small fortune. He has paid thousands of dollars for an experiment on an engine or certain cloud effects for a picture. His Sikorsky amphibian plane, which seats twelve, set him back seventy-five thousand dollars. Without grousing, he dropped millions in the failure of a film laboratory and in a theater deal. But he's perpetually careful about little expenditures, the bets he makes on the golf course, the tips he gives waiters and taxi drivers. He's been described as a man who would argue over the oil in the tanks of a hundred-thousand-dollar yacht. He says himself he cannot bear to "fritter" money away.

Back in 1929 Howard met and fell in love with Billie Dove.

He was twenty-five years old then and his income was reputed to be two million dollars a year. He had just divorced Ella Rice Hughes, the Houston debutante he had married at nineteen, settling one million dollars on her.

Billie was one of the most beautiful women in the world. For the benefit of those too young to remember her on the screen—no one who saw her ever would forget her—she had soft hazel eyes, a skin with the rich pallor of camellias, crisp brown hair with a wide swath of gray and a figure warm and round.

FOR years Billie wore Howard's big blazing diamond—on the right finger but the wrong hand, incidentally. For years she and Howard saw nothing and cared for nothing beyond each other's eyes. Everyone thought they would marry the same day Howard's lawyer secured her divorce. Everyone was wrong.

The Whispering Chorus whispered that Howard's business associates had objected to his marrying a movie star. If this be true he bought their approval at a great price.

A woman who's been part of Hollywood for years said, just the other day, "Howard's still looking for the love he and Billie knew. Billie would leave a scar on any man who loved her. Not only because of her beauty but because of her lovely feminine sweetness."

No other girl, certainly, ever held Howard so long or completely.

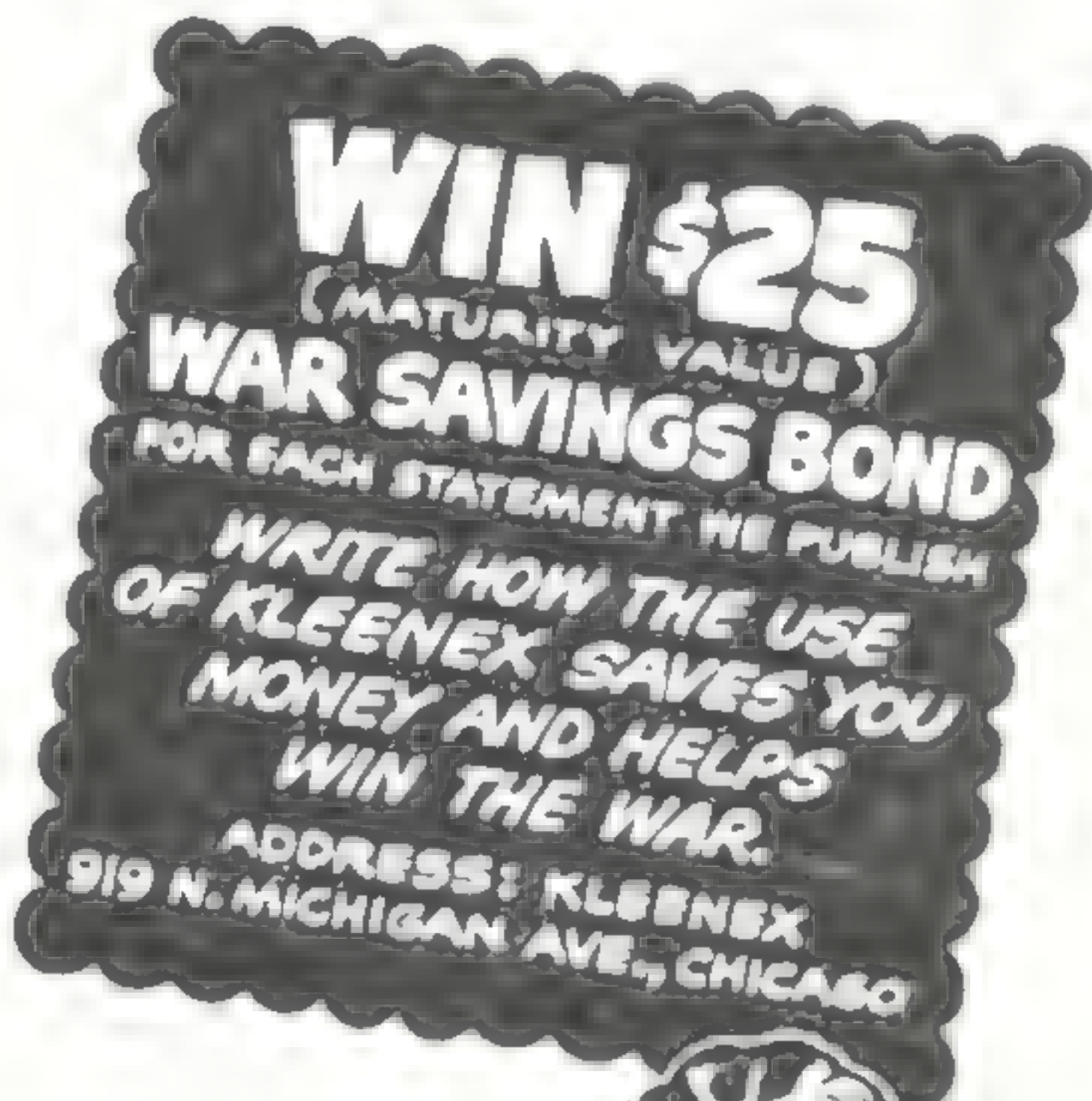
There have been more girls than anyone could count since 1932 when he and Billie said good-bye. In Hollywood alone—and he spends only part of his time there—besides Rita, Faith, Hedy,

Says the Man Who Wasn't There:-



I CAUGHT COLD FROM A FELLOW-WORKER SO NOW I'LL TELL 'EM TO USE KLEENEX AND HELP KEEP GERMS (AND COLDS) FROM SPREADING!

(from a letter by J. G. S. St. Paul, Minn.)



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(from a letter by L. E. D., South Bend, Ind.)



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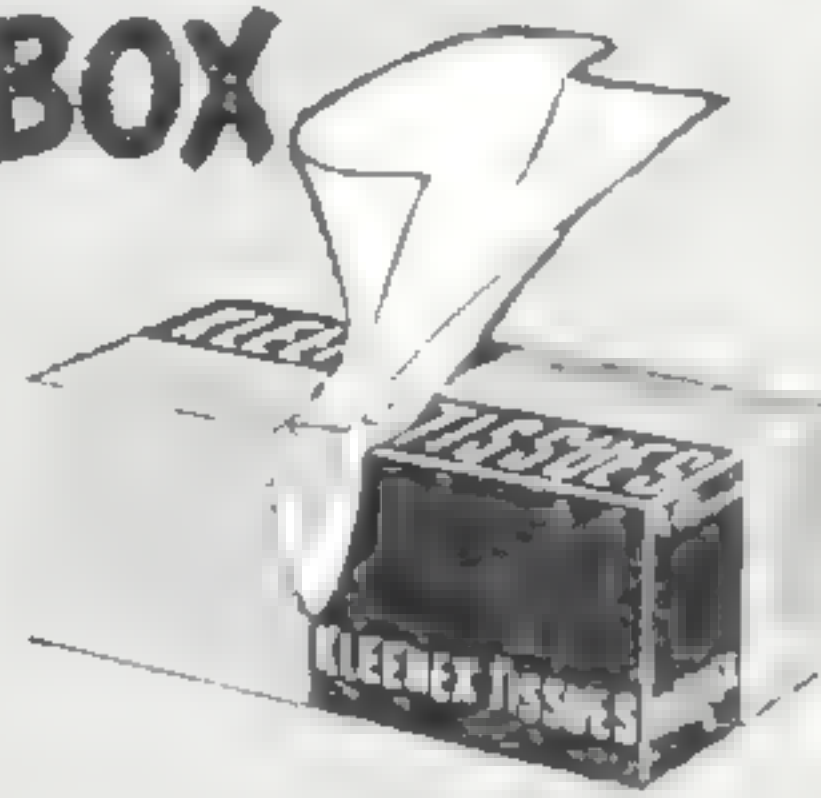
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(from a letter by J. A. V. Charleston, S. C.)

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You may be attractive to men in every other way—but guard against unpleasant scalp odor! Remember—the scalp perspires as well as the rest of the skin.

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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 349, Hollywood, Calif.

Ginger, Olivia and Katharine Hepburn there have been Lillian Bond, Dorothy Jordan, Marian Marsh, Ida Lupino, Fay Wray, June Collyer, Frances Drake, Wendy Barrie, Rochelle Hudson and dozens more who never reached the tentative stage.

Olivia believes Howard loved Katharine Hepburn well. "Katharine," Olivia says, "is the only girl of whom Howard talks; and he talks of her with warm respect."

According to Theodore Dreiser the love of a man and a woman is a chemical attraction. Often, certainly, the conflagration is fierce and instantaneous when a man and a woman meet. It was that way with Katharine and Howard. Instantly they touched the springs of each other's hearts and minds.

Howard's campaign was fervent. If he had to fly to California for a few days he called Katharine, in New York or Connecticut, on the phone and talked for hours. He sent her yellow roses, three and four and five dozen at a time, every day. There never was a card but always when Katharine opened the box her fine lean face would glow.

SHE never pretended to herself or anyone else that she and Howard were "just friends." Once, when she was asked what she would do if Howard ran around with other girls after they were married, she said calmly, "I'd kill him!"

When she played "Jane Eyre" in Chicago Howard was with her. Her company believed the thirty-five thousand dollar string of pearls with an emerald clasp carved with K that he gave her was a wedding present. An announcement was expected momentarily. The press waited at their hotel, at the theater and at the license bureau. Her mother and sister arrived from Connecticut.

Katharine issued a statement. It read: "Miss Hepburn will not marry Mr. Hughes in Chicago today."

Likely she and Howard had one of their wild quarrels. It may have begun over such a simple thing as an inadequate tip that he left on the table. Or perhaps he took advantage of this romantic moment to win the promise he always sought—that she wouldn't fly any more. Her flying made him angry. He flies carefully, scientifically. When he steps out of a plane after taking a new record he has notes on such things as engine head temperatures at various altitudes and speeds. Katharine, on the other hand, takes off, hair flying, on an impulse. According to Howard's standards she's reckless. And in this case his standards are probably right.

WHATEVER happened their love grew no less. "Jane Eyre" closed and Katharine's voice troubled her, as it often does when she gets overtired. Howard insisted upon a holiday. They cruised the Caribbean on George Baker's beautiful yacht "The Viking." Months earlier they had inspected this yacht at New London. It may be they had thought this southern holiday would be a honeymoon.

A sea plane went with them. They flew through the soft air and the soft light of the tropics. They flew over the deep blue sea and the dark green islands. They flew into the morning and into the evening. And every sight and thought were shared and so became more beautiful, more wonderful.

That was the summer Howard talked for publication about marriage, something he had never done before, not even in the Billie Dove era.

"I'm not a confirmed bachelor," he said, "and I expect to be married one of



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Safe new way in feminine hygiene
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● Knowing the truth about feminine hygiene—the real facts—is bound to mean greater happiness for any woman! Are you sure that your information is not out-dated or even dangerous?

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Dr. Ellis' NAIL POLISH WAVE SET

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

these days. But I can't stand a gaga type of girl. A woman has to have something in her mind to be attractive."

No one doubted it was Katharine, graduated from Bryn Mawr, a Phi Beta Kappa, and an exciting independent thinker, he had in mind.

That was the summer "Stage Door" gave Katharine a high place on the screen. That was the summer Howard dipped the wings of his silver monoplane over the Hepburn estate on the Connecticut shore in a last farewell, as he took off on his globe-encircling flight.

It was a few days later that Katharine rushed from Connecticut to her New York house to wait for him. There he found her, as soon as he could get away from the speeches and the ticker tape and confetti. And in the green shine of her eyes he again tasted his triumph.

Katharine and Howard became adept at dodging crowds and reporters and cameramen. They used to peer out of a car door cautiously and, if they were discovered, pull in their heads, slam the door and beseech the driver to make time—in any direction. Following Howard's flight, however, the press and the crowds were too much for them.

One night the kitchen staff of a famous New York restaurant watched a waiter lay a table for two in the kitchen, set out the finest linen, china, crystal and silver. Their mouths gaped. Then, through the rear door, came Katharine and Howard, breathless from their mad dash through the alley.

"No more touring the city for a restaurant where we won't be mobbed—then home, in despair, for milk and scrambled eggs!" That was the essence of Katharine's edict. And the fantastic dinner in the restaurant kitchen—for which the chef outdid himself—was the result.

Beyond the kitchen wall that night the band played. Men and women who knew Katharine and Howard well swayed to the music and dined at the tables, all unsuspecting. A couple of reporters and a cameraman seated at the bar stopped the host, hurrying kitchenwards with a special bottle of champagne. "Think Howard and his Katie will be in?" one of them asked. The host shook his head. "I don't think you'll see them tonight," he said. "I have an idea they're in hiding."

The end of this romance came soon. But a large, silver-framed photograph of a bewhiskered Howard, taken directly he landed, which has long occupied a place of honor in Katharine's city living room, would indicate this particular time holds no unhappy aura for her, that it was good while it lasted, even unto the end.

No one really knows when things between Howard and Katharine changed, probably not even Howard and Katharine. Such things are so gradual as to be imperceptible. We know, however, that the song was over for Howard a few months later because it was that November he flew Olivia home. For Katharine the melody seems to have lingered on. That December, admiring a handsome new overcoat Joseph Cotten, who played with her in "The Philadelphia Story," was wearing, Katharine asked:

"Who's your fine tailor, Joe? I want to order a coat like that for Howard's Christmas!"

The Hollywood wolves come and go. At this writing the pack is smaller than usual, numbering only a few agents and studio executives whose names mean little outside the film colony and, also, Reginald Gardiner, Errol Flynn, John Conti, Bruce Cabot, Vic Mature and, of course, Howard Robard Hughes, perennially Hollywood's secret heartbreaker.

THE END

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WIPE AWAY DRIED-OUT CUTICLE GENTLY WITH CUTEX OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

Don't make your cuticle sore by gnawing it...don't encourage hang-nails by cutting it. Use Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover and *wipe* away dead, dried-out cuticle—gently! Get a bottle—begin today!

Saturday is "Manicure Day"—look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orange-wood Sticks, Emery Boards.

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The **OLD MEXICO SHOP**
D SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Secret Romance

(Continued from page 27) routine of dinner cancelled at the last minute, of weekend plans ruined. That is, the executives' wives do stand it. They live separate lives from their husbands. They are busy with their children, their clothes, their gin-rummy sessions and their canteen work. If you are a solid, sensible woman, it works out all right. If you are a romantic, tempestuous beauty with a sensitive mind and a hungry heart, it is hell.

It wasn't until Greer got her divorce in Los Angeles that Hollywood even realized that she had been married. Then Hollywood started saying she would marry Benny Thau. Greer said, when queried, "I admire Mr. Thau so much. I respect Mr. Thau so much." She didn't say, "I love Mr. Thau so much." She didn't say it because like all good artists she had great respect for the truth.

Moreover, there was nothing about Greer to attract the Hollywood wolf pack. She was neither a sweater girl nor a light of love. There was, in fact, everything about her to drive the eager wolf from her door. She read books, lots and lots of books, on all subjects from economics to political strategy to the art of Renoir as contrasted to the music of César Franck. She was a lady.

Next, she did herself in by the very perfection of her portrayal of *Mrs. Chips*. The artist in her made her appear ten years beyond her own age, ten pounds heavier and ten tons more settled than she will ever be, even in her tomb. She was much more her own self in "Remember?" but that was so bad nobody ever saw it, so she played a dated though delightful lady in "Pride And Prejudice" and then the gentle, wonderful but none-

theless sedate Mrs. Gladney in "Blossoms In The Dust." Mr. Thau kept right on calling. If Greer had been a different type of girl she would have put her career ahead of her heart. Being married to the right executive is a very quick road to the right casting.

It's all of a piece that she should even have to be playing Richard Ney's mother in "Mrs. Miniver."

However, that actor had observant eyes and a sensitive imagination. Benny Thau also possesses those qualities, but Ney had one important commodity Thau lacked. Ney had leisure. He had the time to court a lovely lady with all the charm, the devotion, the romance and the roses a lovely lady deserves.

ON the first date they had together, Greer and Richard went dancing. Greer is a tall girl, but Richard Ney is taller, while Benny Thau is definitely short. Greer loves dancing and Ney dances more smoothly than Cesar Romero. Greer adores food and Ney knows how to order a perfect dinner and he always has plenty of time to eat it, once it is served. Greer loves books and so does Richard Ney.

Of course, when the news of their dating first got out—and naturally it spread around the film colony with a speed that makes wildfire look sluggish as a river of oatmeal—there was a lot of official denial. There was much pooh-poohing from the studio, some mild pooh-poohing from the Garson household, not a bit of pooh-poohing from Mr. Ney. At first most of their dates were at Greer's house, sitting in Greer's brilliant little drawing room, chaperoned by Greer's charming mother. But lately they

have been going out more and more to dance and dine, even though they are still asking the photographers please not to snap them together.

Your guess is as good as Hollywood's as to whether or not it will lead to marriage. There are even some bold souls who say they are already secretly wed. In any event, it isn't, in Hollywood, a "popular" romance as was the romance of Carole and Clark Gable, or that of George Brent and Ann Sheridan.

If they do wed, it will be a union hedged about by all the typical Hollywood handicaps. Dick Ney's salary probably isn't a tenth of Greer's salary. His importance isn't a twentieth of hers. Probably he would always be "Mr. Garson."

That setup, however, didn't ruin the blissful MacDonald-Raymond marriage, which was another "unpopular romance." The reverse of it didn't spoil the joyous Power-Annabella mating and the film colony didn't go for that one, either. The Bill Powells are still happy as spring larks, despite all the tragedies that were predicted for them, while the absolutely approved perfect combine of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow is dust on the Reno records.

So maybe Greer and Richard will wed and live happily forever after. Maybe they won't. They are moody souls, each of them, and their romance might evaporate with all the swiftness that characterized its inception. But regardless of the future, they are ecstatically, madly happy right now.

And right now, as you perfectly well know, is very important right now.

THE END

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) that I knew every line of his head, the set of his shoulders, the very way he moves or breathes . . . and there I stood, seeing a thousand or more men, all of whom I thought were Bill. I rushed up to this one and that, crying his name and having them turn around and be Tom, Dick and Harry. I began to believe I'd never find Bill, worked myself up into a good stage of thinking I might never see him again. Then just as the gate opened and the boys began marching through it, I heard his voice, calling me, and in another instant he was beside me. We only had a second or so together but at least we said good-by. . . ."

I can tell you, too, the story of another girl star, who, when her actor husband went to war, simply couldn't keep on living in the style to which their two salaries had accustomed her . . . did she act like the old Hollywood . . . go into debt to keep up a phony appearance . . . not at all . . . she moved, but she did it with typical laughter . . . she sold her Brentwood mansion, moved to a tiny rented place in Hollywood . . . when she takes you there, she grins, paraphrases the crack I made further back and says, "Only four rooms and a bath but I call it lousy" . . . she never mentions that \$50,000 that she put in War Bonds. . . .

Or you can take the story of Claudette Colbert who went out with the Victory show . . . that was two solid weeks of one-night stands, rehearsing by day, performing matinee and night, traveling steadily, without enough sleep or good food or rest of any sort . . . Colbert, the hothouse plant, who always has

something the matter with her, shrugs the tour off . . . her husband, Dr. Pressman, has long been stationed in Pensacola, Florida, and as soon as he gets the chance will go out as a flight surgeon, one of the most dangerous of all posts. . . .

"I guess that tour will show Jack I



Look Out!

THE FLYING TIGERS

America's devil fighters
over China are coming
to Photoplay-Movie Mirror
next month in the
thrilling story of
Republic's greatest
picture with John
Wayne and John Carroll
battling it out



can work just as hard for this country as he can," she says. Then she grins. "For two weeks I can, that is."

ANNA NEAGLE, just returned by a convoy from England to show her "They Flew Alone" which she made in London and then to go on to Canada to do a tour of the Canadian Army camps, told me that the British Government feels that amusement is the greatest of morale builders . . . the British have marvelous, even if different, senses of humor than ours . . . but somehow, I can't believe that anyone save Americans, and Americans in Hollywood, at that, would think to make a short about how to shoot a gun a funny picture. . . .

This happens at Disney's . . . Disney, the immortal cartoon-maker, was given orders to do a training short about a certain kind of gun . . . you'd think that would be as dry as ancient Latin . . . but no . . . there are the facts about the gun, in cartoons . . . there are the instructions . . . but along with them, there are laughs . . . many laughs and long laughs. . . .

That humor is the American way, Hollywood version . . . and let's be so thankful that our Government recognizes the benison of laughter, given not only to its young service men, but to us at home facing loneliness and rationing and uncertain news . . . as a matter of fact, if we all were to buy one war stamp for every laugh Hollywood gives us, we'd all be doing a very neat thing for ourselves, for Hollywood and for these United States. . . .

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 18)

Ships With Wings (U. A.)

It's About: *The part played by an aircraft carrier in the recent naval battles.*

ENGLISH-MADE, this rather trite story expresses the importance of aircraft carriers in battles. Of course, the story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam near Greece.

Seems as if the bravery of our boys in actual combat needs a bit of glorifying on the screen as well, or so the audience seemed to feel, judging by their remarks afterwards.

The cast is all English and features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter.

The photography is remarkable and worthy of great applause.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair war stuff.

The Mad Martindales (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A younger sister who takes over her big sister's beau.*

JANE WITHERS' swan song at Twentieth Century-Fox, the studio that started her off to fame and fortune, develops into a blue melody with verses of hokum and a chorus of wails. Jane should have better material and, thank goodness, has taken a step toward getting it.

In this one, Jane attempts to cap-

ture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver's) rich beau, to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon. Alan Mowbray as her daffy daddy is just that. Byron Barr as the wealthy young object of Jane's affection is fair.

Your Reviewer Says: Now let's have no more such as this, please.

Blondie's Blessed Event (Columbia)

It's About: *The Bumpsteeds have a baby girl.*

THE screen *Bumpsteeds* keep apace with Chic Young's newspaper comic strip and become the parents of baby

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

So many of you wrote in contesting the choice of our judges on The Best Figure in Hollywood that we're giving you readers your chance to be the judge. Get your September issue

AND VOTE!

girl Cookie. What a darling she is!

Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with Mr. Dithers, her husband's boss, to keep Dagwood, Arthur Lake, out of town until after the blessed event. Outside of the newcomer there isn't much to talk about.

Your Reviewer Says: Not quite up to the standard.

The Falcon Takes Over (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An amateur detective who solves a murder in self-defense.*

"YOU'RE an old smoothie" could well be directed at the popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, who has his own peculiar talents for unearthing murderers; this time one *Moose Malloy*, played by Ward Bond.

Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the Sanders eye. James Gleason, Edward Gargan and Allen Jenkins are good people to have in any show.

Your Reviewer Says: Well done.

A Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia)

It's About: *The clever detective who is dismissed from a case before the murders happen.*

WILLIAM GARGAN takes over the role of *Ellery Queen*, detective, formerly played by Ralph Bellamy and

INHALING

needn't worry YOUR throat!

THERE's a lot of difference in cigarettes!

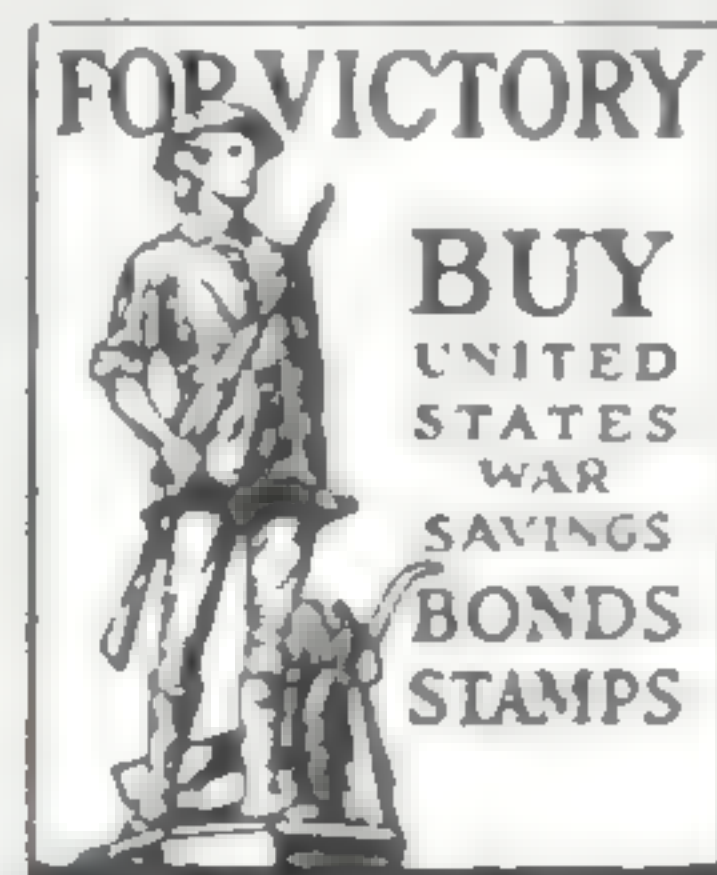
And here's how the five most popular brands stack up—as compared by eminent doctors.*

The other four brands averaged more than three times as irritant as PHILIP MORRIS.

And this irritation—from the other four—lasted more than five times as long!

Sure, you inhale. All smokers do. So—be sure about your cigarette!

(*Reported in authoritative medical journals.)



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AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE

New NEET DEODORANT



FOR UNDER THE ARMS of a NATION UNDER ARMS

Whether you're engaged in war work ... or the important job of being a woman, the sensational new NEET Cream Deodorant will preserve and defend your daintiness.

New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A feather-weight, stainless, greaseless cream that vanishes almost instantly, makes armpits dry and free of odor. Will not irritate the skin, or injure clothing.

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2. Not a liquid—a fragrant powder. Safe even for children's fine hair
3. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes fine blonde hair dark, old-looking.
4. To give hair beautiful luster and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades of blondes.
5. Takes only 11 minutes to use. Costs 10c at all drug and department stores.

BLONDEX
SHAMPOO AND RINSE FOR BLONDES

does a grand job. In the story Gargan takes himself off to the lodge of a rich man, Ralph Morgan (who is housing two odd characters), to discover Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years.

Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then the fun starts—more people are killed!

Kay Linaker, Charles Judels and Charles Grapewin play important cogs in the wheels within wheels.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair mystery stuff.

Meet The Stewarts (Columbia)

It's About: *The attempts of a bride to live on a budget.*

KIND of warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and, as a result, experiences all sorts of laughable (to us) situations. To the bride and groom, the little things that seem so comical to us become mountains of woe, which only adds to our sadistic amusement.

If Columbia reckoned on making this as a serial, they have something here, for people all about us giggled and guffawed at the antics of this bridal pair. But with William Holden in the Army, we're wondering about the future fate of the *Stewarts*.

At any rate, we can enjoy this one from its opening sequence, a titter-provoker, with Holden actually and literally up a tree, through its moments of tragedy (to the young people) when they attempt a dinner for the in-laws to its very satisfactory conclusion.

Frances Dee makes a lovely bride. Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance, while the rest of the cast, including Grant Mitchell, Marjorie Gateson and Anne Revere (there's a one), add special bits and highlights.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant people to visit of an evening.

Mexican Spitfire Sees A Ghost (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An impersonation that ends in a riot.*

IT'S Lupe Velez again, with Leon Errol impersonating the now renowned Lord Epping. When the real Lord Epping returns from a moose hunt you can imagine the zaney goings-on. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe, who does her stuff to perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: Loud, noisy and sometimes funny.

Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)

It's About: *An irascible soldier who turns hero.*

THE best thing about this picture is the title, although there are moments of timely interest and drama. Don Barry, Republic's redheaded cowboy, leaps down from his horse to play the straight dramatic lead of the irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal, Maynard Holmes. Later, of course, Red sees the error of his

ways and sacrifices his life by diving a bombing plane into a Japanese battleship. It's the old, old Army formula, it seems.

Fay McKenzie as Holmes's sister is pretty and adequate. Alan Curtis as a pal of Red's is good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: Interestingly timely.

Escape From Hong Kong (Universal)

It's About: *A secret service agent knee-deep in foreign spies.*

YOU never saw such a mixup of "Is she a spy?" or "Isn't she a spy?" as Marjorie Lord goes through so that Universal can make a movie. Fake British officers, Japanese agents and three American cowboys, Andy Devine, Leo Carrillo and Don Terry, mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. The cowboys, incidentally, have been putting on a sharp-shooting act in Oriental theaters when Miss Lord finds herself between the devil (a German posing as a Briton) and the deep sea full of Japs. From then on in the bullets fly thicker than the swallows down at Capistrano.

Your Reviewer Says: Peppy as all get out.

Henry And Dizzy (Paramount)

It's About: *The attempts of Henry Aldrich to replace a wrecked motorboat.*

JIMMY LYDON is the new Henry Aldrich who finds himself in very deep water. And we mean deep water when a borrowed motorboat is wrecked by Henry and must be replaced. The futile struggle of Henry and his pal Dizzy (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat forms the basis of the story. How the boat is eventually replaced is rather cute. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the old standards.

Sunday Punch (M-G-M)

It's About: *Jealousy among prizefighters.*

EVERYTHING is going along fine at the old boardinghouse for prizefighters run by Connie Gilchrist until her beautiful daughter Jean Rogers returns from a theatrical tour. And then thump-thump-thump go all the masculine hearts, from Olaf, the janitor, played well by Dan Dailey Jr., to William Lundigan, the college lad who actually captures Jean's heart.

The title? Oh, yes, a Sunday Punch is a punch that packs sufficient wallop to land a man in dreamland. The big fight that climaxes the little yarn is a real thriller.

Your Reviewer Says: Only if you enjoy fights.

Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The first students at West Point.*

HISTORICALLY this is a mighty interesting epic, dealing as it does with the establishment of West Point Academy

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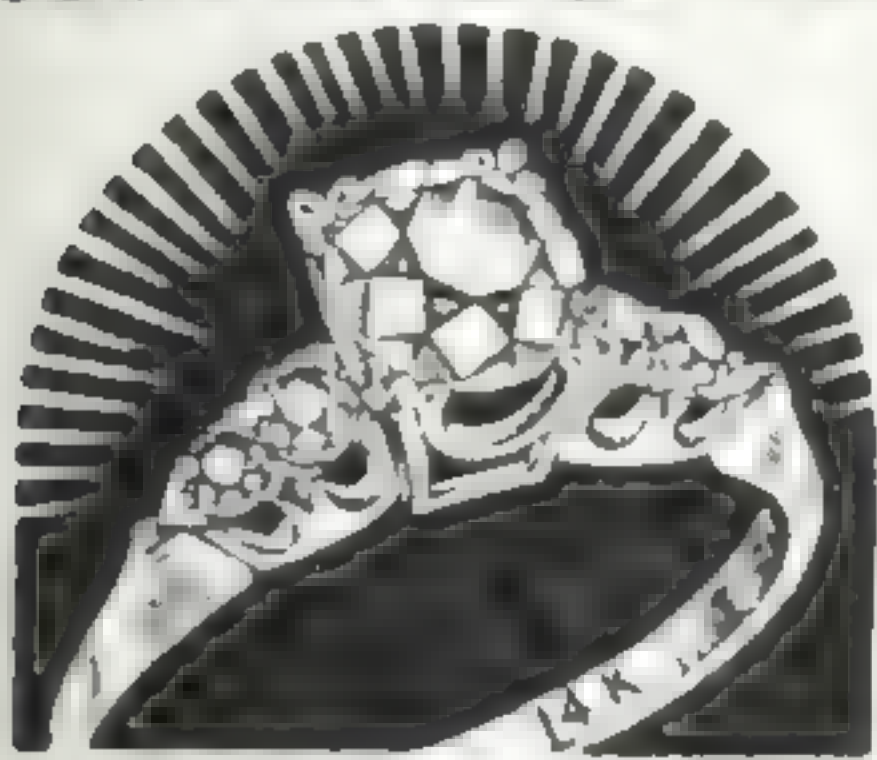
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and the training of the first group of students that dwindles to a mere ten, under the rigid discipline of Laird Cregar, an Army major.

Histrionically, however, it's painfully weak, despite the splendid cast of George Montgomery, John Sutton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Montgomery, both in delivery of lines and acting ability, is woefully inadequate. Maureen, who merely decorates the story, and John Sutton, who loses her, are fair. Cregar, as usual, is splendid.

How our Academy began and survived is most interesting, however.

Your Reviewer Says: A good history lesson.

Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)

It's About: The adventures of the big jungle lad in New York.

PICTURE the thrills and chuckles resulting from an audience's seeing Tarzan (in trousers) in the big city of New York whence he has come in search of Boy who was taken back to civilization by big-game hunters.

His reactions to all modern inconveniences, the telephone and radio among them, bring on a shower of chuckles from the audience. His rallying of elephants in the circus scene and leap from the Brooklyn Bridge are really something to see. Of course, Maureen as Jane, and Cheeta the ape are with him. Johnny Weissmuller, as usual, plays Tarzan.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch that man go!

Powder Town (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A scientist who almost meets death through his own invention.

THE "powder" in this story is strictly talcum and should be used to dust off the people who wrote and conceived this stupid piece.

Edmond O'Brien is a scientist who invents some sort of explosive (we couldn't figure out what) and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But what good does Vic do when Edmond and his bodyguard are captured and almost blown up.

Girls wander around and get mixed up in it. We wish to heavens we never had.

Your Reviewer Says: Plain awful.

Miss Annie Rooney (Small-U. A.)

It's About: A rich boy gets in the groove.

A DOLESCENT Shirley Temple becomes a screen adolescent in the story of a young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and slings a mean mess of hot jive talk.

Shirley is that young lady and very cute she is, too, in this so very different departure from anything the starlet has done on the screen.

Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores Annie Rooney (Shirley) and invites her, without his parents' knowledge, to his birthday party. After a preliminary snubbing by the guests, Annie hits her stride until her father, William Gargan, breaks in with his big noisy plans and spoils it all.

Eventually it works out to everyone's happiness. Guy Kibbee as Grandad is A-1. Peggy Ryan as Shirley's girl friend and Roland Du Pree as her former boy friend are very good.

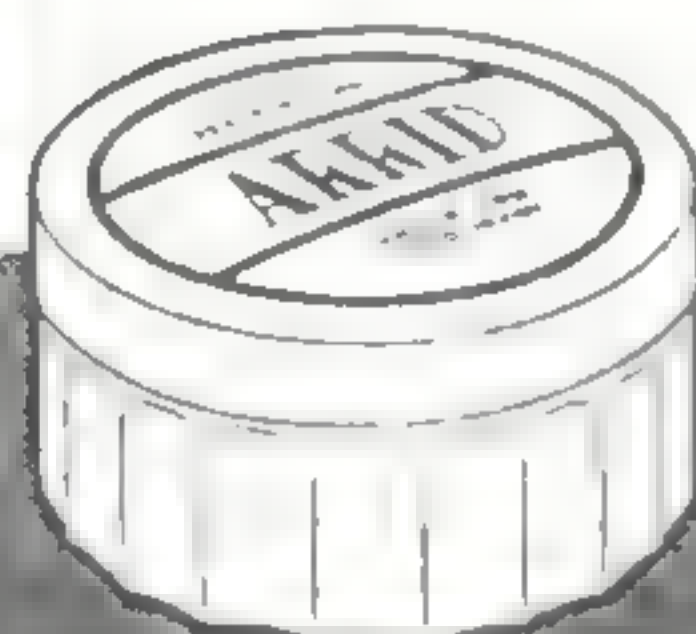
Teen-age children will like it and we think Dad and Mother will, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Get hep, audiences.

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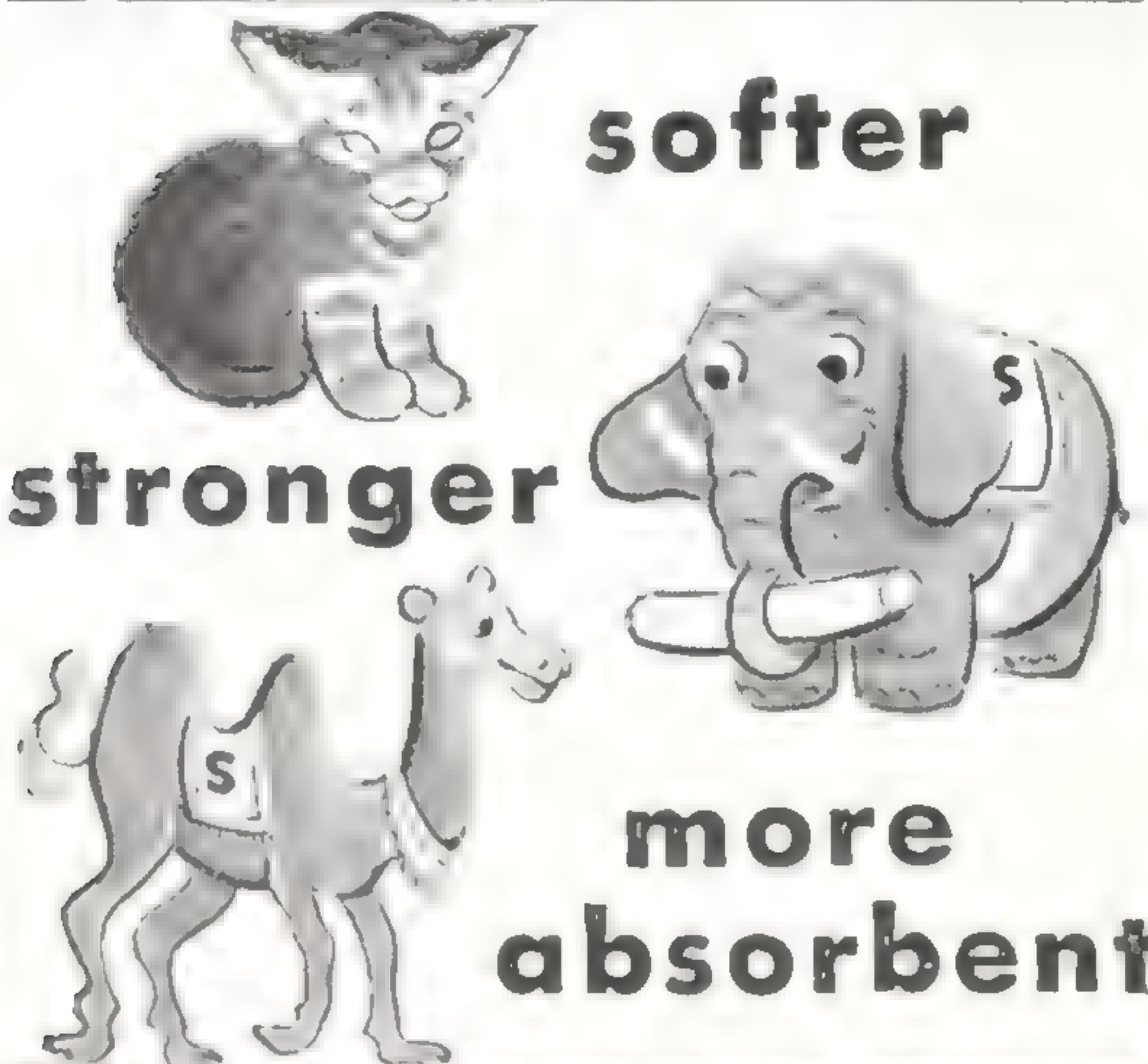
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They Named the Baby Junior

(Continued from page 32) numbers. Never was there a man who seemed to be more happily in love. If you think that all actors talk nothing but "I," you should have heard this one. He never said "I." He only said "Alice."

"Alice had a tough time of it," he said.

"Alice wanted a girl," he said.

"Alice was so wonderful all the time the baby was coming," he said.

"She has to be Junior," he said. "Alice Faye Jr. Isn't that a wonderful name? Think of having everybody know her mother was Alice Fay. What a break for a kid."

"It's not so bad to be known as Phil Harris's daughter, either," we said.

"Aw, that's nothing," said Phil and he wasn't kidding. He honestly feels that he is just a guy but Alice is a queen and Alice Jr. is a princess.

Phil wanted a girl for two reasons. He hoped a girl would look exactly like this wife he adores; and besides he has a son by his former marriage, a lad now seven years old, who lives with them.

"Until I was married to Alice, I didn't know that a man could have fun with his wife," Phil said. "I always thought if you wanted laughs, you had to go out with a gang of fellows. When I was married the first time, I was always going out with a mob of men, carrying on all night. I've been in night clubs all my life, so whether a place has sawdust on the floor or chromium on the doors makes no matter to me. Most women don't understand that. They want to go where the glitter is. But not Alice. She just wants to go where you want to go. If you want to play cards, she'd sit in on the game for hours. So what happens? Most of the nights we just stay home, doing nothing, having a wonderful time just because we're alone together."

WHEN she knew she was going to have the baby, she was the most sensible girl you ever knew. She just quit the screen cold. No business of hanging around to get another picture in and thereby maybe endangering hers and the baby's health. No, siree, not Alice. You should have seen us all those nights, sitting there, each drinking a quart of milk, Alice because the doctor ordered her to, me because she was drinking it.

"At first we hoped the baby would get here on Alice's birthday, May fifth. Then we hoped she'd arrive on our first wedding anniversary, but she was late, finally arriving on May twentieth, and did Alice have a rotten time. The night they decided to operate, I told her I was going to stay right beside her and hold her hand and I did, too. Somehow I wasn't frightened, even for Alice, and it was the most terrific experience I've known, seeing my own daughter born, seeing them breathe life into her, hearing that first little cry she gave.

"You know how sentimental Alice is. She's superstitious, too. When all those presents kept arriving, she'd open them all and beam over them, but she wouldn't touch one or give it away. She felt if she did, something might happen, that we might even get a boy. All along we've been furnishing the nursery in our house in Encino and for Christmas I gave Alice a bassinette I found in one of the stores. That's got everything on it, too, except a mortgage and I had it done in both pink and blue, just to play safe. Now that Alice Junior's here, Alice is planning to turn all those dresses and things over to one of the government agencies, to let them give them away

where they will do the most good. They are beautiful things, you know, all wools and silks and our baby couldn't use a third of them in the next ten years. As for the telegrams and letters we've had, so help me, there's one room out at the house that is packed tight with them. We want to answer every one. I got a card with a spotlight on it, that's for Alice, and a mike like an ear of corn, which is strictly for me, and we're sending that out in answer to all those good wishes. You don't know what it means to know you've got so many people on your side.

"WE HONESTLY didn't make so many plans for the baby's future. We most of all wanted to have her, but we do know we're going to give her singing lessons and dancing lessons and all the things we neither one of us ever had when we were kids. I'd like her to be an actress, because Alice is, and because I think actresses are wonderful girls. What makes them so wonderful is that they don't stop learning. Take Alice, she's always studying something and two or three books a week are nothing to her. I don't know. Maybe it's just jive, but the doctor said that Alice Junior really is a pretty fine kid. If she just gets her mother's eyes and mouth and her disposition, that's all I ask.

"The laugh of the whole thing was," he said, "that I told Alice all along that the night the baby came, I would go out on one terrific spree. So what do I really do? I just go home, don't even have a beer, just sit all alone being so happy that I nearly cried about it.

"The only tough part of it all now is that I'm due to go on the road for fourteen weeks. Not counting ourselves, Alice and I have ten dependents. You take our taxes out of our incomes and you've got to keep scratching to meet all those expenses. The Jello program goes off the air till fall, so it's the theaters for me, doing five shows a day when I'm lucky and mostly seven or nine, getting in those theaters at eleven A.M. and out after midnight. What's more, I know I'll spend practically every dollar I make telephoning Alice. I did that the last time I was separated from her. I see a telephone and I go nuts with having to hear her voice and be sure she's all right and what I'll do now, with the baby added, I hate to think about. I go from here to San Francisco and then I head due east. We'd planned, originally, that Alice would go to Frisco with me, because she's not due back on the screen until August for the picture 'Greenwich Village,' but now the poor kid won't even be out of the hospital by the time I leave."

Phil looked up suddenly, said, "Excuse me," and disappeared beneath the orchestra pit. He was back in five minutes.

"I went and called Alice then," he said. "She was fine, resting more comfortably. She said she was lying there thinking about teaching Junior to put over her first big number on her sixteenth birthday. Will that be something? Imagine having Alice as a teacher. Nobody can put across a song the way Alice can."

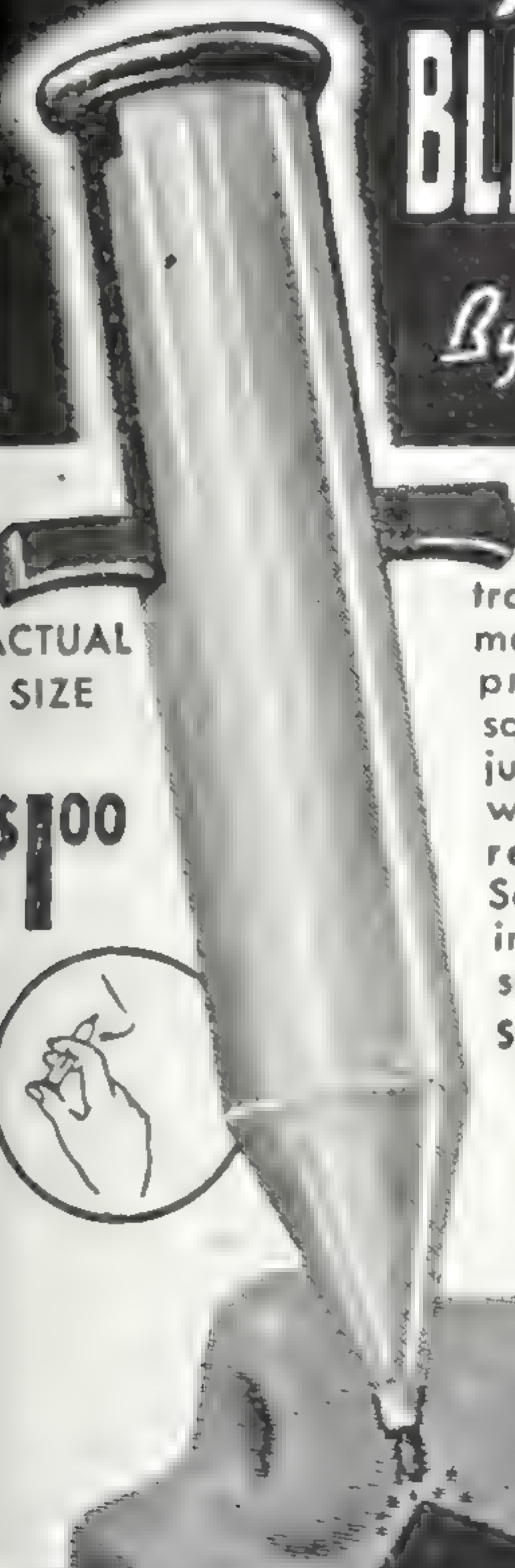
"We'll make a note of the date," we said. So we did, and you might make a note of the date, May 20, 1958, too. For it really should be quite a night, when this loved child, Alice Faye Junior, steps forth, with Alice Senior beaming from the audience and with father Phil Harris playing away to beat the band.

THE END

PAT. PEND.

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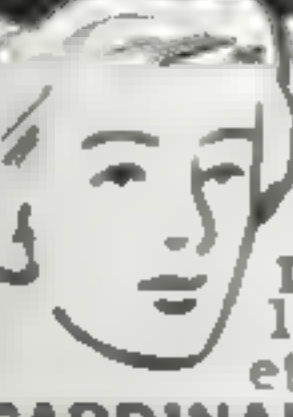
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 23)

almost marries Bowman, are all excellent. (June)

✓✓ **KINGS ROW**—Warners: Here is a superb drama, telling the story of five children from their schooldays to adulthood. Ronald Reagan is the town sport who loves Nancy Coleman, daughter of sadistic doctor Charles Coburn. Ann Sheridan is the girl who loves Reagan and Robert Cummings is the psychiatrist who is Reagan's friend. All performances are terrific. (May)

KLONDIKE FURY—Monogram: This is the same old story of a doctor, Edmund Lowe, who loses a patient while operating, flees the whole mess like a weakling, then is faced with the same operation in a new environment. Bill Henry is an embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan a backwoods M.D. (June)

LARCENY, INC.—Warners: Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy open up a store next to a bank as a front and then start tunnelling under to the vaults. But they become so fascinated by their success as legitimate business men that they decide to give up robbing the bank, until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. With Jane Wyman. (June)

✓✓ **MALE ANIMAL, THE**—Warners: A man-sized panic, this comedy of an English professor, Henry Fonda, his beautiful wife, Olivia de Havilland, and Jack Carson, ex-football player who returns to the college and almost breaks up Fonda's happy home. Fonda almost gets dismissed from college because he's accused of being a Red. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson add to the fun. (June)

MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE, THE—Columbia: John Howard is the high-minded hero who after escaping a murder charge by fleeing to California, learns that the man who sought his life is now himself accused of murdering Howard and treks all the way back to aid his enemy. (May)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Pretty farfetched is this, what with a corpse that's missing from its grave and Marjorie Weaver being so frightened that she pretends Lloyd Nolan, who is really detective Michael Shayne, is her new husband so he can solve the mystery. Henry Wilcoxon is the family physician. (July)

MAN WITH TWO LIVES—Monogram: Edward Norris, following an accident, awakens from a deathlike stupor to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the time of Norris's lapse from consciousness, and takes over the gangster's activities and his girl. It's finally all explained; but really, after all! (June)

MAYOR OF 44th STREET, THE—RKO Radio: In order to aid former racketeer Richard Barthelmess, George Murphy takes him into his business as agent for dance bands. Anne Shirley looks lovely but she's not at home in her role as hooper assistant to Mr. Murphy. (May)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal: Reporter Kent Taylor witnesses the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, so Taylor grabs a cab and starts a thousand mile chase that ends up in the discovery of the murderer, disguised through plastic surgery. Don't waste your time. (July)

✓✓ **MISTER V**—Edward Small-U.A.: Leslie Howard plays the modern Pimpernel, who liberates artists, scientists and great men held in Nazi power. The story has a tendency to lag in spots but it's an interesting and thrilling picture. Mr. Howard and Francis Sullivan, as head of the Gestapo, give brilliant performances. (May)

MOKEY—M-G-M—All about a misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble, with Donna Reed handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son Mokey. Dan Dailey Jr. plays his father. (July)

✓✓ **MOONTIDE**—20th Century-Fox: Jean Gabin is a sensation as a waterfront wanderer who rescues a forsaken waif, Ida Lupino, from her attempted suicide and discovers he wants to settle down with her. Thomas Mitchell, as Gabin's evil parasite, and Claude Rains, a philosopher, are excellent. Gabin and Lupino are unforgettable. (July)

✓✓ **MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN**—Paramount: For sheer delightful novelty, this story of insect life takes the prize. There's Hoppity, the hero grasshopper, his girl friend, Honey, plus many other beautiful characters. (May)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Warners: Newspaperman Van Johnson sets out to find out why a convict was electrocuted one hour before the set time. With the aid of Faye Emerson and George Meeker, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder. Minor stuff. (July)

✓✓ **MY FAVORITE BLONDE**—Paramount: Howl of the month is this riotous farce where British agent Madeleine Carroll, pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge with vaudevillian Bob Hope and accompanies him West. Such a procession of

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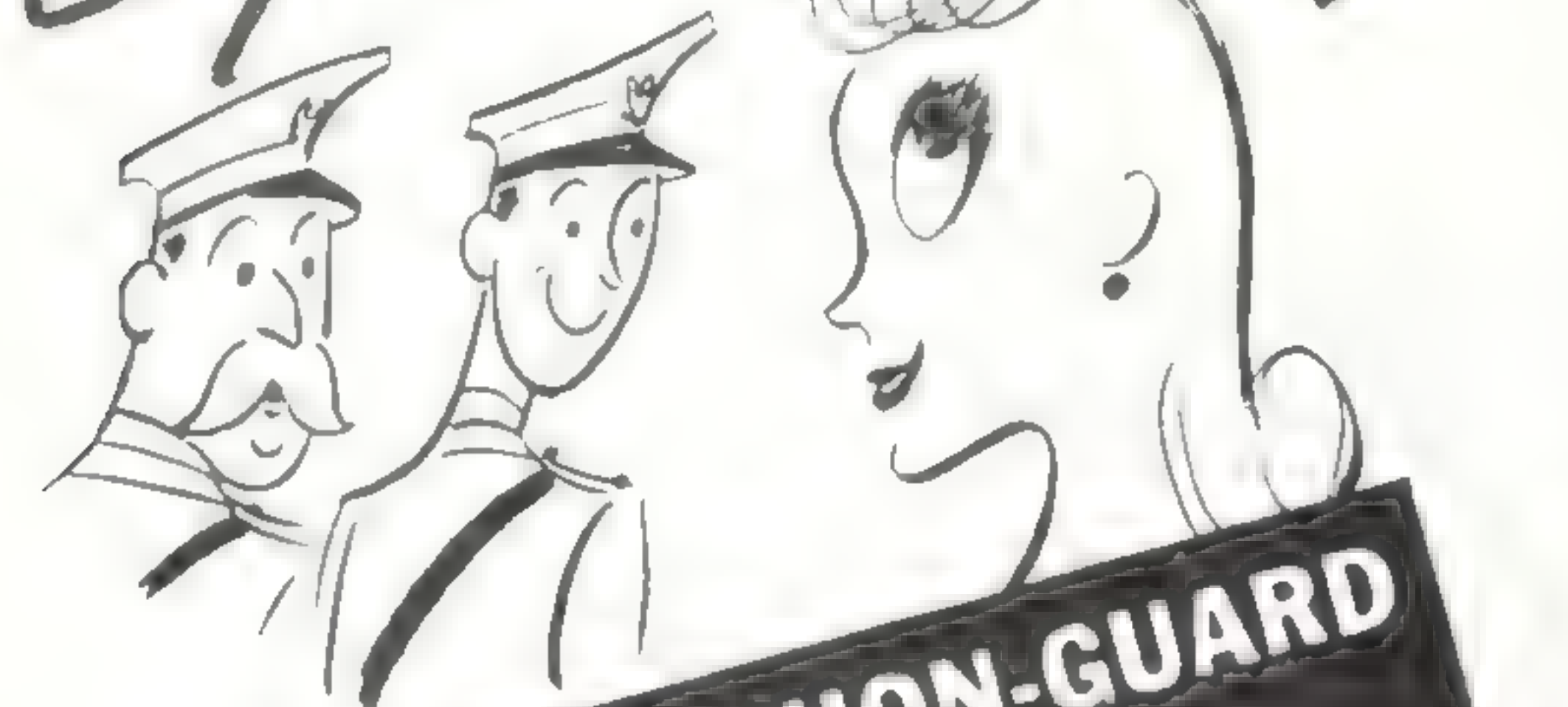
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mixups as these two get in and out of! You'd lose your breath if you weren't using it for laughter. (June)

✓✓ **MY GAL SAL**—20th Century-Fox: In the gay musical Victor Mature portrays *Paul Dresser*, a traveling show where he's befriended by Carol Landis, then meets the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, with whom he falls in love. (July)

✓ **MYSTERY OF MARIA ROSSI, THE**—A movie of Maria Rossi, a young woman who is identified. But then Maria really gets murdered. Patric Knowles is in charge of the case and they chase all over Paris to find the murderer. (July)

✓ **NIGHT BEFORE THE DIVORCE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Joseph Allen Jr. grows tired of his superior wife, Lynn Bari, so turns for comfort to blonde charmer Mary Beth Hughes. Then Nils Asther steps into the fray only to get killed. What a waste of a fine actor like Asther! (May)

✓ **NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK**—Paramount: Chester Morris is a private detective honeymooning with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears, and Jean eggs Chester on to take the case. Dick Purcell, Astrid Allwyn and Rose Hobart round up the cast. (June)

✓✓ **REAP THE WILD WIND**—Paramount: Another Cecil B. DeMille thrill-packed, rip-snorting adventure story of ships and men and women of the 1840's. In Key West, Paulette Goddard meets John Wayne, captain of a wrecked vessel, and falls in love with him. In Charleston she meets Ray Milland, attorney for Wayne's shipping company. The rivalry between the two men results in a thrilling climax. (May)

✓ **RIDE 'EM COWBOY**—Universal: Abbott and Costello, peanut vendors from a New York rodeo, land on a dude ranch at the same time as would-be Western hero Dick Foran and meet Anne Gwynne. There are several hilarious moments. (May)

✓ **RINGS ON HER FINGERS**—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda, wage slave, meets Gene Tierney at a rich resort. Each thinks the other's wealthy, although Gene is just a front for swindlers Spring Byington and Laird Cregar. Amusing. (July)

✓ **RIO RITA**—M-G-M: Not the old "Rio Rita," but it does have Abbott and Costello. They've never been funnier as they blunder into a sabotage plot laid by Nazis in a Texas resort. Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll sing and romance. (June)

✓ **SABOTEUR**—Universal: Packed with suspense this story holds your interest despite many loose ends. Robert Cummings is a defense plant worker accused of sabotage who escapes the police, picks up Priscilla Lane and makes his way to New York where he uncovers the real saboteurs. (July)

✓ **SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH**—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee, as the small-town philosopher, *Scattergood Baines*, helps Kenneth Howell to get back his dead father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a hen-pecked husband, Jed Prouty. It has a warm homey coziness. (July)

✓ **SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN**—20th Century-Fox: British agent Lynn Bari calls for a mysterious letter at the Shanghai night club run by Preston Foster. Foster, who thinks she's employed by the Japs, gets into the fray, and finally discovers the head man of the Japs. Noel Madison, Sen Yung, Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell. (June)

✓ **SHUT MY BIG MOUTH**—Columbia: Joe E. Brown gives you plenty of laughs as the wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert. (May)

✓ **SING FOR YOUR SUPPER**—Columbia: Rich Jinx Falkenburg is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up as a singer with a band. Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, makes people laugh. (July)

✓ **SLEEPYTIME GAL**—Republic: A hodgepodge about three hotel chefs, Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld and Jay Novello, who help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinny Ennis's band. (June)

✓ **SONG OF THE ISLANDS**—20th Century-Fox: This has sex, music, comedy, Betty Grable in a grass skirt, Victor Mature in a sarong, Technicolor scenery, the clowning of Jack Oakie and Hilo Hattie and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier. What else would you want? (May)

✓ **SPOILERS, THE**—Universal: Alaska in the Gold Rush days, with John Wayne, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovering that Randy Scott is attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. There's a terrifically exciting fight. (July)

✓ **SUICIDE SQUADRON**—Republic: Anton Walbrook gives a sterling performance as a Polish pianist on a concert tour through the States, where he marries Sally Gray, then returns to fight for Poland. The actual scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive. (July)

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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✓✓ **TAKE A LETTER, DARLING**—Paramount: A delightful comedy with Rosalind Russell as the woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as an escort-secretary. But when Fred ogles charmer Constance Moore, Rosalind runs into the arms of MacDonald Carey until things straighten out. Robert Benchley is Rosalind's partner. You'll love it. (July)

✓✓ **THIS TIME FOR KEEPS**—M-G-M: Ann Rutherford and Robert Sterling find their first married year shaky going. It doesn't help when Sterling goes to work for father-in-law Guy Kibbee. Nice little film. (May)

✓✓ **TO BE OR NOT TO BE**—Korda-U.A.: Carole Lombard's last picture remains a fitting tribute to her beauty and personality. She plays the wife of Jack Benny, both stars, who along with their troupe are caught in Poland by the Nazi invasion but manage to upset the Gestapo. (May)

✓✓ **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI**—20th Century-Fox: A whooper-dooer service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans, proud of their Marines. Smart aleck John Payne antagonizes his fellows, later proves himself a hero. Randolph Scott and Maureen O'Hara are very good. (June)

✓✓ **TORPEDO BOAT**—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier in this timely and exciting picture. Jean Parker and Cecilia Parker are very good. (May)

✓✓ **TORTILLA FLAT**—M-G-M: This has fire, humor, pathos. Spencer Tracy is a conniving loafer, John Garfield is the hot-tempered Danny who loves Hedy, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ideas. Frank Morgan is the village recluse. All four are splendid characterizations. (July)

✓✓ **TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT, A**—Republic: A too-anaemic *Thin Man* is this mystery story about a radio detective, John Howard, who, with his wife Margaret Lindsay, moves into an apartment vacated by Miles Mander and Mona Barrie and run smack into a little murder mystery. (May)

✓✓ **TRUE TO THE ARMY**—Paramount: Judy Canova sees a murder committed, so in order to escape the murderers she lands in an Army Camp, where she's disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry Colonna and stage star Allan Jones. Ann Miller's snappy tapping and William Demarest's bewilderment as a top sergeant are very good. (July)

✓✓ **TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE**—RKO-Radio: A novel and refreshingly different story of the improvident clan of *Tuttles* who dislike work and have a whale of a good time. Charles Laughton is at his best as the lackadaisical head of the enormous family. Jon Hall is his sailor son who falls in love with neighbor Peggy Drake. It's amusing and so well done. (June)

✓✓ **TWIN BEDS**—Small-U.A.: Too many husbands in one bedroom in this alleged comedy, with Mischa Auer and Ernest Truex skidding in and out of Joan Bennett's bedroom, just missing her husband, George Brent, who seems quite unamused. (July)

✓✓ **TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD**—Columbia: Racketeers Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy join the army and fall in love with the same girl, Janet Blair. It's gusty and rowdy. (June)

✓✓ **WHISPERING GHOSTS**—20th Century-Fox: Milton Berle is a smart-aleck radio detective, but he runs into trouble, when he tries to solve the murder of an old sea-dog, what with Brenda Joyce, the murdered man's niece, in search of the hidden jewels, two ham actors hired to frame Berle and several shady characters around. (July)

✓✓ **WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?**—20th Century-Fox: Five women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and wanted as witness in a bribery trial. Is she Mary Howard, Sheila Ryan, Janis Carter, Rose Hobart or Joan Valerie? You'll find out when almost everyone has been killed. With John Payne and Joseph Allen Jr. (June)

✓✓ **WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE**—Columbia: In Holland under the Hitler regime Allyn Joslyn, a Nazi Major, has dishonorable intentions toward Joan Bennett, about to divorce her absent husband. Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as the husband, but has to be divorced the next day. Briefly, they make a monkey of the Major. (July)

✓✓ **WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES**—Warners: This is the same Western you've seen before, only this time Constance Bennett is the shady-lady heroine and Bruce Cabot is the noble hero, and Warren William is the villainous bad man. (May)

✓✓ **YOKEL BOY**—Republic: Alan Mowbray, Hollywood studio head, brings on Number One Movie Fan, Eddie Foy Jr., to advise on stories. Public Enemy Number One takes over and saves them from ruin. Gangster Albert Dekker and Joan Davis, his warbling sister, are good, but it's corn. (June)

✓✓ **YOUNG AMERICA**—20th Century-Fox: See only if you're a Jane Withers loyalist. After a story like this, no wonder she left her studio. Jane, a snooty city girl, gets herself straightened out by the ideals of the 4-H Clubs. (May)

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT"—Columbia: Blondie, Penny Singleton; Dagwood, Arthur Lake; Baby Dumpling, Larry Simms; Cookie, Norma Jean Wayne; Daisy, Daisy; J. C. Dithers, Jonathan Hale; Alvin Fuddle, Danny Mummert; George Wickley, Hans Conried; Ollie, Stanley Brown; Mr. Crumb, Irving Bacon; Sarah Miller, Mary Wickes; William Lawrence, Paul Harvey.

"BROADWAY"—Universal: George Raft, George Raft; Dan McCorn, Pat O'Brien; Billie Moore, Janet Blair; Steve Crandall, Brod Crawford; Lil, Marjorie Rambeau; Pearl, Anne Gwynne; Nick, S. Z. Sakall; Porky, Edward S. Brophy; Grace, Marie Wilson; Joe, Gus Schilling; Dolph, Ralf Harold; Pete Dailey, Arthur Shields; Maizie, Iris Adrian; Ruby, Elaine Morey; Ann, Dorothy Moore; Rinati, Nestor Paiva; Trado, Abner Biberman; Mack Gray, Mack Gray.

"CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A"—Columbia: Ellery Queen, William Gargan; Nikki Porter, Margaret Lindsay; Inspector Queen, Charley Grapewin; Alan Rogers, Ralph Morgan; Margo Rogers, Kay Linaker; Stewart Cole, Edward Norris; Sergeant Velie, James Burke; Lester Young, Addison Richards; Corday, Charles Judels; Bates, Andrew Tombes; Housekeeper, Claire Dubrey; Marie Dubois, Micheline Cheirel.

"ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG"—Universal: Rusty, Don Terry; Pancho, Leo Carrillo; Blimp, Andy Devine; Valerie, Marjorie Lord; Major Reeves, Leland Hodgson; Kosura, Frank Puglia; Col. Crossley, Gilbert Emery.

"FALCON TAKES OVER, THE"—RKO-Radio: Falcon, George Sanders; Ann, Lynn Bari; O'Hara, James Gleason; Goldy, Allen Jenkins; Diana, Helen Gilbert; Moose Malloy, Ward Bond; Bates, Edward Gargan; Jessie, Anne Revere; Jerry, George Cleveland; Grimes, Harry Shannon.

"GRAND CENTRAL MURDER"—M-G-M: "Rocky" Custer, Van Heflin; Mida King, Patricia Dane; Constance Furness, Cecilia Parker; Sue Custer, Virginia Grey; Roger Furness, Samuel S. Hinds; Inspector Gunther, Sam Levene; Pearl Delroy, Connie Gilchrist; David V. Henderson, Mark Daniels; "Turk" Horace McNally; Frankie Ciro, Tom Conway; "Baby" Delroy, Betty Wells; Paul Rinehart, George Lynn; Ramon, Roman Bohnen; Arthur Doolin, Millard Mitchell.

"HENRY AND DIZZY"—Paramount: Henry Aldrich, Jimmy Lydon; Dizzy Stevens, Charles Smith; Phyllis Michael, Mary Anderson; Mr. Aldrich, John Littel; Mrs. Aldrich, Olive Blakeney; Mr. Stevens, Olin Howland; Mr. Bradley, Vaughan Glaser; Mr. Weeks, Trevor Bardette; Mrs. Bradley, Maude Eburne; Billy Weeks, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; Jean, Noel Neill; Dizzy's Girl, Eleanor Counts; Mrs. Stevens, Isabel Withers; Pamela Rogers, Jane Cowna; Joe McGuire, Frank Orth; Sergeant McElroy, Edgar Dearing.

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"—M-G-M: Consuelo Croyden, Norma Shearer; Terry Trindale, Robert Taylor; Tony Barling, George Sanders; Chappie Champagne, Frank McHugh; Eva, Elizabeth Patterson; Judge, Chill Wills.

"MAD MARTINDALES, THE"—20th Century-Fox: Kathy Martindale, Jane Withers; Evelyn, Marjorie Weaver; Hugo Martindale, Alan Mowbray; Bobby, Jimmy Lydon; Peter Varney, Byron Barr; Julio, George Reeves; Virgil Hickling, Charles Lane; Grandmother Varney, Kathleen Howard; Butlers, Robert Greig and Brandon Hurst; Van der Venne, Steve Geray; Jefferson Gow, Sen Yung; Agnes, Emma Dunn; Hotel Clerk, Hal K. Dawson; Lawyer, Don Dillaway; Chang Gow, Tom Yuen; Pawnbroker, Otto Hoffman.

"MEET THE STEWARTS"—Columbia: Michael Stewart, William Holden; Candace Goodwin, Frances Dee; Mr. Goodwin, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Goodwin, Marjorie Gateson; Geraldine Stewart, Anne Revere; Ted Graham, Roger Clark; John Goodwin, Danny Mummert; Jane Goodwin, Ann Gillis; Willametta, Margaret Hamilton; Taxi Driver, Don Beddoe; Mrs. Stewart, Mary Gordon.

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST"—RKO-Radio: Carmelita, Lupe Velez; Lord Epping, Uncle Matt, Hubbell, Leon Errol; Dennis, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; Aunt Della, Elisabeth Risdon; Percy, Donald MacBride; Edith, Minna Gombell; Fingers O'Toole, Don Braclay; Luders, John McGuire; Hyacinth, Lillian Randolph; Lightning Mantan Moreland; Bascombe, Harry Tyler; Harcourt, Marten Lamont.

"MISS ANNIE ROONEY"—Small-U.A.: Annie Rooney, Shirley Temple; Tim Rooney, William Gargan; Grandpop, Guy Kibbee; Marty, Dickie Moore; Myrtle, Peggy Ryan; Joey, Roland DuPree; Mrs. White, Gloria Holden; Mr. White, Jonathan Hale; Mrs. Metz, Mary Field; Burns, George Lloyd; Madam Sylvia, Jan Buckingham; Mrs. Thomas, Selmer Jackson; Stella Bainbridge, June Lockhart; Sidney, Charles Coleman; Policeman, Edgar Dearing; Myrtle's Mother, Virginia Sale; Audrey Hollis, Shirley Mills.

"MRS. MINIVER"—M-G-M: Mrs. Miniver, Greer Garson; Clem Miniver, Walter Pidgeon; Carol Beldon, Teresa Wright; Lady Beldon, Dame May Whitty; Foley, Reginald Owen; Mr. Ballard,

Henry Travers; Vin Miniver, Richard Ney; Vicar, Henry Wilcoxon; Toby Miniver, Christopher Severn; Gladys (Housemaid), Brenda Forbes; Judy Miniver, Clare Sandars; Ada, Marie De Becker; German Flyer, Helmut Dantine; Fred, John Abbott.

"MY FAVORITE SPY"—RKO-Radio: Kay, Kay Kyser; Terry, Ellen Drew; Connie, Jane Wyman; Robinson, Robert Armstrong; Aunt Jessie, Helen Westley; Flower Pot Cop, William Demarest; Cora (maid), Una O'Connor; Winters, Lionel Royce; Major Allen, Moroni Olsen; Gus, George Cleveland; Col. Moffett, Vaughn Glaser; Jules, Hobart Cavanaugh; Higgenbotham, Chester Clute.

"ONCE UPON A THURSDAY"—M-G-M: Martha Lindstrom, Marsha Hunt; Jeff Sommerfield, Richard Carlson; Mrs. McKissick, Marjorie Main; Miranda Sommerfield, Virginia Weidler; Mrs. Sophie Sommerfield, Spring Byington; Joel Archer, Allyn Joslyn; Sylvia Norwood, Frances Drake; Danny O'Brien, Barry Nelson; Dr. Clarence Sommerfield, Melville Cooper; Mrs. Jacell, Inez Cooper; Mrs. Justin I. Peacock, Sara Haden; Guinevere, Margaret Hamilton; Llewellyn Castle, Ernest Truex; Mrs. Llewellyn Castle, Cecil Cunningham; Homer Jacell, William B. Davidson.

"POWER TOWN"—RKO-Radio: Jeems O'Shea, Victor McLaglen; Pennant, Edmond O'Brien; Dolly, June Havoc; Sally, Dorothy Lovett; Meeker, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Oliver Lindsay, Damian O'Flynn; Chick Parker, Marten Lamont; Dr. Wayne, Roy Gordon; Sue, Marion Martin; Mrs. Douglas, Mary Gordon; Carol, Frances Neal; Betty, Julie Warren; Helen, Jane Woodworth; Gus, George Cleveland.

"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"—Republic: Steve "Lucky" Smith, Donald M. Barry; Bruce Gordon, Alan Curtis; Marcia Porter, Fay McKenzie; Van Hooten, Sig Ruman; Capt. Hudson, Ian Keith; Senor Anderson, Rhys Williams; Portly Porter, Maynard Holmes; Doralda, Diana Del Rio; Mr. Littlefield, Robert Emmett Keane; Sergeant Adams, Sammy Stein; Tessie, Linda Lawrence.

"SHIPS WITH WINGS"—U. A.: Lieut. Stacey, John Clements; Vice-Admiral Weatherby, Leslie Banks; Celia Weatherby, Jane Baxter; Kay Gordon, Ann Todd; Captain Fairfax, Basil Sydney.

"SUNDAY PUNCH"—M-G-M: Ken Burke, William Lundigan; Judy Galestrum, Jean Rogers; Olaf Jensen, Dan Dailey, Jr.; "Pops" Muller, Guy Kibbee; Matt Bassler, J. Carrol Naish; Ma Galestrum, Connie Gilchrist; Roscoe, Sam Levene; "Biff" Leo Gorcey; "Killer", "Rags" Ragland; "Baby" Fitzroy, Douglass Newland; Nat Cucci, Anthony Caruso; Jose, Tito Renaldo.

"SYNCOPIATION"—RKO-Radio: Johnny, Jackie Cooper; Kit Latimer, Bonita Granville; George Latimer, Adolphe Menjou; Mr. Porter, George Bancroft; Rex Tearbone, Todd Duncan; Cafe Singer, Connie Boswell; Paul Porter, Ted North; Smiley Jackson, Frank Jenks; Ella, Jessie Grayson; Lillian, Mona Barrie; Paul Porter (as a child), Lindy Wade; and The All-American Dance Band.

"TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE"—M-G-M: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Jane, Maureen O'Sullivan; Boy, John Sheffield; Connie Beach, Virginia Grey; Buck Rand, Charles Bickford; Jimmie Shields, Paul Kelly; Manchester Mountford, Chill Wills; Colonel Ralph Sargent, Cy Kendall; Judge Abbotson, Russell Hicks; Blake Norton, Howard Hickman; Gould Beaton, Charles Lane.

"TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT"—20th Century-Fox: Dawson, George Montgomery; Carolyn Bainbridge, Maureen O'Hara; Howard Shelton, John Sutton; Major Sam Carter, Laird Cregar; Henry Clay, John Shepperd; Florimond Massey, Victor Francen; Bane, Harry Davenport; Scully, Ward Bond; Gen. William Henry Harrison, Douglass Dumbrille; Maloney, Ralph Byrd; Benny Havens, Joe Brown, Jr.; Shippen, David Bacon; Mrs. Thompson, Esther Dale; Chester, Richard Derr; Jared Danforth, Louis Jean Heydt; Captain Sloane, Stanley Andrews; Captain Luddy, James Flavin; Letty, Edna Mae Jones; Senate President, Charles Trowbridge; Grandpa, Tully Marshall; John Randolph, Edwin Maxwell; Old Put, Uno; William Eustis, Edward Fielding.

"THIS ABOVE ALL"—20th Century-Fox: Clive Briggs, Tyrone Power; Prudence Cathaway, Joan Fontaine; Monty, Thomas Mitchell; General Cathaway, Henry Stephenson; Ramsbottom, Nigel Bruce; Iris Cathaway, Gladys Cooper; Dr. Roger Cathaway, Philip Merivale; Waitress, Sara Allgood; Rector, Alexander Knox; Violet Worthing, Queenie Leonard; Wilbur, Melville Cooper; Nurse Emily, Jill Esmond; Dr. Mathias, Holmes Herbert; Dr. Ferris, Denis Green; Chaplain, Arthur Shields; Parsons, Dennis Hoey; Vicar, Thomas Loudon.

"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"—Paramount: Ellen Graham, Veronica Lake; Michael Crane, Robert Preston; Willard Gates, Laird Cregar; Philip Raven, Alan Ladd; Alvin Brewster, Tully Marshall; Sluky, Mikhail Rasumny; Tommy, Marc Lawrence; Annie, Pamela Blake; Steve Finnerty, Harry Shannon; Albert Baker, Frank Ferguson; Baker's Secretary, Bernadene Hayes; Night Watchman, James Farley; Little Criddle Girl, Viritia Campbell; Mgr. of "The March Bank", Chester Clute; Policeman with Michael in S. F., Emmett Vogan.

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Yes—I would like to make up to \$23.00 weekly during spare hours and besides get my own dresses Free of any cost. Send me—without obligation—your amazing FREE opportunity.

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FOR BIKE...FOR BEACH

Cool American Cottons

Designed by Joset Walker—
 “In these days of hard work,
 I appreciate a mild cigarette more than ever;
 so I stick to Camels.

Milder and so good-tasting!”



JOSET WALKER...Fashion designer

For town, country, beach...
 Joset Walker styles cotton. At
 right, ballet-length beach robe,
 belted in gold kid. Bright green
 swim-suit—two-piece, with soft
 surplice neckline, wrap-around
 midriff. For relaxation, this
 energetic young designer spends
 week-ends on her farm—
 planting, hoeing, driving a tractor.
 “And you’ll usually see me
 with a Camel in my hand,” she
 remarks. “I never tire of smoking
 Camels. They’re so cool and
 mild and have the most
 delightful flavor I could ask
 for in a cigarette!”

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF
 COSTLIER TOBACCOS

At right, Joset Walker’s 1942 version of the
 Gay Nineties bloomers. Also for biking—
 camel-colored shirt and shorts, wrap-around
 skirt. An ingenious American designer,
 Joset Walker is at work on the new slim
 silhouette. “Fashion work these days calls
 for steady nerves,” she says. “I keep my
 smoking *mild*—with Camels!”



IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

The smoke of
 slow-burning Camels contains

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